

Golden Treasury Series

A TREASURY OF
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
ENGLISH VERSE



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George Wither.
From the First Booke Emblemes Ancient
and Moderne. MDCXXXV.

A TREASURY OF
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
ENGLISH VERSE

FROM THE DEATH OF SHAKESPEARE
TO THE RESTORATION
(1616-1660)

CHOSEN AND EDITED BY
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TO { H. A. W. } IN LOVE
C A. B }

TO W. H. HUDSON IN VENERATION

AND

TO THE SHADES OF THE POETS HERE LIVING
IN PIOUS GRATITUDE

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INTRODUCTION

For this collection of, in round numbers, four hundred poems, I have confined myself to the definite period of forty-four years and to an equally definite period of English poetry. My reason for thus restricting my range and scope to the seventeenth century, between the death of Shakespeare and the Restoration is threefold

Elizabethans, a large number of its poets are in their original editions or in expensive reprints of a limited number of copies, no critics except Mr. Saintsbury and Mr. Bullen have paid it any sustained and general attention, and except for the towering figures of Herrick and Milton and a few lyrical masterpieces of other poets, it still

The same argument does not apply to Vaughan, Cowley, Crashaw, Carew, Lovelace, Suckling,

Waller, Herbert, Marvell and Donne, except for two or three or four poems of each which are as familiar in anthologies as are many of Milton and Herrick. I have therefore excluded from these pages such poems as "Go, lovely rose," "Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind," "Whoe'er she be—That not impossible She," "Ask me no more, where Jove bestows," "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright," "They are all gone into the world of light," "Well then, I now do plainly see," "The Bermudas," and their like. It has been a difficult business, and some readers will think I ought to have omitted more poems than I have, others less. The whole process of collecting these poems has been both a lengthy and a difficult one, and if I have not pleased (to beg the question), it has not been for want of trying. Since, again, this period has not received its fair share of appreciation, I have found it necessary to write short biographical, bibliographical, explanatory and critical notes to its poets and anonymous poems. For the anthologist, I agree, "silence is best"—where he tramps the turnpike road. Biographical notices of well-known poets I have dispensed with and the others are informal and purely general, except where some interesting or entertaining detail or quotation from Anthony Wood and other biographers called for admission.

Spelling is debateable ground, but I have modernized it, except where rhyme or metre said no. I have also refused to spell aorists and past participles without the 'e'—thus damn'd—since there is no reason for it at all, and when the 'ed' is an extra syllable, it is indicated—'èd.' There is no difference in inflection and structure between seventeenth century and modern spelling, and to preserve the former is little else than an external archaism. For the text, I have gone to accredited modern editions of these poets, where they exist; where not,

I have relied upon the first or early editions. I have not hesitated to exclude inferior stanzas from any given poem which in my opinion demanded excision (as they often do) for the sake of the poem as a whole. Where poems are thus treated, I have said so in the notes.

Every time where possible, I have selected

ledge many (at a rough guess more than a fourth) of these poems are entirely new to the modern reader. That a large number of these poems are new, and of a high quality, is a consequence, not easily

consequence of this collection, being the most complete survey of the period between the death of Shakespeare and the Restoration, does introduce to lovers of poetry a solid mass of new material. There is perhaps no virtue in that, but I ought to say that though these poems are of all kinds—mystical, passionate, humorous, epitaphs, epigrams, pastorals, catches, etc.—my only principle of selection has been poetic merit. I might have included many more poets and poems, had I designed the work to be of merely historical or recondite interest. That all of them are of first-class quality I do not of course pretend to

But as I shall try to show later, the period between 1616 and 1660 is pretty much of a piece. It is not I who am binding the Muse to a narrow definition in time. Seventeenth century verse is by no means merely a legacy from the Renaissance and a prediction and presentiment of the age of commonsense. It is something in itself. On the other hand, it is not—no literary period is—entirely separable from what preceded and superseded it. Nor were all the Elizabethans dead and the seventeenth century poets publishing their first books in 1616. This fitting-in was not, indeed, the least of my difficulties. Donne, Spenser and Jonson, for instance, all left their mark upon the age, and all were in point of time pretty strict Elizabethans. But Spenser and Jonson were a tradition; Donne a direct and overmastering influence. I therefore, and I believe legitimately, sallied forth and brought Donne into the fold. Drayton, Campion, Daniel, William Browne and others overlap the period under survey, but in spirit and sentiment they are essentially belated Elizabethans, and accordingly I have left them outside the pale. On the other hand it is not so easy to justify my reason for omitting Drummond and including Wither, since both of them, as to date, style and feeling are poets of the transition. Drummond indeed is an intellectual quietist, whose serene, fervent, stately musings upon Death are a door into the "metaphysical" spirit proper. I have pitched upon the charming Wither of the two, because Drummond is pretty well-known, but Wither is not. I can only ask readers to put themselves in my place and not to be too hard on me in consequence. Fortunately there are no embarrassments of the kind at the other end of the period.

A word as to the anonymous poems. Few are taken from the legitimate Song-Books. In the first place, many of them that come within

the proper date (such as Martin Pearson's "Private Music," 1630) are collections only of Elizabethan songs, and others, in the second place, contain chiefly unsigned poems by Carew, Herrick, Fletcher, etc., and so are as exasperating to the seeker after treasure as any research invented by the commentators of our National Bard. I went therefore chiefly to the Miscellanies, Drolleries, etc., the main collecting stations of contemporary verse, as *little polished and poured* *prighth-* *artificial*

grace) they make melancholy reading presaging as they do the death of our national music and poetry combined, yet the treasure is there and it is a wonder so little attention has been paid to these collections. Other sources were prelatory poems in devotional books, odd poems in prose books, anonymous plays and so on. Manuscripts I have left practically untouched. They are still a vast and untilled field for study, and, should circumstances be favourable, I hope

sound and acute criticisms and suggestions

The author of these books owes much to the interest

lavish in the world. But how is mystical poetry to be defined and recognized? Is "Religio Laici" a mystical poem? Have the Hymn Books any of this radium of eternity? Is a poem which mentions God less mystical than a poem which mentions infinity? As Johnson said, you could not define light in so many words, but you knew it very well by its presence. So with a mystical poem. The critic of poetry apprehends it, if he cannot explain it. From one point of view, all great poetry is mystical, simply because it is creative. It transeends normal consciousness. Definition can venture no further than to call the mystical poem proper the explicit praise, the conscious acknowledgment of the divine spirit, of which the poem itself is the subconscious instrument.

We may therefore dismiss right away the objection against our period crystallized in Johnson's "Life of Cowley." To be repelled from or attracted by this period because of its "Alembicated metaphysicalities," because it is quaint and eccentric, because it is what some call rich, others extravagant, in its adventures among words, images and symbols to manifest the stranger discoveries of the spirit, is to mistake cause for effect. If we recognize the bulk of these poets to be both mystical and poetic, we cannot reject them for their slovenly technique, their precious and inkhorn terms, their lack of euphony, their metrical irregularities, their classicisms and tortured use of that kind of elaborate and inappropriate simile usually called "conceit." It would be as sensible to condemn a tenant for the house he lives in. Neither can the method of comparative history, the sexton of seventeenth century poetry, be admitted. To speak of it as decadent, a silver Renaissance, the embers of Elizabethan inspiration, is, in Herbert's phrase, to confuse nature with the God of nature. Literature does not grow old with time; it

exchanges one form for another in an eternal youth and variety. Each of these forms is justified of itself, and their absolute value is not affected by the continuity of experience and

are from them. The song has become a poem; material joy, spiritual search; simple acceptance, complex doubt and speculation; exuberance, pessimism; sensuous and transparent spontaneity (the hey noony of the candid lover "antheming the morn") and thanksgiving for natural delights have died before a conflict of

and less attractive after he has found a soul and does not know what to make of it. "Strange fate of man! He must perish if he get that, which he must perish if he strive not after. If he strive not after it, he is no better than the brutes, if he get it, he is more miserable than the devils."

It is not strange that the poets of this

it now, imaginative passion, is the heart and lungs of seventeenth century poetry. In "a holy amorosness, a holy covetousness, a holy ambition," as Donne says in his sermons, these

poets aimed at an infinite excellence, independent of themselves, and to its capture, as supremely worth while, they vowed their Muse. This effort at revelation, at painting "the intention of man's soul" is often harsh, painful and obscure in its findings. "I can see God in the creature, but the nature, the essence, the secret of God I cannot see," says Donne. But the conception of their art is the important thing and in that they were as modern as Rodin, who always called his art religious and interpreted that religion as "the meaning of all that is unexplained and inexplicable in the universe . . . the impulse of our conscience towards the infinite, towards eternity, towards unlimited knowledge and love." When Walton wrote of Donne: "His mind was liberal and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied," he truly diagnosed the inspiration of these poets. They were intent upon breaking up "some seals which none had touched before," as Vaughan says in his poem "Vanity of Spirit," in a curious mingling of intellectual pride and spiritual humility, unique in literary history. Therefore, we must approach seventeenth century poetry in the spirit with which they approached their art. Art to them was conceived as vision, divination, clairvoyance—in the instinct for truth which the modern world names "conviction." Poetry to them was a vocation, and a wisdom passing all knowledge and understanding.

But we do not so approach them, if we are too preoccupied with their pedantries and fallings away in technical expertness. By separating their style from the idea to which they sought to give expression by any and every experimental means, we are treating them not from the artistic but the aesthetic point of view. There are, for instance, two ways of seeing colours—the ordinary way which derives pleasure

from their assortment, their blending and harmonies, their depth, softness and richness, etc., and the rare way which sees them not only with the senses but through the mind, as the materialized symbols of a meaning and beauty beyond (except in fragments) our reach. So again it shows an appreciative connoisseurship of nature to enjoy the slope of a ploughed field, the amenability of its surface to certain effects of shadow and gradations of contrast. But to see the ploughed field as the expression of the strength and endurance of the earth, is to realise it as art. "The world interests us only because of the ideas we form of it," and the love of beauty is the love of truth. The artist and the mystic see the changeable concrete reality of life as a dwelling place for the permanent and eternal spirit of life. If they do not so see it, they are mystifiers, aesthetes or realists. With such imaginative passion, the mystics of

lesser and greater poets are often so magical, their phrases so full of savour, the felicity of their lyric measures so exquisite, their thought so rapturous, and their ardour so subtly reflective, is because they thirsted so eagerly for that moving spring of Life whose fountains are within. They fail more often and with that satisfactory completeness of failure which turns the edge of offence. Seeking to avoid at all costs the light of common day, they plunge into the very matrix of darkness—the effort to avoid the commonplace accounts for the "conceit." But when they succeed, it is a beauty all air and fire and far beyond competence—so finely is

the quality of workmanship affected by the freedom of the spirit.

But I can have no right to generalize in this way, when so many of the poems here collected are not mystical at all. They show indeed a rich variety in temper, manner and theme. What has Suckling to do with Crashaw or Donne with Carew? All the same, the two legs of the age are the amorous and the metaphysical lyric; they carry its form and body and, except for the epitaph and ode which unite the thought of both, there is little else that need concern us. But the epitaph could not so unite them, unless there were correspondences between them. Nor are they far to seek, in spite of the handbook. Donne, for instance, the first parent of the age, belongs to the "Metaphysical School," but his challenge to the past rests upon the new psychological and introspective cast he gave to sexual love. There is far less kinship between Donne and Traherne, who accepted the body and made it mysterious, terrible and holy, and Vaughan, who put it away from him as the gaoler of the soul, than there is between Donne and the Cavalier lyricists. Crashaw is so haunted by the feminine spirit that he fuses heavenly ecstasy and spiritual adoration with erotic passion, while Cowley, another "Metaphysical," takes as the text of one of his poems Donne's lines:—

"So must pure lovers' souls descend
 And to faculties
 apprehend,
 in lies."

In the same way the Cavalier lyric is rarely a simple love-song, and even the "wild civility" of Herriek reaches into sudden wonders and perceptions:—

"In this world the Isle of Dreams,
 While we sit by sorrow's streams
 Tears and terrors are our themes."

untouched either by the mysticism of the age
or the mystery of life and who do not apprehend
in the persons of their mistresses

" . . . that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh through which to shine."

it that we imagine, and the literary histories
inform us, that there must be something wrong
about it. The point I wish to make is that you
cannot bring life *sub specie æternitatis*, as these
poets do, without the aid of a convention, of
some acknowledged general formula of expres-
sion, of a common literary currency "Else a
great prince in prison lies" What are the
objections to a company of workmen meeting
in a common workshop and co-operating with
a common stock of tools, in a common sympathy
towards a common end? What, in other words,
are the objections to a common poetic denomi-
nator of common ideas and emotions? They
are three. The purpose may not be good in
itself; the poetic formula may dominate the
poetic faith and compel it into a lifeless and
mechanical mould, the separate and particular
voice of the individual may be surrendered to
the general chorus. The first of the trio I can
dismiss, the object of these poets, however
distinguishable from one another in mood and
theme, being to testify to the glory of God. The
second may or may not be true of the career

and destiny of a convention, for machinery is to be condemned not absolutely, but according as it accomplishes or fails to accomplish the use to which it is put. It all depends upon the driving force which sets it in motion. As a thing in itself, it is an adaptable convenience for translating a subconscious impulse into conscious, active and intelligible terms—and so both desirable and necessary. It may be more than a convenience, a positive economy in realising to its fullest resources a material of thought which otherwise might be wasted and dispersed. Shakespeare did not hesitate to employ the fairly strict Elizabethan sonnet convention to give a body and a direction to a tempest of feeling which seems as if it could brook no restraint and must lose itself in cries and convulsions. The true end of a convention is articulation, and if it serve that end and do not master it, its form will not only find itself, but, if it respond to the kindred aims and emotions of a body of poets, gain in power and depth. Lastly, there is the personal loss. But individuality may find not its worst but its best chance in a commonly recognized formula of expression, just as a human being may be the member of a community and be rather more than less of a distinct person in consequence. It depends again to what extent the community gives a universal construction to his particular needs and feelings. I may be assuming the ideal community and the ideal poetic convention, but practice assumes an ideal or it would be futile and meaningless to judge it as good or bad, beautiful or ugly. "The truly personal is the truly universal," and we have no difficulty in discriminating between Vaughan and Herbert, though both of them make use not only of similar metres, but frequently of the same phrases and collocations of words. Granted that the seventeenth century poetic convention

within a single mineral bed with magical transmuting properties. For the lesser poets too are initiated into the ritual and have become members of a queer secret society which seemed to make *men mad or intoxicated with a divine sanity*. The spirit within them is fantastic and capricious when it loses its way, but rare and sacred in essence, because it is quintessentially poetic.

That alone should make them real to us, but the twentieth century has an even more intimate fellowship with the seventeenth, apart from the fact that it has reaped the fruits of the Puritans' destruction of art. We can understand the *malaise* of many of these poets, the complex

remote from here in Marven, Vaughan's assize

union of sexual and spiritual love which many of these poets sought, swinging between the

abysses of heaven and earth, has an appeal for us, while neither the eager romance and buoyancy nor the chivalrie, forlorn, rather attenuated adorings of the Elizabethans can sway us. We live indeed in a materialist age, but rather at the end of its triumph and the beginning of its nemesis. So that the twin passions of seventeenth century poetry—its fascinated dwelling upon Death and that strange gladness which makes its poets dance in the sepulchre to meet a life more intense than the most radiant poetry—lay the subtlest spell upon us :—

“ When, then, our sorrows we apply
To our own wants and poverty,
When we look up in all distress
And our own misery confess,
Sending both thanks and prayers above—
Then, though we do not know, we love.”

Thus they spoke and we can speak, for the more remote from us, the more tenderly the spirit is invoked. Thus, the broken, fragmentary idealism of the seventeenth century is more to us than the frank materialism of the eighteenth century, than the Apollo-like pursuit of Daphne, of life by the Renaissance, or than the concrete imaginative unity of the Middle Ages. They too lived under the shadow of corruption and disintegration, and their poetry as well as ours feels, fears and runs from the darkness. They could have understood, if they did not consciously express Anatole France's—"the life of a people is a succession of miseries, crimes and follies." Even their grotesquenesses, if queer to us in the actual shape they took, have a meaning for us; like ours, their poems are experimental in rhythm, rapidly transitional in effort, and uncertain in technique.

I cannot but feel, therefore, that to lay a fairly fresh and representative collection of seventeenth century poems before modern readers is not a work of supererogation, nor a

dalliance of and for the literary student. Poetry is more real than bread and butter and politicians' speeches—to take the most actual and the most illusory things I can think of—and if the lover of poetry not only reads poems which he has had but little opportunity of seeing hitherto, but enjoys them, I think I shall have been justified.

I have to tender warm and particular thanks to Mr Bullen, who freely permitted me to use his invaluable material (especially *Songs from the Dramatists*) wherever I had occasion to need it, to Mr Saintsbury, for his permission to use the texts of *Caroline Poets*, and to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, for allowing me to correct readings, where necessary, by the texts of *Golden Pomp* and *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. My thanks are also due to Messrs Methuen for allowing me to quote "The Child's Death" direct from Canon Beeching's *Lyra Sacra*, to Mr. Francis Meynell for permitting me to correct my text by his of Vaughan and Marvell, and to Mr John Lane and Miss Eleanor Brougham for taking the following four poems directly and exclusively from *Corn from Old Fields*: "Epitaph upon a Child" (Anon.), "Epitaph on Lady Katherine Paston" (Anon.), "He or she that hopes to gain" (Anon.), and "Grieve not, dear love" (John Digby). Other acknowledgments are made in the Introduction and the Notes at the end of the volume. Before I knew that the volume was to be included in the "Golden Treasury Series," the Notes accompanied the text. Since they are now, in accordance with the rest of the Series, at the end, I have put asterisks to those poems and lines which demanded particular comment.

H J MASSINGHAM.

A Treasury of
Seventeenth Century English Verse
(1616-1660)

PHILIP AYRES (1638-1712)

I

ON A FAIR BEGGAR

Barefoot and ragged, with neglected hair,
She whom the Heavens at once made poor and
fair,
With humble voice and moving words did
stay,
To beg an alms of all that passed that way
But thousands viewing her became her prize,
Willingly yielding to her conquering eyes,
And caught by her bright hairs, whilst careless
she
Makes them pay homage to her poverty
So mean a boon, said I, what can extort
From that fair mouth, where wanton Love to
sport
Amidst the pearls and rubies we behold ?
Nature on thee has all her treasures spread,
Do but incline thy rich and precious head,
And those fair locks shall pour down showers
of gold

A

I

E

WILLIAM BASSE (1583-1653)

II

ELEGY ON MR. WILLIAM SHAKE-
SPEARE

Renownèd Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
 To learnèd Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
 A little nearer Spenser, to make room
 For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
 To lodge all four in one bed, make a shift
 Until Doomsday, for hardly will a fift
 Betwixt this day and that by Fate be slain,
 For whom your curtains may be drawn again.
 If your precedency in death doth bar
 A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
 Under this carvèd marble of thine own,
 Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone ;
 Thy unmolested peace, unsharèd cave
 Possess as lord, not tenant of thy grave,
 That unto us and others it may be
 Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

III

*From the third of "THREE PASTORAL
ELEGIES"*

Blind drowsy night, all clad in misty ray,
 Began to ride along the welkin's round,
 Hangs out his gazing lanthorns by the way,
 And makes the outside of the world his bound ;
 The Queen of stars, in envy of the day,
 Throws the cold shadow of her eyes to ground ;
 And supple grass oppressed with heavy dew,
 Doth wet the sheep and lick the shepherd's shoe.
 There as I dwelt there dwellèd all my sheep,
 And home we went together, flocks and I,

As even where I rest and take my sleep
 There are my flocks asleep and resting by,
 And when I rise to go to field and keep,
 So will my flocks, that can no longer lie,
 Thus in the sheep is all the shepherd's care,
 And in the shepherd is the flock's welfare

IV

THE ANGLER'S SONG

As inward love breeds outward talk,
 The hounds some praise, and some the hawk,
 Some, better pleased with private sport,
 Use tennis, some a mistress court
 But these delights I nether wish,
 Nor envy, while I freely fish

Who hunts doth oft a danger see

'

'

'

Of recreation there is none
 So free as fishing is alone,
 All other pastimes do no less
 Than mind and body doth possess
 My hand alone my work can do,
 So I can fish and study too

I care not for the fish

And for my past offences weep
 And when the timorous trout I wait
 To take, and he devours my bait,

How poor a thing, sometimes I find,
 Will captivate a greedy mind :
 And when none bite, I praise the wise
 Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

But yet, though while I fish, I fast,
 I make good fortune my repast :
 And thereunto my friend invite,
 In whom I more than that, delight :
 Who is more wellcome to my dish
 Than to my angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take,
 As use of taken prize to make :
 For so our Lord was pleasèd, when
 He fishers made fishers of men ;
 Where, which is in no other game,
 A man may fish and praise His name.

The first men that our Saviour dear
 Did choose to wait upon Him here,
 Blest fishers were, and fish the last
 Food that He on earth did taste :
 I therefore strive to follow those
 Whom He to follow Him hath chose.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT (1583-1627)

v

ON MY DEAR SON, GERVASE BEAUMONT

Can I, who have for others oft compiled
 The songs of death, forget my sweetest child,
 Which, like the flower crushed, with a blast is
 dead,
 And ere full time, hangs down his smiling head,
 Expecting with clear hope to live anew,
 Among the angels fed with heavenly dew ?
 We have this sign of joy, that many days,
 While on the earth his struggling spirit stays,

The name of Jesus in his mouth contains
His only food, his sleep, his ease from pains.
Oh ! may that sound be rooted in my mind,
Of which in him such strong effect I find
Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning love
To me was like a friendship, far above
The course of nature, or his tender age ;
Whom angels said " Behold thy King ! "

A DESCRIPTION OF LOVE

Love is a region full of fires,

Why then should lovers (most will say)
Tuneless

We know that Hope and Love are twins
 Hope gone, fruition now begins
 But what is this? Unconstant, frail,
 In nothing sure, but sure to fade,
 Which, if we lose it, we bewail
 And when we have it, still we bear
 The worst of passions, daily fear

VII

UPON A FUNERAL

To their long home the greatest princes go
 In hearses dressed with fair escutcheons round,
 The blazons of an ancient race, renowned
 For deeds of valour ; and in costly show
 The train moves forward in procession slow
 Towards some hallowed Fane ; no common
 ground,
 But the arched vault and tomb with sculpture
 crowned
 Receive the corse, with honours laid below.
 Alas ! whate'er their wealth, their wit, their worth,
 Such is the end of all the sons of Earth.

JOSEPH BEAUMONT (1616-1699)

VIII

THE LITTLE ONE'S GREATNESS

Let the brave, proud and mighty men
 Pass on in state
 Unto some gate
 Ample enough to let them in.
 My palace door was ever narrow :
 No mountains may
 Crowd in that way
 Nor at a needle's eye get thorough.
 Heav'n needeth no such helps as they :
 My royal seat
 Is high and great
 Enough without poor heaps of clay.
 Without hydropick names of pride,
 Without the gay
 Deceits that play
 About fond kings on every side

Let all the bunched camels go
 With this rich load
 To the Broad Road,
 Heav'n needs no treasure from below :
 But rather little tender things,
 On whom to pour
 Its own vast store,
 And make worms celestial kings
 Heav'n's little gate is only fit,
 Dear babes, for you,
 And I, you know
 Am but a Lamb, though King of it.
 Come then, meek brethren, hither come
 These arms you see
 At present be
 The gate by which you must go home.
 There will I meet with you again,
 And mounted on
 My gentle throne
Soft King of Lambs for ever reign

IX

From "SUSPIRIUM"

I think a thousand thoughts a day,
 Yet think not one each doth betray
 Itself and half-made flies away

X

From "CHRISTMAS DAY"

He who did wear
 God's radiant be - - -

All Paradise
 Collected in one bud
 Doth sweetly rise
 From its fair virgin bed,
 Omnipotence an infant's shape puts on :
 Immensity becomes a Little One.

XI

WHIT SUNDAY

Fountain of sweets ! Eternal Dove !
 Which leav'st Thy glorious perch above,
 And hov'ring down, vouchsafest thus
 To make Thy nest below with 'us.

Soft as Thy softest feathers, may
 We find Thy Love to us to-day ;
 And in the shelter of Thy wing
 Obtain Thy leave and grace to sing
 Hallelujah.

XII

From "LIFE"

Yet fairer than her looks she was
 In that internal comeliness
 Which drest her soul and made it rise
 Much faster than
 Her years did run
 Like to some forward plant of paradise.

EDWARD BENLOWES (1603-1676)

XIII

SOUL'S OFFERING

Had I, oh, had I many lives, as years ;
 As many loves, as love hath fears ;
 All, all were thine, had I as many hearts as he

Then whet thy blunt scythe, Time, and wing
thy feet.

Life, not in length, but use, is sweet :
Come, Death (the body brought abed o' the soul)
come, fleet !

Be pulse, my passing-bell ; be skin, my hearse :
Night's sable curtains that disperse
The rays of day, be shroud, dew, weep my
funeral verse !

xiv

GOD'S OMNIPOTENCE

Ancient of Days ! to Whom all times are Now ;
Before Whom Seraphim do bow,
Though highest creatures, yet to their Creator low
Who art by light-surrounded powers obeyed
(Heav'n's host Thy minist'ring spirits made),
Clothed with ubiquity, to Whom all light is
shade !

Whose thunder-clasping Hand does grasp the
shoal
Of total Nature, and unroll
The spangled canopy of Heav'n from pole to pole !
Who, on the clouds and winds, Thy chariot,
rid'st.
And, bridling wildest storms, them guid'st ;
Who, moveless, all does move, who, changing
all, abid'st !

xv

MOON AND SUN

So Cynthia seems Star-chamber's president,
With crescent splendour from Sol lent,
Rallying her starry group to guard her glittering
tent

Pearlèd dewes and stars. Yet earth's shade
shuts up soon

Her shop of beams; whose cone doth run
'Bove th' horned moon, beneath the golden-
tressèd sun.

Wh'on * sky, clouds, seas, earth, rocks doth rays
disperse,

Stars, rainbows, pearls, fruits, diamonds
pierce;

The world's eye, source of light, soul of the
universe.

Who glows like carbuncles, when wingèd hours

Dandle the infant morn,* which scours
Dame Luna, with her twinkling spies, from azure
tow'rs.

ALEXANDER BROME (1620-1666)

XVI

*PALINODE. THE POET JILTS THE
MUSE FOR A BUSINESS CAREER*

No more, no more of this, I vow,

'Tis time to leave this fooling now,

Which few but fools call wit;

There was a time, when I begun,

And now 'tis time I should have done,

And meddle no more with it.

He physic's use doth quite mistake,

That physic takes for physic's sake.

My heat of youth, and love and pride,

Did swell me with their strong spring-tide,

Inspired my brain and blood,

And made me then converse with toys

Which are called Muses by the boys,

And dabble in their flood.

I was persuaded in those days,

There was no crown like love and bays.

But now my youth and pride are gone,
 And age and cares come creeping on,
 And business checks my love,
 What need I take a needless toil

'Tis but a folly now for me
 To spend my time and industry,
 About such useless wit,
 For when I think I have done well,
 I see men laugh, but cannot tell
 Who'r't be at me or it
 Great madness 'tis to be a drudge,
 When those that cannot write, dare judge,
 Give me the nut that cracks

XVII

SONG

Tell me not of a face that's fair,
 Nor lips and cheek that's red,
 Nor of the tresses of her hair,
 Nor curls in order laid,
 Nor of a rare seraphic voice
 That like an angel's

The only argument can move
Is, that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
But metaphor of things,
And but resemble what we see
Each common object brings.
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
Lilies their whiteness stain :
What fool is he that shadows seeks,
And may the substance gain ?
Then if thou'lt have me love a lass,
Let it be one that's kind ;
Else I'm a servant to the glass,
That's with Canary lined.

XVIII

DRINKING SONG

I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
This many and many a year !
And those are three plagues enough, any should
think,
For one poor mortal to bear !
'Twas love made me fall into drink ;
And drink made me run into debt !
And though I have struggled, and struggled and
strove ;
I cannot get out of them yet !
There's nothing but money can cure me ;
And rid me of all my pain !
'Twill pay all my debts ;
And remove all my lets ;
And my Mistress that cannot endure me,
Will love me and love me again !
Then I'll fall to my loving and drinking amain.

RICHARD BROME (16 ? -1652)

XIX

BEGGAR'S SONG

Come ! come away ! the Spring,
By every bird that can but sing
Or churd a note doth now invite

"

Cuckoo ! cries he , jug, jug, jug ! sings she :
From bush to bush, from tree to tree.
Why in one place then tarry we ?

Come away ! Where do we

Cuckoo ! cries he , jug, jug, jug ! sings she .
From bush to bush, from tree to tree,
Why in one place then tarry we ?

XX

SONG

Nor Love, nor Fate dare I accuse
For that my Love did me refuse ;
But oh mine own unworthiness,
That durst presume so nuckle bliss,
It was too much for me to love
A man so like the gods above ;

An Angel's shape, a Saint-like voice,
 Are too divine for human choice.

Oh, had I wishly giv'n my heart,
 For to have loved him but in part
 Sought only to enjoy his face,
 Or any one peculiar grace

Of foot, of hand, of lip, of eye,
 I might have lived where now I die.
 But I presuming all to choose,
 Am now condemn'd all to lose.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605-1682)

XXI

EVENING HYMN

The night is come, like to the day ;
 Depart not Thou, great God, away.
 Let not my sins, black as the night,
 Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.
 Keep still in my horizon ; for to me
 The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
 Thou Whose nature cannot sleep,
 On my temples sentry keep !
 Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
 Whose eyes are open while mine close ;
 Let no dreams my head infest,
 But such as Jacob's temples blest.
 While I do rest, my soul advance ;
 Make my sleep a holy trance,
 That I may, my rest being wrought,
 Awake, into some holy thought ; *
 And with as active vigour run
 My course as doth the nimble sun.
 Sleep is a death ; oh ! make me try,
 By sleeping, what is it to die :
 And as gently lay my head
 On my grave, as now my bed.
 Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
 Awake again at last with Thee,

JOHN BUNYAN

And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die
These are my drowsy days, in vain
I do, now wake to sleep again
Oh ! come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever !

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688)

XXII

THE SONG OF THE SHEPHERD BOY THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride,
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide
I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much :
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because Thou gavest such
Fullness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage,
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age

XXIII

THE COUNTRY BIRD'S SONG

Through all my life, thy favour is
So frankly showed to me,
That in thy House for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be
For why, the Lord our God is good
His Mercy is for ever sure,
His Truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

ROBERT BURTON (1576-1639)

XXIV

*THE AUTHOR'S ABSTRACT OF
MELANCHOLY*

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things fore-known,
When I build castles in the air
Void of sorrow and void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.

All my joys to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as Melancholy.

When I lie waking all alone
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprise,
Whether I tarry still or go
Methinks the time moves very slow,

All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so sad as Melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness

All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as Melancholy.

When I lie, sit or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove or irksome den,
With discontents and Furies then,
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as Melancholy.

ROBERT BURTON

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Sweet music, wondrous melody,

None so sweet as Melancholy.

When I recount love's many fights,
My sighs and tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits, oh, mine hard fate,
I now repent, but 'tis too late
No torment is so bad as love,
So bitter to my soul can prove
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so harsh as Melancholy

'Tis my sole plague to be alone,
 I am a beast, a monster grown,
 I will no light nor company,
 I find it now my misery.
 The scene is turned, my joys are gone,
 Fear, discontent and sorrows come.
 All my griefs to this are jolly,
 Naught so fierce as Melancholy.

I'll not change life with any King.
 I ravished am : can the world bring
 More joy than still to laugh or smile,
 In pleasant toys time to beguile ?
 Do not, O do not trouble me,
 So sweet content I feel and see.
 All my joys to this are folly,
 None so divine as Melancholy.

I'll change my state with any wretch,
 Thou can'st from jail or dungeon fetch :
 My pains past cure, another Hell,
 I may not in this torment dwell,
 Now desperate I hate my life,
 Lend me a halter or a knife.
 All my griefs to this are jolly,
 Naught so damned as Melancholy.

THOMAS CAREW (1587-1639)

XXV

*AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DR.
 DONNE, DEAN OF PAUL'S*

Can we not force from widowed Poetry
 Now thou art dead, (Great Donne !) one Elegy
 To crown thy hearse ? Why yet did we not try
 Though with unkneaded dough-baked Prose,
 dust,
 Such as th'unsizared lecturer from the flower
 Of fading Rhetoric, short-lived as his hour,

XXVI

PERSUASIONS TO JOY

If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish and anon must die ,
If every sweet and every grace
Must fly from that forsaken face ,
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys
Ere Time such goodly fruit destroy &.

What, still being gathered, still must grow
Thus either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

XXVII

EPITAPH

On the Lady Mary Villiers

The Lady Mary Villiers lies
 Under this stone ; with weeping eyes
 The parents that first gave her birth,
 And their sad friends, laid her in earth.
 If any of them, reader, were
 Known unto thee, shed a tear ;
 Or if thyself possess a gem,
 As dear to thee, as this to them,
 Though a stranger to this place,
 Bewail in theirs thine own hard case :
 For thou perhaps at thy return
 May'st find thy Darling in an urn.

XXVIII

ANOTHER

This little vault, this narrow room,
 Of Love and Beauty is the tomb ;
 The dawning beam, that 'gan to clear
 Our clouded sky, lies darkened here,
 For ever set to us : by Death
 Sent to enflame the world beneath.
 'Twas but a bud, yet did contain
 More sweetness than shall spring again ;
 A budding star that might have grown
 Into a sun when it had blown.
 This hopeful beauty did create
 New Love in Life's declining state ;
 But now his Empire ends, and we
 From fire and wounding darts are free ;
 His brand, his bow, let no man fear ;
 The flames, the arrows, all lie here.

XXIX

ANOTHER

On Maria Wentworth

And here the precious dust is laid ,
Whose finely tempered clay was made
So fine that it the guest betrayed

Else the soul grew so fast within,
It brake the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatched a Cherubim

In height it soared to God above,
In depth, it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to general love

Before a pious duty shined
To parents, courtesy behind,
On either side an equal mind

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
To servants kind, to friendship clear
To nothing but herself severe

So though a virgin yet a bride,
To every grace she justified
A chaste polygamy, and died

Learn from hence (reader) what small trust
We owe this world, where virtue must,
Frail as our flesh, crumble to dust

XXX

TO HIS INCONSTANT MISTRESS

When thou, poor Excommunicate
From all the joys of love, shalt see
The full reward and glorious fate
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine own inconstancy

A fairer hand than thine shall cure
 That heart which thy false oaths did wound ;
 And to my soul a soul more pure
 Than thine shall by love's hand be bound,
 And both with equal glory crowned.

Then shalt thou weep, entreat, complain
 To love, as I did once to thee.
 When all thy tears shall be as vain
 As mine were then : for thou shalt be
 Damned for thy false apostasy.

XXXI

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, GEORGE
 SANDYS, ON HIS TRANSLATION OF
 THE PSALMS

I press not to the Quire, nor dare I greet
 The holy place with my unhallowed feet ;
 My unwasht Muse pollutes not things divine,
 Nor mingles her profaner notes with thine ;
 Here, humbly waiting at the porch she stays
 And with glad cars sucks in thy sacred lays.
 So, devout penitents of old were wont,
 Some without door, and some beneath the font
 To stand and hear the Church's Liturgies,
 Yet not assist the solemn exercise :
 Sufficeth her, that she a lay-place gain,
 To trim thy vestments or but bear thy train ;
 Though not in tune, nor wing, she reach thy
 dark,
 Her lyric feet may dance before the Ark.
 Who knows, but that her wand'ring eyes that
 run,
 Now hunting glow-worms, may adore the sun,
 A pure flame may, that by Almighty power
 Into her breast the earthly flame devour ;
 My eyes, in penitential dew may steep
 That brine, which they for sensual love did
 weep.

So (though 'gainst Nature's course) fire may be
quenched

With fire and water be with water drenched ,
Perhaps my restless soul, tired with pursuit
Of mortal beauty, seeking without fruit
Contentment there, which hath not, when
enjoyed

Quenched all her thirst, nor satisfied, though
cloyed ,

Weary of her vain search below, above
In the first fair may find th' immortal Love
Prompted by thy example then, no more
In moulds of clay will I my God adore ;

Than all the flourishing wreaths by Laureates
worn

XXXII

BOLDNESS IN LOVE

Mark how the bashful morn in vain
Courts the amorous margold,
With sighing blasts and weeping rain,
Yet she refuses to unfold

XXXIII

*TO A LADY THAT DESIRED I WOULD
LOVE HER **

Now you have freely given me leave to love,
What will you do ?
Shall I your mirth or passion move
When I begin to woo ?
Will you torment, or scorn, or love me too ?
Each petty beauty can disdain, and I
Spite of your hate,
Without your leave can see, and die.
Dispense a nobler fate !
'Tis easy to destroy ; you may create.
Then give me leave to love, and love me too :
Not with design
To raise, as love's curst rebels do,
When puling poets whine,
Fame to their beauty, from their blubbered eyne.
Grief is a puddle, and reflects not clear
Your beauty's rays ;
Joys are pure streams ; your eyes appear
Sullen in sadder lays ;
In cheerful numbers they shine bright with praise.
Which shall not mention, to express you fair,
Wounds, flames, and darts,
Storms in your brow, nets in your hair,
Suborning all your parts,
Or to betray, or torture captive hearts.
I'll make your eyes like morning suns appear,
As mild and fair ;
Your brow as crystal smooth and clear ;
And your dishevelled hair
Shall flow like a calm region of the air.
Rich Nature's store, which is the poet's treasure,
I'll spend to dress

Your beauties, if your mine of pleasure
 In equal thankfulness
 You but unlock, so we each other bless.

XXXIV

SWEETLY BREATHING VERNAL AIR

Sweetly breathing vernal air
 That with kind warmth dost repair
 Winter's ruins, from whose breast
 All the gums and spices of th' East
 Borrow their perfumes whose rise

If he blast what's fair and good,
 If he scatter our choice flowers,
 If he shake our hills or towers,
 If his rude breath threaten us,
 Thou can'st stroke great Eolus,
 And from him the grace obtain
 To bind him in an iron chain.

XXXV

PARTING, CELIA WEEPS

Weep not, my dear, for I shall go
 Laden enough with mine own woe;
 Add not thy heaviness to mine;
 Since late our pleasures must disjoin,

Why should our sorrows meet ? If I
 Must go and lose thy company,
 I wish not theirs : it shall relieve
 My grief, to think thou dost not grieve.
 Yet grieve and weep, that I may bear
 Every sigh and every tear
 Away with me ; so shall thy breast
 And eyes discharged enjoy their rest :
 And it will glad my heart to see
 Thou wert thus loth to part with me.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT (1611-1643)

XXXVI

*ON A VIRTUOUS YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN
 THAT DIED SUDDENLY**

She who to Heaven more Heaven doth annex,
 Whose lowest thought was above all our sex,
 Accounted nothing death but t' be reprieved,
 And died as free from sickness as she lived.
 Others are dragged away, or must be driven ;
 She only saw her time and stept to Heaven ;
 Where Seraphim view all her glories o'er,
 As one returned that had been there before.
 For while she did this lower world adorn,
 Her body seemed rather assumed than born ;
 So rarified, advanced, so pure and whole,
 That body might have been another's soul ;
 And equally a miracle it were
 That she should die, or that she could live here.

XXXVII

*FALSEHOOD**

Still do the stars impart their light
 To those that travel in the night :
 Still time runs on, nor doth the hand
 Or shadow on the dial stand ;

The streams still gude and constant are :
 Only thy mind
 Untrue I find,
 Which carelessly
 Neglects to be
 Like stream or shadow, hand or star,
 Fool that I am ! I do recall
 My words, and swear thou'rt like them all.
 Thou seem'st like stars to nourish fire,
 But O how cold in thy desire !
 And like the hand upon the brass
 Thou point'st at me
 In mockery .
 If I come nigh
 Shade like thou'lt fly.
 And as the stream with murmur pass,

INDEX

**CHLOE (WHO FOR HIS SAKE WISHED
HERSELF YOUNGER)***

There are two births , the one when light
First strikes the new awakened sense ,
The other when two souls unite,
And we must count our life from thence .
When you loved me and I loved you
Then both of us were born anew
Love then to us new souls did give
And in those souls did plant new powers
Since when another life we live,
The breath we breathe is his not ours
Love makes those young whom age doth dull,
And whom he finds young keeps young still

b

So by this I as well may be
Too old for you, as you for me.

XXXIX

*ABSENCE **

Bid me not go where neither suns nor showers
 Do make or cherish flowers,
 Where discontented things in sadness lie,
 And nature grieves as I.
 When I am parted from those eyes
 From which my better day doth rise,
 Though some propitious power
 Should plant me in a bower,
 Where amongst happy lovers I might see
 How showers and sunbeams bring
 One everlasting Spring ;
 Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me.
 Nature herself to him is lost
 Who loseth her he honours most.

XL

*LINES FROM " A TRANSLATION FROM
 HUGO GROTIUS' ELEGY ON ARMINIUS " **

Full both of rest and joy in that blest seat
 Thou find'st what here thou sought'st and see'st
 how great
 A cloud doth muffle mortals, what a small,
 A vain and empty nothing is that All
 We here call knowledge, puffed with which we
 men
 Stalk high, oppress and are oppressed again.
 Hence do these greater wars of Mars arise,
 Hence lower hatreds ; meanwhile Truth far flies,
 And that good friend of Holy Peace disdains
 To show herself where strife and tumult reigns :
 Whence is this Fury, whence this eager lust
 And itch of fighting settled in us ? Must
 Our God become the subject of our War ?
 Why sides, so new, so many ? Hath the tare
 Of the mischievous enemy by night

a scattered in Christ's fields ? Or doth the
spite
our deprav'd nature, prone to rage
in all kind of fuel, and engage
as a party in God's cause ? . .

XLI

CELIA UPON HER SPARROW

Tell me not of joy ' there's none
Now my little Sparrow's gone .

He, just as you

Would toy and woo,

He would chirp and flatter me,

He would hang the wing awhile,

Till at length he saw me smile,

Lord, how sullen he would be !

He would catch a crumb, and then

Sporting let it go again,

He from my lip

Would moisture sip

He would from my trencher feed,

Then would hop, and then would run

And cry *Philip* when h' had done,

O whose heart can choose but bleed ?

O how eager would he fight

And ne'er hurt though he bite

No morn did pass

But on my glass

He would sit and mark and do

What I did, now ruffle all

His feathers o'er, now let 'em fall

And then straightway sleek them too

Whence will Cupid get his darts

Feathered now to pierce our hearts ?

A wound he may

Not Love convey

Now this faithful bird is gone

PATRICK CARY

O let mournful turtles join
 With loving red-breasts, and combine.
 To sing dirges o'er his stone.*

XLII

*SEAL UP HER EYES **

Seal up her eyes, O sleep, but flow
 Mild, as her manners, to and fro ;
 Slide soft into her, that yet she
 May receive no wound from thee.
 And ye present her thoughts, O dreams,
 With hushing winds and purling streams,
 Whiles hovering silence sits without,
 Careful to keep disturbance out !
 Thus seize her, sleep, thus her again resign,
 So what was heaven's gift we'll reckon thine.

PATRICK CARY (Middle of Seventeenth
 Century)

XLIII

*HYMN **

Whilst I beheld the neck o' th' dove,
 I spied and read these words,
 ' This pretty dye
 Which takes your eye
 Is not at all the bird's.
 The dusky raven might
 Have with these colours pleased your sight,
 Had God but chose so to ordain above.'
 This label wore the dove.

Whilst I admired the nightingale,
 These notes she warbled o'er :—
 ' No melody indeed have I,
 Admire me then no more !
 God has it in his choice
 To give the owl or me this voice ;

'Tis He, 'tis He that makes me tell my tale ' :
Thus sang the nightingale

I met and praised the fragrant rose,
Blushing, thus answered she —
 ' The praise you gave,
 The scent I have
Do not belong to me,
This harmless odour, none
But only God indeed does own :
To be His keepers, my poor leaves He chose '
And thus replied the rose

All creatures, then, confess to God
That th' owe him all, but I
My senses and
True, that my mind
Would still, oft does, deny
Hence pride ! Out of my soul
Or it thou shalt no more control
I'll learn this lesson, and escape the rod
I, too, have all from God

MARGARET CAVENDISH, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

XLIV

*SOUL'S RAIMENT **

... garments torn, Death takes them off with
care,
And folds them up in peace and quiet rest,
And lays them safe within an earthly chest
Then scours them well and makes them sweet
and clean,
Fit for the soul to wear those clothes again.

JOHN CHALKHILL (16 -)

XLV

SONG *

Oh, the sweet contentment
 The countryman doth find.
 High trolollie lollie loe,
 High trolollie lie,
 That quiet contemplation
 Possesseth all my mind :
 Then care away,
 And wend along with me.

For courts are full of flattery,
 As hath too oft been tried ;
 High, etc.
 High, etc.
 The city full of wantonness,
 And both are full of pride.
 Then, etc.

But oh, the honest countryman
 Speaks truly from his heart,
 High, etc.
 High, etc.
 His pride is in his tillage,
 His horses and his cart :
 Then, etc

Our clothing is good sheepskins,
 Grey russet for our wives,
 High, etc.
 High, etc.
 'Tis warmth and not gay clothing
 That doth prolong our lives ;
 Then, etc.

The ploughman, though he labour hard,
 Yet on his holiday,
 High, etc.
 High, etc.

No emperor so merrily
Does pass his time away ;
Then, etc.

To recompense our tillage
The heavens afford us showers ;
High, etc
High, etc
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers
Then, etc.

The cuckoo and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,
High, etc
High, etc
And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the spring
Then, etc

ROBERT CHAMBERLAIN (1607- ?)

ALVI

*TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, MR GILES
BALLE, MERCHANT **

The lofty mountains standing on a row,
Which but of late were periwigged with snow,
Doff off their coats, and now are daily seen
To stand on tiptoes,* all in swaggering green
Meadows and gardens are pranked up with

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE (1619-1679)

XLVII

PHARONNIDA'S DREAM

. . . A strong pathetic dream,
Diverting by enigmas Nature's stream,
Long hovering through the portals of her mind
On vain phantastic wings, at length did find
The glimmerings of obstructed reason, by
A brighter beam of pure divinity
Led into supernatural light, whose rays
As much transcended reason's, as the day's
Dull mortal fires, faith apprehends to be
Beneath the glimmerings of divinity.
Her unimprisoned soul, disrobed of all
Terrestrial thoughts, like its original
In heaven, pure and immaculate, a fit
Companion did for those bright angels sit,
Which the gods made their messengers to bear
This sacred truth, seeming transported, where,
Fixed in the flaming centre of the world,
The heart o' the microcosm, 'bout which is hurled
The spangled curtains of the sky, within
Whose boundless orbs, the circling planets spin
Those threads of time, upon whose strength
rely
The ponderous burthens of mortality.
An adamant world she sees, more pure,
More glorious far than this—framed to endure
The shock of dooms-day's darts, in which remains
The better angels of what earth contains,
Placed there to govern all our acts, and be
A medium 'twixt us and eternity.
Hence Nature, from a labyrinth half above,
Half underneath, that sympathetic love,
Which warms the world to generation, sends
On unseen atoms ; each small star attends
Here for its message, which received, is by
Their influence to the astral faculty

JOHN CLEVELAND (1613-1659)

XLVIII

*TO THE MEMORY OF BEN JONSON **

WIT

Where lies Ben Jonson ? Every age will look
With sorrow here, with wonder on his book

XLIX

*NOT TO TRAVEL **

Of ransack Africk ? There will be

On either hand more ivory.
 But look within all virtues that
 Each Nation would appropriate,
 And with the glory of them vest,
 Are in this map at large exprest ;
 That, who would travel here might know
 The little world in Folio.

SIR ASTON COKAINE (1608-1683)

L

TO PLAUTIA

Away, fond thing ! tempt me no more !
 I'll not be won with all thy store !
 I can behold thy golden hair,
 And for the owner nothing care :
 Thy starry eyes can look upon,
 And be mine own when I have done ;
 Thy cherry ruby lips can kiss,
 And for fruition never wish :
 Can view the garden of thy cheeks,
 And slight the roses there as leeks :
 Can hear thee sing with all thine art,
 Without enthralling of mine heart :
 My liberty thou can'st not wrong
 With all the magic of thy tongue :
 Thy warm snow-breasts and I can see
 And neither sigh nor wish for thee :
 Behold thy feet, which we do bless
 For bearing so much happiness,
 Yet they at all should not destroy
 My strong-preservèd liberty :
 Could see thee naked, as at first
 Our parents were, when both uncured,
 And with my busy, searching eyes
 View strictly thy hid rarities ;
 Yet, after such a free survey,
 From thee no lover so away.

For thou art false and wilt be so :
 I else no other fair would woo.
 Away, therefore, tempt me no more !
 I'll not be won with all thy store.

ANNE COLLINS (?)

LI

*HAPPINESS NOT TO BE FOUND IN
 THE CREATURE*

RICHARD CORDET, BISHOP OF NORWICH
 (1582-1634)

LII

A F

the tune of Fortune

Farewell, Rewards and Faines,
 Good housewives now may say,
 For now foul sluts is daines
 Do fare as well as they ,

RICHARD CORBET

And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than Maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanness,
Finds sixpence in her shoe ?

Lament, lament old Abbies,
The Fairies lost command,
They did but change priests' babies,
But some have changed your hand ;
And all your children stol'n from thence
Are now grown *Puritans*.
Who live as changelings ever since
For love of your demesnes.

At morning and at evening both,
You merry were and glad ;
So little care of sleep and sloth
These pretty ladies had ;
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose ;
Then merrily went your tabor,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those Rings and Roundelays
Of theirs which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain.
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in,
They never danced on any heath
As when the time had been.

By which we note the Fairies
Were of the old profession,
Their songs were *Ave Marias*,
Their dances were procession ;
But now alas, they all are dead
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or further from Religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure,

And whoso kept not secretly
 Their mirth, was punished sure,
 It was a just and Christian deed
 To pinch such black and blue ;
 O how the Commonwealth doth need
 Such Justices as you !

Now they have left our Quarters,
 A Register they have,
 Who can preserve their Charters,
 A man both wise and grave
 An hundred of their merry pranks,
 By one that I could name
 Are kept in store ; con twenty thanks
 To William for the same

For all the Faines' evidence
 Were lost if it were addle.

LIII

TO HIS SON—VINCENT CORBET

What I shall leave thee none can tell,
 But all shall say I wish thee well .
 I wish thee, Vin before all wealth,
 Both bodily and ghostly health
 Nor too much wealth nor wit come to thee.
 So much of either may undo thee
 I wish thee learning, not for show,
 Enough for to instruct and know ,
 Not such as gentlemen require,
 To prate at table or at fire
 I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
 Thy father's fortunes and his faces

RICHARD CORBET

I wish thee friends, and one at court,
 Not to build on, but support ;
 To keep thee, not in doing many
 Oppressions, but from suffering any.
 I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
 Nor lazy nor contentious days ;
 And when thy soul and body part,
 As innocent as now thou art.

LIV

AN EPITAPH ON THOMAS JONCE

Here for the nonce
 Came Thomas Jonce
 In St. Giles Church to lie.
 None Welsh before,
 None Welshman more
 Till Shon Clerk die.
 I'll toll the bell,
 I'll ring his knell ;
 He died well,
 He's saved from hell ;
 And so farewell
 Tom Jonce.

LV

COUNTRY DREAMS

The damask meadows and the crawling streams
 Sweeten and make soft thy dreams ;
 The purling springs, groves, birds and well-
 weaved bowers
 With fields enamellèd with flowers,
 Present thee shapes, while phantasy discloses
 Millions of lilies mixed with roses.
 Then dream thou hearest the lamb with many
 bleat
 Wooed to come suck the milky teat ;
 Whilst Faunus in the vision vows to keep
 From ravenous wolf the woolly sheep ;

With thousands such enchanting dreams, which
 meet
 To make sleep not so sound as sweet ;
 Nor can these figures so thy rest endear
 As not to up when chanticleer
 Speaks the last watch, but with the dawn dost
 rise
 To work, but first to sacrifice :
 Making thy peace with Heaven for some late
 fault,
 With holy meal and crackling salt.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1677)

LVI

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR CRASHAW *

Long did the Muses banished slaves abide
 And build vain pyramids to mortal pride
 Like Moses, thou (though charms and spells
 withstand)
 Have brought them nobly home back to their
 Holy Land

How little less than they exalted man may be

And though Pan's death long since all Oracles
broke,

Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke ;
Nay, with the worst of heathen dotage we
(Vain men !) the monster woman deify ;
Find stars, and lie our fates there in a face,
And Paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.*
What different faults corrupt our Muses then !
Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous !

Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain
The boundless Godhead : she did well disdain
That her eternal verse employed should be
On a less subject than Eternity ;
And for a sacred Mistress scorned to take
But her whom God Himself scorned not His
spouse to make,

It (in a kind) her Miracle did do ;
A fruitful Mother was, and Virgin too.

How well (blest Swan) did Fate contrive thy death
And make thee render up thy tuneful breath.
In thy great Mistress' arms, thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine ! *

Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire
Angels (they say) brought the famed Chapel there,
And bore the sacred Load in triumph through the
air.

'Tis surer much they brought *thee* there, and they
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Hail, Bard triumphant ! and some care bestow
On us, the Poets militant below.

Opposed by our old enemy, adverse chance,
Attacked by envy and by ignorance,
Enchained by beauty, tortured by desires,
Exposed by tyrant-love to savage beasts and
fires—

Thou from low earth in nobler flames did'st rise,
And like Elijah, mount alive the skies.
Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,

And when my Múse soars with so strong a wing,
 'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee to
 sing.

LVII

*HYMN TO LIGHT **

First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
 From the old Negro's darksome womb !
 Which when it saw the lovely child,
 The melancholy mass put on kind looks and
 smiled

Thou tide of glory which no rest dost know,
 But ever ebb and ever flow !
 Thou golden shower of a true Jove !
 Who does in thee descend, and Heaven to Earth
 make love !

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
 Do all thy winged arrows fly ?
 Swiftness and power by birth are thine,
 From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire the
 Word Divine

Swift as light thoughts their empty carriere run,
 Thy race is finished when begun,
 Let a post-Angel start with thee,
 And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon
 as he

Thou in the moon's bright chariot proud and gay
 Dost thy bright wood of stars survey.

And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal
spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands, above
The Sun's gilt tent, for ever move ;
And still as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining Pageants of the world attend thy
show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild
(O greatness without pride !) the bushes of the
field.

Night and her ugly subjects dost thou fright
And sleep, the lazy owl of night ;
Ashamed and fearful to appear,
They screen their horrid shapes with the black
hemisphere.

With them there hasten, and wildly take the
alarm,

Of painted dreams a busy swarm ;
At the first opening of thine Eye
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

When, Goddess, thou lift'st up thy wakened
head

Out of the morning's purple bed,
The choir of birds about thee play,
And all thy joyful world salutes the rising day.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries ;
Thou the rich dye in them bestowest,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou
goest.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st ;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st
The virgin lilies in their white
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

The violet, spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands ;
On the fair tulip thou dost dote,
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and parti coloured coat
With flames condensed thou dost thy jewels fire
And solid colours in it mix ;
Flora herself envies to see
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she
Through the soft ways of Heaven and air and sea
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close
channel slide

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the land o'ersflows ;
Takes there possession, and dost make
Of colours' mingled light, a thick and standing
lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
In the empyrean heaven dost stay .
Thy rivers, lakes and springs below
From thence first took their rise, thither at last
must flow.

LXIII

THE SPRING *

Though you be absent here, I needs must say
The trees as beauteous are, and flowers as gay
As ever they were wont to be ,
Nay the birds' rural music too
Is as melodious and free,
As if they sang to pleasure you
I saw a rose-bud ope this morn I'll swear
The blushing morning opened not more fair.
How could it be so fair and you away ?
How could the trees be beauteous, flowers so gay

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Could they remember but last year
 How you did them, they you delight,
 The sprouting leaves which saw you here,
 And called their fellows to the sight,
 Would, looking round for the same sight in vain,
 Creep back into their silent barks again.

Where'er you walked, trees were as reverent made,
 As when of old Gods dwelt in every shade.
 Is't possible they should not know,
 What loss of honour they sustain,

That thus they smile and flourish now,
 And still their former pride retain?
 Dull creatures! 'Tis not without cause that she,
 Who fled the god of wit, was made a tree.

But who can blame them now? for since you're
 gone,

They're here the only fair, and shine alone.
 You did their natural rights invade,

Wherever you did walk or sit,
 The thickest boughs could make no shade,
 Although the sun had granted it:
 The fairest flowers could please no more, near
 you,
 Than painted flowers set next to them, could do.

LIX

SOLITUDE *

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good,
 Hail, ye plebeian underwood!

Where the poetic birds rejoice
 And for their quiet nests and plenteous food,
 Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muses' richest manor-seat,
 Ye country houses and retreat!

Which all the happy gods so love,
 That for you oft they quit their bright and great
 Metropolis above.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

49

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature the wisest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize

Nor be myself too mute.

a day,

While this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
The monster London laugh at me,
I should at thee too, foolish city,
If it were fit to laugh at misery,
But thy estate I pity

A solitude almost

LX

PLATONIC LOVE

But half of Heaven the souls in glory taste,
 Till by Love in Heaven at last,
 Their bodies too are placed.

In thy immortal part
 Man, as well as I, thou art.
 But something 'tis that differs thee and me,
 And we must one even in that difference be ;
 I thee, both as a man and woman prize ;
 For a perfect Love implies
 Love in all capacities.

Can that for true love pass
 When a fair woman courts her glass ?
 Something unlike must in Love's likeness be,
 His wonder is, one, and variety.
 For he, whose soul nought but a soul can move,
 Does a new Narcissus prove,
 And his own image love.

That souls do beauty know,
 'Tis to the bodies' help they owe ;
 If when they know't, they straight abuse that
 trust,
 And shut the body from't, 'tis as unjust,
 As if I brought my dearest friend to see
 My mistress, and at th' instant he
 Should steal her quite from me.

RICHARD CRASHAW (1612 ?-1649)

LXI

TO THE MORNING—SATISFACTION
 FOR SLEEP

What succour can I hope the Muse will send,
 Whose drowsiness hath wronged the Muses
 friend ?
 What hope, Aurora, to profit unto thee,
 Unless the Muse sing my apology ?

O! in that morning of my shame, when I
Lay folded up in sleep's captivity ;
How at the sight didst thou draw back thine
eyes

And the same rosy-fingered hand of thine,
That shuts night's dying eyes, shall open mine
But thou, faint god of sleep, forget that I
Was ever known to be thy votary.
No more my pillar shall thine altar be,
Nor will I offer any more to thee
Myself a melting sacrifice ; I'm born
Again a fresh child of the buxom Morn,
Heir of the sun's first beams ; why threat'st thou
so ?
Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre ? Go,
Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful woe,
Sickness and sorrow whose pale lids ne'er know
Thy downy finger dwell upon their eyes ;
Shut in their tears, shut out their miseries.

LXII

*AN EPITAPH UPON HUSBAND AND
WIFE, WHO DIED AND WERE BURIED
TOGETHER*

To those whom death again did wed
This grave's the second marriage-bed.
For though the hand of fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sever man and wife,
Because they both lived but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep ;
Peace, the lovers are asleep.
They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot that love can tie.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till the stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn ;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into a light
Whose day shall never die in night.

LXIII

MUSIC'S DUEL •

Now westward Sol has spent the richest beams
ms

-- -- -- --
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale,* come from the neighbouring

In her own murmurs, that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good
The man perceived his rival, and her art,

Quick volumes¹ of wild notes, to let him know
By that shrill taste she could do something too
His numble hand's instinct then taught each

And snatches this again, and pauses there
She measures every measure, everywhere

Meets art with art ; sometimes, as if in doubt—
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out—
Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note
Through the sleek passage of her open throat .
O clear unwrinkled song ; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that, being reared
In controverting warbles evenly shared
With her sweet self she wrangles ; he, amazed
That from so small a channel should be raised
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that, tickled with rare art,
The tattling strings—each breathing in his part—
Most kindly do fall out ; the grumbling bass
In surly groans disdains the treble's grace ;
The high-perched treble chirps at this and chides
Until his finger—moderator—hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all,
Hoarse, shrill, at once : as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to th' harvest of Death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands ; this lesson, too,
She gives him back, her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill
And folds in waved notes, with a trembling bill,
The pliant series of her slippery song ;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short, thick sobs, whose thund'ring volleys
float
And roll themselves over her lubic throat
In panting murmurs, 'stilled out of her breast
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugared nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
Bathing in streams of liquid melody.—
Music's best seed-plot ; where in ripened ears
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, ploughed by her breath,
Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that sweet soil it seems a holy Quire
Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre ;

Whose silver roof rings to the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipped Angel-imps, that swill their
throats

In cream of morning Helicon ; and then
Prefers soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their matins sing

And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream, so long,
Till a sweet whirlwind striving to get out,
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,

Into loose ecstasies that she is placed
Above herself—music's enthusiast !

RICHARD CRASHAW

Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted :
 Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
 Are fanned and frizzled in the wanton airs
 Of his own breath, which married to his lyre
 Doth tune the spheres and make Heaven's self
 look higher :

From this to that, from that to this, he flies,
 Feels music's pulse in all her arteries
 Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
 His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
 Following those little rills, he sinks into
 A sea of Helicon ; his hand does go
 Those parts of sweetness which with nectar
 drop,

Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup ;
 The humorous strings expound his learned touch
 By various glosses, now they seem to grutch
 And murmur in a buzzing din, then jingle
 In shrill-tongued accents, striving to be single ;
 Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke,
 Gives life to some new grace : thus doth h' invoke
 Sweetness by all her names ; thus bravely thus—
 Fraught with a fury so harmonious—
 The lute's light genius now doth proudly rise,
 Heaved on the surges of swoll'n rhapsodies,
 Whose flourish, meteor-like, doth curl the air
 With flash of high-born fancies, here and there
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
 Whose trembling murmurs, melting in wild airs
 Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares,
 Because those precious mysteries do dwell
 In music's ravished soul he dare not tell,
 But whisper to the world : thus do they vary
 Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
 Their master's blest soul, snatched out at his call
 By a strong ecstacy, through all the spheres
 Of music's Heaven ; and seat it there on high
 In th' *Empyraeum* of pure harmony.
 At length—after so long, so loud a strife,
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life

Of blest variety, attending on
His fingers' fairest revolution,
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall—
A full-mouthed diapason swallows all

This done, he hsts what she would say to this
And she, although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note
Alas ! in vain ! for while, sweet soul, she tries
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone,
She fails, and failing, grieves, and grieving
dies,

She dies, and leaves her life, the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute O, fit to have—
That lived so sweetly—dead, so sweet a grave

LXIV

*UPON BISHOP ANDREWS, HIS PICTURE
BEFORE HIS SERMONS **

place
'Mongst those immortal fires, and on the face
Of her great Maker fixed her flaming eye,
There till to read true pure Divinity

LXV

*THE WEEPER**

Hail, sister springs,
Parents of silver-footed rills !
Ever bubbling things,
Thawing crystal, snowy hills !
Still spending, never spent ; I mean
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene.

Heavens thy fair eyes be ;
Heavens of ever-falling stars ;
'Tis seed-time still with thee,
And stars thou sow'st whose harvest dares
Promise the earth to countershine
Whatever makes Heaven's forehead fine.

Every morn from hence
A brisk cherub something sips
Whose soft influence
Adds sweetness to his sweetest lips ;
Then to his music ; and his song
Tastes of this breakfast * all day long.

When some new bright guest
Takes up among the stars a room,
And Heaven will make a feast,
Angels with their bottles come,
And draw from these full eyes of thine
Their Master's water, their own wine.

The dew no more will weep
The primrose's pale cheek to deck ;
The dew no more will sleep
Nuzzled in the lily's neck :
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

When sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty,
—For she is a queen—
Then is she dressed by none but thee :

Then and only then she wears
Her richest pearls—I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes,
When they red with weeping are
For the Sun that dies,
Sits Sorrow with a face so fair
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

Well does the May that lies
Smiling in thy cheeks, confess
The April in thine eyes,
Mutual sweetness they express,
No April e'er lent softer showers,
Nor May returned fairer flowers.

Not so long she lived
Will thy tomb report of thee ;
But so long she grieved
Thus must we date thy memory
Others by days, by months, by years,
Measure their ages, thou by tears

B

THE SONG OF THE SORROW

Whither away so fast ?
For sure the sordid earth
Your sweetness cannot taste,
Nor does the dust deserve your birth
Sweet, whither haste you then ? O, say,
Why you trip so fast away ?

We go not to seek
The darlings of Aurora's bed,
The rose's modest cheek,
Nor the violet's humble head
No such thing we go to meet
A worthier object—our Lord's feet.

LXVI

LOVE'S HOROSCOPE

Love, brave Virtue's younger brother,
Erst hath made my heart a mother.
She consults the anxious spheres
To calculate her young son's years !
She asks if sad or saving powers
Gave omen to his infant hours ;
She asks each star that then stood by
If poor Love shall live or die.

Ah, my heart, is that the way ?
Are these the beams that rule thy day ?
Thou know'st a face in whose each look
Beauty lays ope Love's fortune-book,
On whose fair revolutions wait
The obsequious motions of Love's fate.
Ah, my heart, her eyes and she
Have taught thee new astrology.
Howe'er Love's motive hours were set,
Whatever starry synod met,
'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
If poor love shall live or die.

If those sharp rays, putting on
Points of death, bid Love be gone,
Though the Heavens in council sat
To crown an uncontrolled fate :
Though their best aspects twined upon
The kindest constellation,
Cast amorous glances on his birth,
And whispered the confederate earth,
To pave his paths with all the good,
That warms the bed of youth and blood :
Love has no plea against her eye ;
Beauty frowns and Love must die.

But if her milder influence move
And gild the hopes of humble Love :—

Though Heaven's inauspicious eye
 Lay back on Love's nativity,
 Though every diamond in Jove's crown
 Fixed his forehead to a frown,
 Her eye a strong appeal can give,
 Beauty smiles, and Love shall live

O, if Love shall live, O where
 But in her eyes, or in her ear,
 ~In her breast, or in her breath—
 Shall I hide poor Love from death?
 For in the life ought else can give,
 Love shall die, although he live

Or, if Love shall die, O where
 But in her eye, or in her ear,

LXVII

*A HYMN TO THE NAME AND HONOUR
 OF THE ADMIRABLE SAINT TERE'SA •*

Down

Their great Lord's glorious name, to none
 Of those whose spacious bosoms spread a throne
 For love at large to fill Spare blood and sweat,
 We'll see Him take a private seat,
 And make His mansion in the mild
 And milky soul of a soft child

Scarce had she learnt to hsp a name
 Of martyrs, yet she thinks it shame

Life should so long play with that breath
Which spent can buy so brave a death.
She never undertook to know
What death with love should have to do,
Nor has she e'er yet understood
Why, to show love, she should shed blood.

Yet, though she cannot tell you why
She can love, and she can die,
Scarce has she blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake ;
Yet has a heart dares hope to prove
How much less strong is death than love.

Since 'tis not to be had at home,
She'll travel for a martyrdom.
No home for her, confesses she
But where she may a martyr be.
She'll to the Moors and trade with them
For this unvalued diadem ;
She offers them her dearest breath,
With Christ's name in't, in change for death :
She'll bargain with them, and will give
Them God, and teach them how to live
In Him ; or, if they this deny,
For Him she'll teach them how to die.
So shall she leave amongst them sown
Her Lord's blood, or at least her own.

Farewell then all the world, adieu !
Teresa is no more for you.
Farewell all pleasures, sports and joys.
Never till now esteemed toys !
Farewell whatever dear may be—
Mother's arms or father's knee !
Farewell house, and farewell home !
She's for the Moors and martyrdom.

Sweet, not so fast ; lo ! thy fair spouse,
Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows,
Calls thee back, and bids thee come
T'embrace a milder martyrdom. . . .

RICHARD CRASHAW

Shall all at once die into one

Shalt thou exhale to heaven at last
In a resolving sigh, and then—
O what? Ask not the tongues of men.

Angels cannot tell, suffice
Thyself shalt feel thine own full joys

And in her first ranks make thee room,
Where, 'mongst her snowy family,
Immortal welcomes wait for thee
O what delight, when she shall stand
And teach thy lips heaven, with her hand,

Those second smiles of heaven, shall dart
Her mild rays through thy melting heart

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
All thy good works which went before,
And waited for thee at the door,
Shall own thee there ; and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns, with which the King thy spouse,
Shall build up thy triumphant brows.

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains sit bright upon thee :
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
And thy sufferings be divine.
Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems.
Even thy deaths shall live, and new
Dress the soul which late they slew.
The wounds shall blush to such bright scars
As keep account of the Lamb's wars.

Those rare works, where thou shalt leave writ
Love's noble history, with wit
Taught thee by none but Him, while here
They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.
Each heavenly word by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy brows, and be
Both fire to us and flame to thee ;
Whose light shall live bright in thy face
By glory, in our hearts by grace.
Thou shalt look round about, and see
Thousands of crowned souls throng to be
Themselves thy crown, sons of thy vows,
The virgin-births with which thy spouse
Made fruitful thy fair soul ; go now,
And with them all about thee bow
To Him ; put on, He'll say, put on,
My rosy Love that thy rich zone,
Sparkling with the sacred flames
Of thousand souls, whose happy names
Heaven keeps upon thy score : thy bright
Life brought them first to kiss the light

That kindled them to stars, and so
Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt go.

And by thy thirsts of love more large than

By all the Heáven thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim !),
By all of Him we have in thee ;
Leave nothing of myself in me !
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die !

LXVIII

A HYMN OF THE NATIVITY •

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Young dawn of our eternal day,
We saw Thine eyes break from the East,
And chase the trembling shades away •
We saw Thee, and we blest the sight,
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light

Well done, said I : but are you sure
Your down, so warm, will pass for pure ?
No, no, your King's not yet to seek
Where to repose His royal head .

RICHARD CRASHAW

See, see how soon His new-bloomed cheek
 'Twixt mother's breasts is gone to bed !
 Sweet choice, said we ; no way but so,
 Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow !

Welcome, to our wond'ring sight
 Eternity shut in a span !

Summer in winter, day in night !
 Heaven in earth ! and God in man !

Great little One, whose glorious birth
 Lifts earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to earth.

She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips
 Her kisses in thy weeping eye :

She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
 That in their buds yet blushing lie.

She 'gainst those mother diamonds tries
 The points of her young eagle's eyes.

Welcome, though not to those gay flies,
 Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,

Slippery souls in smiling eyes—

But to poor shepherds, homespun things,
 Whose wealth's their flocks, whose wit's to be
 Well read in their simplicity.

Yet when young April's husband show'rs
 Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,

We'll bring the first-born of her flowers,
 To kiss Thy feet and crown Thy head.

To Thee dread Lamb ! whose love must keep
 The shepherds while they feed their sheep.

To Thee meek Majesty, soft King
 Of simple graces and sweet loves !

Each of us his lamb will bring,
 Each his pair of silver doves !

At last, in fire of Thy fair eyes,
 Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.

LXIX

ON A FOUL MORNING BEING THEN
TO TAKE A JOURNEY

Where art thou, Sol, while thus the blind-fold day
Staggers out of the East, loses her way
Stumbling on night? Rouse thee, illustrious
youth

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... my way,
aint not the pure streams of the springing day
With your dull influence, it is for you
To sit and cool upon night's heavy brow.

Not on the fresh cheeks of the virgin morn,
 Where nought but smiles and ruddy joys are worn;
 Fly then and do not think with her to play;
 Let it suffice, she'll wear no mask to-day.

LXX

CHARITAS NIMIA, OR THE DEAR
 BARGAIN *

Lord, what is Man? why should he cost Thee
 So dear? what had his ruin lost Thee?
 Lord, what is man? that Thou hast over-bought
 So much a thing of nought.

Love is too kind, I see, and can
 Make but a simple merchant man.
 'Twas for such sorry merchandise,
 Bold painters have put out his eyes.

Alas, sweet Lord, what were't to Thee
 If there were no such worms as we?
 Heav'n ne'ertheless still Heav'n would be.
 Should mankind dwell
 In the deep Hell,
 What have his woes to do with Thee?

Let him go weep
 O'er his own wounds:
 Seraphim will not sleep
 Nor spheres let fall their faithful rounds,
 Still would the youthful Spirits sing,
 And still Thy spacious palace ring;
 Still would those beauteous Ministers of light
 Burn all as bright.

And bow their flaming heads before Thee,
 Still thrones and dominations would adore Thee,
 Still would those ever-wakeful sons of fire
 Keep warm Thy praise
 Both nights and days
 And teach Thy loved Name to their noble lyre.

Let froward dust then do its kind .
 And give itself for sport to the proud wind
 Why should a piece of peevish clay plead shares
 In the eternity of Thy old cares ?
 Why should'st Thou bow Thine awful breast to
 see
 What mine own madness hath done with me ?

 Should not the King still keep His throne
 Because some desperate fool's undone ?
 Or will the world's illustrious eyes
 Weep for every worm that dies ?
 Will the gallant Sun
 E'er the less glorious run ?
 Will he hang down his golden head
 Or e'er the sooner seek his Western bed,
 Because some foolish fly
 Grows wanton and will die ?

O my Saviour make me see
 How dearly Thou hast paid for me,
 That lost again, my life may prove
 As then in Death, so now in Love

SAMUEL CROSSMAN (1624 ?-1684)

LXXI

HYMN

I said sometimes with tears,
 Ah me ! I'm loth to die !
 Lord, silence Thou these fears—
 My life's with Thee on high
 Sweet truth to me !
 I shall arise,
 And with these eyes
 My Saviour see

My life's a shade, my days
 Apace to death decline ,

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

My Lord is life ; He'll raise
 My dust again, ev'n mine.
 My fearful grave shall keep .
 My bones till that sweet day
 I wake from my long sleep
 And leave my bed of clay.

My Lord His angels shall
 Their golden trumpets sound ;
 At whose most welcome call
 My grave shall be unbound.
 Sweet truth, etc.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT (1605-1668)

LXXII

MORNING

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
 And climbing shakes his dewy wings,
 He takes this window for the east,
 And to implore your light, he sings—
 Awake, awake ! the morn will never rise,
 Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
 The ploughman from the sun his seasons takes :
 But still the lover wonders what they are,
 Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
 Awake, awake ! break through your veil of lawn
 Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

LXXIII

TO A MISTRESS DYING

LOVER

Your beauty, ripe and calm and fresh
 As eastern summers are,

Must now, forsaking time and flesh,
Add light to some small star.

PHILOSOPHER

Whilst she yet lives, were stars decayed,
Their light by hers relief might find ;
But Death will lead her to a shade
Where Love is cold and Beauty blind.

LOVER

Lovers, whose priests all poets are,
Think every mistress, when she dies,
Is changed at least into a star,
And who dares doubt the poets wise ?

PHILOSOPHER

.....

LXXIV

LIFE AND DEATH

Frail Life ! in which, through mists of human
breath

ow,

.....

O reverend Death ! whose looks can sooth advise
E'en scornful youth, while priests their doctrines
waste .

Yet mocks us too , for he does make us wise,
When by his coming our affairs are past

O harmless Death ! whom still the valiant brave,
The wise expect, the sorrowful invite,
And all the good embrace, who know the grave
A short dark passage to eternal light

LXXV

WAKE ALL THE DEAD ! WHAT HO !
WHAT HO ! *

Wake all the dead ! what ho ! what ho !
How soundly they sleep whose pillows lie low,
They mind not poor lovers who walk above
On the decks of the world in storms of love.

No whisper now, nor glance shall pass
Through wickets or through panes of glass ;
For our windows and doors are shut and barred.
Lie close in the church, and in the churchyard !
In every grave make room ! make room !
The world's at an end, and we come, we come.

LXXVI

TO THE QUEEN

Entertained at Night by the Countess of Anglesey
Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May ;
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swelled by the early dew ;
Smooth as the face of waters first appeared,
Ere tides began to strive or winds were heard ;
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are :
You, that are more than our discreeter fear
Dares praise, with such full art, what makes you
here ?
Here, where the summer is so little seen,
That leaves (her cheapest wealth) scarce reach at
green ;
You come, as if the silver planet were
Mised a while from her much injured sphere,
And t'ease the travails of her beams to-night,
In this small lanthorn would contract her
light.

ROBERT DAVENPORT (A. 1639)

1990

A REVIEW

Matilda, now go take thy bed
In the dark dwellings of the dead.

And rise in the great waking day,
Sweet as incense, fresh as May

Rest thou, chaste soul, fixed in thy proper sphere,
Amongst Heaven's fair ones, all are fair ones
there

Chairs

Rest there, chaste soul, whilst we here troubled say
 'Time gives us griefs, Death takes our joys away!'

SIR JOHN DENHAM (1615-1669)

LEVIN 11

**PREFACE TO THE PROGRESS OF
LEARNING •**

[illegible]

JOHN DIGBY, EARL OF BRISTOL
(1580-1635)

1997

Grieve not, dear Love ! although we thus part,
But know, that Nature gently doth us sever.

Thereby to train us up, with tender art,
To brook the day when we must part for ever.

For Nature, doubting we should be surprised
By that sad day whose dread doth chiefly fear
us,
Doth keep us daily schooled and exercised ;
Lest that the fright thereof should overbear us :

JOHN DONNE (1573-1631)

LXXX

THE GOOD-MORROW

I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we loved ? Were we not weaned till
then,
But sucked on country pleasures childishly ?
Or snorted we in the seven sleepers' den ?
'Twas so ; but as all pleasures fancies be,
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of
thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another, out of fear :
For love all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room, an every where.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to other worlds our world have shown,
Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is
one !

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest ;
Where can we find two fitter hemispheres
Without sharp North, without declining West ?
Whatever dies was not mixed equally ;
If our two loves be one, both thou and I
Love so alike, none of these loves can die.

JOHN DONNE

LOOCH

SONG

Go and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot ;
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know ,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet,
Yet do not ; I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three

LOOCH

THE APPARITION *

When by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead,
And that thou think'st thee free

And thee, fained vestal, in worse arms shall see
 Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
 And he, whose thou art, being tired before,
 Will if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
 Thou call'st for more,
 And in false sleep will from thee shrink,
 And then poor aspen wretch, neglected thou,
 Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat, wilt lie
 A verier ghost than I ;
 What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
 Lest that preserve thee ; and since my love is
 spent,
 I'd rather thou should'st painfully repent,
 Than by my threat'nings rest still innocent.

LXXXIII

SONG

Sweetest Love, I do not go,
 For weariness of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter love for me ;
 But since that I
 Must die at last, 'tis best
 Thus to use myself in jest,
 By fained death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
 And yet is here to-day,
 He hath no desire or sense,
 Nor half so short a way :
 Then fear not me,
 But believe that I shall make
 Hastier journeys, since I take
 More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
 That if good fortune fall,
 Cannot add another hour
 Nor a lost hour recall !
 But come bad chance

And we join to 't our strength,
 And we teach it art and length,
 Itself o'er us t' advance

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st no wind,
 But sigh'st my soul away,
 When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
 My life's blood doth decay

It cannot be
 That thou lov'st me as thou say'st,
 If in thine my life thou waste,
 Which art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart,
 Forethink me any ill,
 Destiny may take thy part,
 And may thy fears fulfil,
 But think that we
 Are but laid aside to sleep :
 They who one another keep
 Alive, ne'er parted be

LXXXIV

THE RELIQUE

Meet at this grave, and make a little stay ?
 If this fall in a time or land
 Where Mass devotion doth command,
 Then he that digs us up will bring
 Us to the bishop or the king.
 To make us relics, then

Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I

A something else thereby ;

All women shall adore us and some men ; *
And since at such time miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught,
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First we loved well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we loved, nor why,
Difference of sex we never knew,
No more than Guardian Angels do,

Coming and going we
Perchance might kiss, but yet between those meals
Our hands ne'er touched the seals,
Which nature, injured by late law, set free :
These miracles we did ; but now, alas,
All measure and all language I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

LXXXV

*THAT TIME AND ABSENCE PROVES
RATHER HELPS THAN HURTS TO
LOVES **

Absence, hear thou my protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance and length :
Do what thou can'st for alteration,
For hearts of truest mettle,
Absence doth join and Time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
His mind hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
To hearts that cannot vary,
Absence is present, Time doth tarry.

My senses want their outward motion,
Which now within
Reason doth win,

Redoubled by her secret notion :
 Like rich men that take pleasure
 In hiding more than handling treasure.

By Absence this good means I gain,
 That I can catch her
 Where none can watch her,
 In some close corner of my brain .
 There I embrace and kiss her,
 And so enjoy her and none miss her.

LXXXVI

THE MESSAGE

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Of protestings,
 And cross both
 Word and oath,
 Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet, send me back my heart and eyes
 That I may know and see thy lies ,
 And may laugh and joy when thou
 Art in anguish,
 And dost languish
 For some one
 That will none,
 And prove as false as thou art now

LXXXVII

THE ECSTASY

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swelled up, to rest
The violet's declining head,
Sat we two, one another's best.
Our hands were firmly cèmented
By a fast balm which thence did spring ;
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double string.
So to engraft our hands, as yet
Was all the means to make us one ;
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.
As 'twixt two equal armies Fate
Suspeuds uncertain victory,
Our souls—which to advance their state
Were gone out—hung 'twixt her and me.
And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay ;
All day the same our postures were,
And we said nothing, all the day.
If any, so by love refined,
That he soul's language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient distance stood,
He (though he knew not which soul spake
Because both meant, both spake the same)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.
This ecstasy doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love,
We see by this, it was not sex,
We see, we saw not what did move :
But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things, they know not what,
Love, these mixed souls, doth mix again,
And makes, both one, each this and that.

A single violet transplant,
 The strength, the colour and the size
 (All which before was poor and scant)
 Redoubles still and multiplies,
 When love with one another so
 Interanimates two souls,
 That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
 Defects of loveliness controls
 We then, who are this new soul, know,
 Of what we are composed and made ,
 For th' Atomes of which we grow
 Are souls whom no change can invade

But O alas so long, so far
 Our bodies why do we forbear ?
 They are ours though not we We are
 The Intelligences, they the spheres,
 We owe them thanks, because they thus
 Did us to us, at first convey ;
 Yielded their senses' force to us,
 Nor are dross to us, but allay
 On man heaven's influence works not so,

but yet the body is the book ,
 And if some lover such as we
 Have heard this dialogue of one ;
 Let him still mark us, he shall see
 Small change, when we are to bodies grown.

LXXXVIII

*THE FUNERAL **

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
 Nor question much
 That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm ;
 The mystery, the sign you must not touch,
 For 'tis my outward soul,
 Viceroy to that which, unto heav'n being gone,
 Will leave this to control
 And keep these limbs, her provinces, from
 dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
 Through every part,
 Can tie those parts, and make me one of all ;
 Those hairs, which upward grew, and strength
 and art
 Have from a better brain,
 Can better do't : except she meant that I
 By this should know my pain,
 As prisoners then are manacled, when they're
 condemned to die.

Whate'er she meant by't, bury it with me,
 For since I am
 Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry
 If into other hands these reliques came.
 As 'twas humility
 T'afford to it all that a soul can do,
 So 'tis some bravery
 That, since you would have none of me, I bury
 some of you.

LXXXIX

*THE ANNIVERSARY **

All kings and all their favourites,
 All glory of honours, beauties, wits,

This no to-morrow hath nor yesterday ;
 Running, it never runs from us away,
 But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
 This or a love increased there above
 When bodies to their graves, souls from their
 graves remove.

XC

LOVE'S INFINITENESS

Dear, I shall never have thee all
 Or if then thou gavest me all.
 All was but all which thou hadst then,
 But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall

JOHN DONNE

Which have their stocks entire, and can in
 tears,
 In sighs, in oaths, in letters outbid me,
 This new love may beget new fears :
 For this love was not vowed by thee.
 And yet it was thy gift, being general ;
 The ground, thy heart, is mine, whatever shall
 Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet,
 He that hath all can have no more,
 And since my love doth every day admit
 New growth, thou should'st have new reward
 store ;

Thou canst not every day give me thy heart
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st
 Love's riddles are, that though thy heart de
 It stays at home, and thou with losing sav'st
 But we will have a way more liberal,
 Than changing hearts, to join them ; so we
 Be one, and one another's all.

XCI

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun
 Which was my sin, though it were done
 Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which
 And do run still, though still I do dep
 When Thou hast done, Thou hast not d
 For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I hav
 Others to sin, and made my sins the
 Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did
 A year or two, but wallowed in a sc
 When Thou hast done, Thou hast not
 For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've s
 My last thread, I shall perish on th

But swear by Thyself that at my death Thy Son
 Shall shine as He shines now and heretofore :
 And having done that, Thou hast done ;
 I fear no more.

XCH

RESURRECTION

At the round earth's imagined corners, blow

~~And trumpet, till, from all the world, your summons find~~

~~And trumpet, till, from all the world, your summons find~~
 As if Thou had'st sealed my pardon with Thy
 blood

XCH

*TO DEATH **

flow :
 And soonest our best men with thee do go—
 Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery !
 Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and des-

And dost with poison, war and sickness dwell ;
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
 And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou
 then ?

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more ; Death, thou shalt
 die.

XCIV

GOOD FRIDAY—RIDING WESTWARD

Let man's Soul be a sphere, and then, in this
 The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
 And as the other spheres, by being grown
 Subject to foreign motion, lose their own,
 And being by others hurried every day,
 Scarce in a year their natural form obey :
 Pleasure or business so our souls admit
 For their first mover, and are whirled by it.
 Hence is't, that I am carried towards the West,
 This day, when my Soul's form bends toward the
 East ;

There I should see a sun by rising set,
 And by that setting endless day beget.
 But that Christ on this cross did rise and fall,
 Sin had eternally benighted all.
 Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see
 That spectacle of too much weight for me.
 Who sees God's face, that is self-life, must die ;
 What a death were it then to see God die ?
 It made His own lieutenant Nature shrink,
 It made His footstool crack, and the sun wink.
 Could I behold those hands which span the Poles
 And turn all spheres at once, pierced with those
 holes ?

Could I behold that endless height which is
 Zenith to us, and our Antipodes
 Humbled below us ? or that blood which is
 The seat of all our souls, if not of His,
 Made dirt of dust, or that flesh which was worn
 By God for His apparel, ragged and torn ?

For that looks towards them and Thou look'st
towards me,

xcv

*From THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF
THE RELIGIOUS DEATH OF MISTRESS
ELIZABETH DRURY **

She, of whose soul, if we may say. 'twas gold,

And chides us slow-paced snails who crawl upon
Our prison's prison, earth, nor think us well,
Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell

xcvi

*THE DREAM **

Dear Love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream
It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for fantasy

Therefore thou waked'st me wisely ; yet
 My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it.
 Thou art so true that thoughts of thee suffice
 To make dreams truths and fables histories ;
 Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best
 Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning or a taper's light,
 Thine eyes, and not thy voice, waked me :

Yet I thought thee—

For thou lov'st truth—an angel, at first sight ;
 But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
 And knew'st my thoughts beyond an angel's art,
 When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou
 knew'st when

Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,
 I must confess it could not choose but be
 Profane to think thee anything but thee.

Coming, and staying showed thee thee,
 But rising makes me doubt that now

Thou art not thou.

That Love is weak where Fear's as strong as he ;
 'Tis not all spirit pure and brave,
 If mixture it of Fear, Shame, Honour have.
 Perchance as torches, which must ready be,
 Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me.
 Thou cam'st to kindle, go'st to come : then I
 Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

xcvii

SONG

Soul's joy, now I am gone,

And you alone,

(Which cannot be

Since I must leave myself with thee,

And carry thee with me)

Yet, when unto our eyes

Absence denies

Each other's sight,

And makes to us a constant night,
 When others change to light
 O give no way to grief,
 But let belief
 Of mutual love
 This wonder to the vulgar prove,
 Our bodies, not we move

Let not thy wit beneep
 Words but sense deep,
 For when we miss
 By distance, our hopes joining bliss,
 Even then our souls shall kiss
 Fools have no means to meet,
 But by their feet,
 Why should our clay
 Over our spirits so much sway,
 To tie us to that way?
 O give no way to grief, etc.

EDMUND ELLIS (?)

ACVUI

*TO MRS A S ON THE DEATH OF
 HER TWO FIRST CHILDREN*

Four fair cheeks with tears sprinkled shew
 Like roses pearly o'er with dew
 But be not so discomforted
 Four babes departed are not dead
 To keep them from all casual harms,
 Their Saviour takes them in His arms
 These olive branches, by His care,
 In Paradise transplanted are
 So they become, by their decease,
 A garland to the Prince of Peace

MILDMAY FANE, EARL OF WEST-
MORELAND (?)

XCIX

*HOW TO RIDE OUT A STORM **

He only happy is, and wise,
Can run his barque when tempests rise,
Know how to lay the helm and steer,
Lie on a track, port and career;
Sometimes to weather, then to lee,
As waves give way and winds agree ;
Nor boom at all in such a stress,
But by degrees loom less and less.
Ride out a storm with no more loss
Than the endurance of a toss ;
For though he cannot well bear sail
In such a fresh and powerful gale,
Yet when there is no other shift,
Think 't not amiss to ride a drift ;
To shut down ports and tyers to bale in,
To seal the hatch up with tarpalin ;
To ply the pump and no means slack
May clear her bilge and help from wrack ;
To take in cloth and, in a word,
Unlade and cut the mast by board.
So spoon before the winds and seas,
When though she'll roll, she'll go at ease ;
And not so strained as if laid under
The wave that threatens sudden foundering ;
And whilst the fury and the rage
Leaves little hope for anchorage ;
Yet if she can but make a coast
In any time, she'll not be lost,
But in affection's bay will find
A harbour suited to her mind.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE (1608-1666)

C

*From An Ode upon Occasion of His Majesty's
Proclamation in the Year 1630 Commanding
the Gentry to reside upon their estates in the
Country **

Only the Island which we sow
(A world without the world) so far
From present wounds, it cannot show
An ancient scar.

White Peace (the beautiful'st of things)
Seems here her everlasting rest
To fix, and spreads her downy wings
Over the nest,

Nor Cupid there less blood doth spill,
But heads his shafts with chaster love,
Not feathered with a sparrow's quill,
But of a dove

There shall you hear the nightingale
(The harmless syren of the wood)
How prettily she tells a tale
Of rape and blood.

The lyric lark, with all bewide
Of nature's feathered quire and all
The Commonwealth of flow'rs in 'ts pride
Behold you shall

As when great Jove, usurping reign,
From the plagued world did her exile



And tied her with a golden chain
To one blest Isle :

Which in a sea of plenty swam,
And turtles sang on ev'ry bough,
A safe retreat to all that came,
As ours is now.

The lily queen, the royal rose,
The gilliflower, prince of the wood,
The courtier tulip (gay in clothes),
The regal bud.

The violet, purple senator,
How they do mock the pomp of state
And all that at the surly door
Of great ones wait.

Plant trees you may, and see them shoot
Up with your children, to be served
To your clean boards and fairest fruit
To be preserved :

And learn to use their several gums,
'Tis innocence in the sweet blood
Of cherries, apricocks, and plums
To be imbued.

CI

OF BEAUTY

Let us use it while we may
Snatch those joys that haste away !
Earth her winter coat may cast,
And renew her beauty past :
But our winter come, in vain
We solicit Spring again ;
And when our furrows snow she'
Love may return but never lov

CII

A ROSE

Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere
noon.

What boots a life which in such haste forsakes
thee ?

Thou'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
And passing proud a little colour makes thee

If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know then the thing that swells thee is thy
bane,

For the same beauty doth, in bloody leaves,
The sentence of thy early death contain

Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet
flower,

Or by the careless plough thou shalt be torn,
And many Herods lie in wait each hour
To murder thee as soon as thou art born—

Nay, force thy bud to blow—their tyrant breath
Anticipating life, to hasten death !

OWEN FELTHAM (?)

CIII

THE SYMPATHY

Soul of my soul ! it cannot be
That you should weep, and I from tears be
free,

All the vast room between both Poles,
Can never chill the sense of souls,

Knit in so fast a knot

Oh, can you grieve, and think that I
Can feel no smart, because not nigh,

Or that I know it not ?

CIV

*TRUE HAPPINESS **

Long have I sought the wish of all
To find ; and what it is men call
True happiness ; but cannot see
The world has it, which it can be ;
Or with it hold a sympathy.

A cheerful, but an upright heart
Is music wheresoe'er thou art,
And where God pleaseth to confer it,
Man can no greater good inherit,
Than is a clear and temperate spirit.

Wealth to keep want away, and fear
Of it ; not more : some friends still near
And chosen well ; nor must he miss
A calling : yet some such as is
Employment, not a business.

His soul must hug no private sin,
For that's a thorn hid by the skin.
But innocence, where she is nursed,
Plants valiant peace. So Cato durst
Be God-like good, when Rome was worst.

Life is a middle way, immured
With joy and grief,* to be endured,
Not spurned, nor wantoned hence, he knows.
In crooked banks, a spring so flows
O'er stone, mud, weeds : yet still clear goes.

Sum all, he happiest is that can
In this world's jar be honest man ;
For since perfection is so high
Beyond life's reach, he that would try
True happiness indeed, must die.

THOMAS FETTIPLACE (?)

CV

DEO SALVATORI

When peace doth smile upon her.

JASPER FISHER (*floruit* 1639)

CVI

A MORISCO •

"

"

"

" "

"

" "

When peace doth smile upon her.

When peace doth smile upon her.

JASPER FISHER

Oh then, then oh : oh then, then oh :
 This jubilee last for ever !
 That foreign spite or civil fight,
 Our quiet trouble never.

CVII

SONG

At the spring
 Birds do sing :
 Now with high,
 Then low cry :
 Flat, acute ;
 And salute
 The Sun, born
 Every morn.

(-III) He's no bard, that cannot
 The praises of the flow'ry

Flora queen,
 All in green,
 Doth delight
 To paint white,
 And to spread
 Cruel red,
 With a blue,
 Colour true.

He's no bard, etc.

Woods renew
 Hunter's hue,
 Shepherds' grey
 Crowned with bay,
 With his pipe
 Care doth wipe,
 Till he dream
 By the stream.

He's no bard, etc

Faithful loves,
 Turtle doves

Sit and bill
On a hill
Country swains,
On the plains,
Run and leap,
Turn and skip
He's no bard, etc.

Pan doth play
Care away
Faines small
Two foot tall,
With caps red
On their head,
Dance a round
On the ground
He's no bard, etc

RICHARD FLECKNOE (obit 1678)

CVIII

INVOCATION OF SILENCE

Still-born Silence ! Thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart !
Offspring of a heavenly kind
Frost o' th' month, and thaw o' th' mind
Secrecy's confidant and he
Who makes religion mystery !
Admiration's speaking st tongue !
Leave thy desert shades among
Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,
Where retired Devotion dwells !
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our tongues and strike us dumb !

JOHN FLETCHER (1576-1625)

CIX

MUSIC

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing -
 To his music plants and flowers
 Ever sprung : as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.
 Everything that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art,
 Dulling care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

CX

WEEP NO MORE

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
 Sorrow calls no time that's gone :
 Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
 Makes not fresh nor grow again ;
 Trim thy locks, look cheerfully ;
 Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see :
 Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,
 Why should sadness longer last ?
 Grief is but a wound to woe ;
 Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.

CXI

BEAUTY

Beauty clear and fair,
 Where the air
 Rather like a perfume dwells ;
 Where the violet and the rose

Their blue veins and * blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else.

Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is to live and still live new ;
Where to gain a favour is
More than light, perpetual bliss,—
Make me live by serving you.

Dear, again back recall
To this light,
A stranger to himself and all ;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory .
I am your servant, and your thrall.

CXII

*TURN, TURN THY BEAUTEOUS FACE
AWAY*

Turn, turn thy beauteous face away ,
How pale and sickly looks the day,
In emulation of thy brighter beams !
Oh envious light, fly, fly, begone !
Come, night, and piece two breasts as one !
When what love does we will repeat in dreams
Yet, thy eyes open, who can day hence fright ?
Let but their lids fall, and it will be night.

CXIII

*TO HIS SLEEPING MISTRESS **

Oh, fair sweet face ! oh, eyes, celestial bright,
Twin stars in heaven, that now adorn the night !
Oh, fruitful lips, where cherries ever grow,
And damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties
blow !
Oh, thou from head to foot divinely fair !
Cupid's most cunning net's made of that hair

And, as he weaves himself for curious eyes,
'Oh me, oh me, I'm caught myself!' he cries
Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden sleep
Soft peaceful thoughts, your hourly watches keep
Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice,
To beauty sacred, and those angel eyes!

CXIV

SLEEP SONG

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud,
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, light,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night
Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride.

CXV

THE BEGGARS' HOLIDAY

Cast our caps and eares away :
This is beggars' holiday !
At the crowning of our king,
Thus we ever dance and sing.
In the world look out and see,
Where so happy a prince as he ?
Where the nation lives so free,
And so merry as do we ?
Be it peace, or be it war,
Here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest :
To the field we are not pressed ;
Nor are called into the town,
To be troubled with the gown.

Hang all officers, we cry,
And the magistrate too, by !
When the subsidy's increased,
We are not a penny sessed ;
Nor will any go to law,
With the beggar for a straw.
All which happiness, he brags,
He doth owe unto his rags.

CXVI

GOD LYÆUS

God Lyæus, ever young,
Ever honoured, ever sung,
Stained with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim ;
From thy plenteous hand divine,
Let a river run with wine :
God of youth, let this day here
Enter nather care nor fear.

CXVII

COME SLEEP

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile ,
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies , that from thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care betraying !
Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy ' !
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancy wrought .
Oh, let my joys have some abiding ' !

CXVIII

HYMN TO PAN

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
 All ye virtues, and ye powers
 That inhabit in the lakes,
 In the pleasant springs or brakes,
 Move your feet
 To our sound,
 Whilst we greet
 All this ground
 With his honour and his name
 That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, he is just,
 He is ever good, and must
 Thus be honoured. Daffadillies,
 Roses, pinks and loved lilies
 Let us sing,
 Whilst we sing,
 Ever holy,
 Ever holy,
 Ever honoured, ever young !
 Thus great Pan is ever sung.

CXIX

HEAR, YE LADIES

Hear, ye ladies that despise,
 What the mighty Love has done :
 Fear examples, and be wise :
 Fair Calisto was a nun ;
 Leda, sailing on the stream
 To deceive the hopes of man,
 Love accounting but a dream,
 Doted on a silver swan ;
 Danaë, in a brazen tower,
 Where no love was, loved a shower.

CXX

GREAT GOD PAN

Sing his praises that doth keep
 Our flocks from harm,
 Pan, the father of our sheep ,

Pan, oh, great god Pan, to thee
 Thus do we sing !
 Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
 As the young spring ;
 Ever be thy honour spoke,
 From that place the morn is broke,
 To that place day doth unyoke

CXXI

COME HITHER

What is desire ;

And old men, worse than you, that cannot blow
One spark of fire ;

And with the power of my enchanting song,
Boys shall be able men, and old men young.

Come hither, you that hope, and you that cry ;
Leave off complaining ;

Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall never die,
Are here remaining.

Come hither, fools, and blush you stay so long
From being blessed ;

And mad men, worse than they, that suffer wrong,
Yet seek no rest ;

And in an hour, with my enchanting song,
You shall be ever pleased, and young maids long

CXXII

LOVE'S EMBLEMS

Now the lusty spring is seen ,

Golden yellow, gawdy blue,

Daintily invite the view.

Everywhere on every green,

Roses blushing as they blow,

And enticing men to pull,

Lilies whiter than the snow,

Woodbines of sweet honey full :

All love's emblems, and all cry,

' Ladies, if not plucked, we die.'

Yet the lusty spring hath stayed ;

Blushing red and purest white

Daintily to love invite

Every woman, every maid.

Cherries kissing as they grow,

And inviting men to taste,

Apples even ripe below,

Winding gently to the waist :

All love's emblems, and all cry

' Ladies, if not plucked, we die.'

CXXIII

BRIDAL SONG *

And sweet thyme true ,

Primrose, firstborn child of Ver,
Merry springtime's harbinger,
With harebells dim ,

Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on deathbeds blowing,
Larks'-heels trim

Bird melodious, or bird fair,

Be absent hence !

But from it fly !

CXXIV

AWAY, DELIGHTS ! *

Away, delights ! go seek some other dwelling,
For I must die

Farewell, false love ! thy tongue is ever telling

Never again deluding love shall know me,
 For I will die.
 And all those griefs that think to overgrow me,
 Shall be as I :
 For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,
 ' Alas, for pity, stay,
 And let us die
 With thee ! men cannot mock us in the clay.'

CXXV

GO, HAPPY HEART !

Go, happy heart ! For thou shalt lie
 Entombed in her for whom I die,
 Example of her cruelty.

Tell her, if she chance to chide
 Me for slowness, in her pride,
 That it was for her I died.

If a tear escape her eye,
 'Tis not for my memory,
 But thy rites of obsequy.

The altar was my loving breast,
 My heart the sacrificèd beast,
 And I was myself the priest.

Your body was the sacred shrine,
 Your cruel mind the power divine,
 Pleased with the hearts of men, not kine.

CXXVI

*THE SATYR'S SONG **

Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
 Thou most powerful maid and whitest,
 Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
 Eyes of stars, and golden-tressed
 Like Apollo ! Tell me, sweetest,
 What new service now is meetest
 For the Satyr ? Shall I stray

All these I'll venture for, and more,
 To do her service all these woods adore
 Holy virgin, I will dance
 Round about these woods as quick
 As the breaking light, and prick
 Down the lawns and down the vales
 Faster than the wind-mill sails
 So I take my leave, and pray
 All the comforts of the day,
 Such as Phoebus' heat doth send
 Or the earth, may still befriend
 Thee and this arbour !

PHINEAS FLETCHER (1580-1650)

CXXVII

THE DYING HUSBAND'S FAREWELL

Had not much grace prevailed, 'fore Heav'n I
 should prefer them.

I leave them, now the trumpet calls away ;
In vain thine eyes beg for some time's reprieving ;
Yet in my children here immortal stay ;
In one I die, in many ones am living :

In them, and for them, stay thy too much
grieving :

Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see
Married with thee again thy twice-two Antony.

And when with little hands, they stroke thy face,
As in thy lap they sit (ah, careless !) playing,
And stammering ask a kiss, give them a brace ;
The last from me : and then a little staying,

And in their face some part of me surveying,

In them give me a third, and with a tear
Show thy dear love to him, who loved thee ever
dear.

And now our falling house leans all on thee ;
This little nation to thy care commend them :
In thee it lies that hence they want not me ;
Themselves yet cannot, thou the more defend
them :

And when green age permits, to goodness bend
them :

A mother were you once, now both you are ;
Then with this double style double your love and
care.

Turn their unwary steps into the way :
What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth ;
No bars will hold, when they have used to stray ;
And when for me one asks and weeping plaineth,
Point thou to heaven and say, ' He there
remaineth ' :

And if they live in grace, grow and perséver,
There shall they live with me : else shall they
see me never.

My God, oh ! in Thy fear here let me live !
Thy wards they are, take them to Thy protec-
tion :
Thou gavest them first, now back to Thee I give ;

Direct them Thou, and help her weak direction ;
 That, re united by Thy strong election,
 Thou now in them, they then may live in Thee ;
 And seeing here Thy will, may there Thy glory
 see

Farewell, farewell ! I feel my long long rest,
 And iron sleep, my leaden heart oppressing .
 Night after day, sleep after labour's best ,
 Port after storms, joy after long distressing ,
 So weep thy loss as knowing us my blessing .
 Both as a widow and a Christian grieve
 Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in Heaven I live,

CCXVIII

A LITANY

Drop, drop, slow tears,
 And bathe those beauteous feet
 Which brought from Heaven
 The news and Prince of Peace :
 Cease not wet eyes,
 His mercy to entreat
 To cry for vengeance
 Sin doth never cease
 In your deep floods
 Drown all my faults and fears
 Nor let His eye
 See sin, but through my tears.

CCXIX

LOVE

Love is the sire dam nurse and seed
 Of all that air earth waters breed
 All these earth water air and fire
 Though contraries in love conspire
 Fond painters love is not a lad
 With bow, and shafts, and feathers clad

I leave them, now the trumpet calls away ;
In vain thine eyes beg for some time's relieving ;
Yet in my children here immortal stay ;
In one I die, in many ones am living :

In them, and for them, stay thy too much
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Di

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 In your deep floods
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 Nor let His eye
 See sin, but through my tears

CXXIX

LOVE

With bow, and shafts, and feathers clad

PHINEAS FLETCHER

As he is fancied in the brain
Of some loose loving idle swain.
Much sooner is he felt than seen ;
Substance subtle, slight and thin.
Oft leaps he from the glancing eyes ;
Oft in some smooth mount he lies ;
Soonest he wins, the fastest flies ;
Oft lurks he 'twixt the ruddy lips,
Thence, while the heart his nectar sips
Down to the soul the poison slips ;
Oft in a voice creeps down the ear ;
Oft hides his darts in golden hair ;
Oft blushing cheeks do light his fires ;
Oft in a smooth, soft skin retires ;
Often in smiles, often in tears,
His flaming heat in water bears ;
When nothing else kindles desire,
Even virtue's self shall blow the fire
Love with thousand darts abounds,
Surest and deepest virtue wounds ;
Oft himself becomes a dart,
And love, with love doth love impa-
Thou painful pleasure, pleasing pain
Thou gainful loss,* thou losing gain
Thou bitter sweet, easing disease,
How dost thou by displeasing please
How dost thou thus bewitch the
To love in hate, to joy in smart,
To think itself most bound when
And freest in its slavery ?
Every creature is thy debtor ;
None but loves, some worse, some
Only in love they happy prove
Who love what most deserves t

ROBERT FLETCHER (d. 1686)

CXXX

AN EPITAPH

On His Deceased Friend

Here lies the ruined cabinet
Of a rich soul more highly set :
The dross and refuge of a mind
Too glorious to be here confined.
Earth for a while bespoke his stay,
Only to bait, and so away ;
So that what here he doated on
Was merely accommodation.
Not that his active soul could be
At home but in eternity,
Yet, while he blessed us with the rays
Of his short-continued days,
Each minute had its weight of worth,
Each pregnant hour some star brought forth
So, while he travelled here beneath,
He lived when others only breathe,
For not a sand of time slipped by
Without its action sweet as high.
So good, so peaceable, so blest—
Angels alone can speak the rest.

JOHN FORD (1586-1640 ?)

CXXXI

FLY HENCE SHADOWS

Fly hence, shadows that do keep
Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep !
Though the eyes be overtaken,
Yet the heart doth ever waken
Thoughts, chained up in busy snares
Of continual woes and cares

Love and griefs are so exprest
 As they rather sigh than rest.
 Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
 Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep !

CXXXII

SONG

Can you paint a thought ? or number
 Every fancy in a slumber ?
 Can you count soft minutes roving
 From a dial's point by moving ?
 Can you grasp a sigh ? or lastly,
 Rob a virgin's honour chastely ?
 No, oh no ! yet you may
 Sooner do both that and this,
 This and that, and never miss,
 Than by any praise display
 Beauty's beauty ; such a glory
 As beyond all fate, all story,
 All arms, all arts,
 All loves, all hearts,
 Greater than those, or they,
 Do, shall, and must obey.

THOMAS FORDE (*fl.* 1660)

CXXXIII

SONG

Fond Love, no more
 Will I adore
 Thy feignèd Deity ;
 Go throw thy darts
 At simple hearts,
 And prove thy victory.
 Whiles I do keep
 My harmless sheep
 Love hath no power on me :

Love and griefs are so exprest
 As they rather sigh than rest.
 Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
 Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep !

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 Go throw thy darts
 At simple hearts,
 And prove thy victory.
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 My harmless sheep
 Love hath no power on me :

'Tis idle souls
Which he controls ;
The busy man is free.

THOMAS FULLER (1608-1651)

CXXXIV

ON HENRY II

He whom alive the world would scarce suffice,
When dead, in eight foot earth contented lies

CXXXV

THE FAITHFUL MINISTER

'Yet heron God hath humbled many painful
pastours, in making them to be clouds to
run not over Arabia the happy but over
the stony or desert so that they may
complain with the herdsman in the poet'

My starveling bull
Ah ! woe is me !
In pasture full
How lean is he !

HENRY GLAPTHORNE (1608-1652)

CXXXVI

SONG

Unclouse those eye-lids and out shine
The brightness of the breaking day ,
The light they cover is divine,
Why should it fade so soon away ?
Stars vanish so and day appears,
The Sun's so drowned i' th' morning's tears

Oh, let not sadness cloud this Beauty,
 Which if you lose, you'll ne'er recover ;
 It is not love's, but sorrow's duty,
 To die so soon for a dead lover.
 Banish, oh ! banish grief, and then
 Our joys will bring our hopes again.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN (1610-1643)

CXXXVII

SONG

Or love me less or love me more,
 And play not with my liberty,
 Either take all, or all restore,
 Bind me at least or set me free.
 Let me some nobler torture find
 Than of a doubtful wavering mind,
 Take all my peace ; but you betray
 Mine honour too this cruel way.

'Tis true that I have nursed before
 That hope of which I now complain,
 And having little, sought no more,
 Fearing to meet with your disdain ;
 The sparks of favour you did give
 I gently blow to make them live :
 And yet have gained by all this care
 No rest in hope, nor in despair.

I see you wear that pitying smile
 Which you have still vouchsafed my smart,
 Content thus cheaply to beguile
 And entertain an harmless heart ;
 But I no longer can give way
 To hope, which doth so little pay ;
 And yet I dare no freedom owe
 Whilst you are kind, though but in show.

Then give me more or give me less,
 Do not disdain a mutual sense,

Of you imploring freedom dress
 In their own free conscience.
 But show not a merciful eye
 Seeking to give me liberty,
 For I shall love the very chains
 Which for my sake you do put on.

CHORUS

HYMN

Lord, when the wise men came from the East,
 Led to Thy stable by a star,
 Then did the shepherds too rejoice,
 Instructed by Thy angels' voice:
 Here were the wise men in their glory,
 And shepherds in their lowliness will

Wise men in seeking Nature's laws
 Ascend into the highest Cause;
 Shepherds with humble heartiness
 Their duty, though their light be less : *
 Though wise men enter know the way,
 It seems no longer heart can stray

There is no truth in the vain
 But Love, the shepherd's mission :
 'Wise men, all ways of knowledge past,
 To the shepherd's wisdom come at last : *
 To know can only wonder bring,
 And not to know is wonder's sting

A wise man in the stars above
 And others up his narrow tower,
 And as they look—may not the vast
 Which spring too from a shepherd's heart
 And radiate upon his sunny ground,
 Though not known, be eloquent ?

The stars, the closest mysteries
 All packed within what is free,
 But none so close as comprehending
 The Cause of causes, End of ends,

He who himself vouchsafes to know
Best pleases his Creator so.

When, then, our sorrows we apply
To our own wants and poverty,
When we look up in all distress
And our own misery confess,
Sending both thanks and prayers above—
Then, though we do not know, we love.

THOMAS GOFFE (1592-1627)

CXXXIX

*DROP GOLDEN SHOWERS, GENTLE
SLEEP*

Drop golden showers, gentle sleep ;
And all the angels of the night,
Which do us in protection keep,
Make this queen dream of delight.
Morpheus, be kind a little, and be
Death's now true image, for 'twill prove
To this poor queen that thou art he.
Her grave is made i' th' bed of love :
Thus with sweet sweets can Heaven mix gall,
And marriage turn to funeral.

ROBERT GOMERSAL (1600-1646?)

*Upon our vain flattery of ourselves that the
succeeding times will be better than the former.*

CXL

Never was there morning yet
(Sweet as is the violet)
Which man's folly did not soon
Wish to be expired at noon ;

As though such an haste did tend
To our bliss, and not our end.

Nay the young ones in the nest
Suck this folly from the breast,
And no stamm'ring ape but can
Spoil a prayer to be a man
But suppose that he is heard,
By the sprouting of his beard,
And he hath what he doth seek,
The soft clothing of the cheek
Would he yet stay here ? or be
Fixt in this maturity ?

Sooner shall the wand'ring star
Learn what rest and quiet are
Sooner shall the slippery rill
Leave his motion and stand still
Be it joy or be it sorrow,
We refer all to the morrow
That we think will ease our pain,
That we do suppose again
Will exercise our joy and so
Events, the which we cannot know,
We magnify, and are (in sum)
Enamoured of the time to come

Well, the next day comes and then,
Another next and so to ten
To twenty we arrive and find
No more before us than behind
Of solid joy and yet haste on
To our consummation

Till the baldness of the crown,
Till all the face do frown
Till the forehead often have
The remembrance of a grave ;
Till the eyes look in, to find
If that they can see the mind ;
Till the sharpness of the rose,
Till that we have lived, to pose
Sharper eyes, who cannot know
Whether we are men or no
Till the tallow of the cheek,

JAMES GRAHAM

Till we know not what we seek,
And at last of life bereaved,
Die unhappy and deceived.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF
MONTROSE (1612-1650)

CXLI

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD *
-- the tune of 'I'll never love thee more.')

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy ;
For if confusion have a part,
(Which virtuous souls abhor,)
And hold a synod in thine heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone ;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

And in the empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to vie with me,
Or if committees thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.
But if thou wilt prove faithful th
And constant of thy word,

I'll make thee glorious by my pen,

And love thee more and more

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE,
(1554-1628)

CXLII

MYRA

I, that on Sunday at the church-stile found
A garland sweet, with true-love-knots in

I,
I,
I,
I,
Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft and go
naked,
Watching with sighs till dead love be awak'd ?

JAMES GRAHAM

Till we know not what we seek,
And at last of life bereaved,
Die unhappy and deceived.

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Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to vie with me,
Or if *committees* thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful
And constant of thy word,

What meaneth Nature by these diverse laws ?
Passion and reason self-division cause ;

Was it for this that I might Myra see
 Washing the water with her beauties, white ? *
 Yet would she never write her love to me ;
 Thinks wit of change when thoughts are in
 delight ?

Mad girls may safely love, as they may leave ;
 No man can *print* a kiss : lines may deceive.

CXLIII

TO CAELICA

When all this *All* doth pass from age to age,
 And revolution in a circle turn,
 Then heavenly Justice doth appear like rage,
 The caves do roar, the very seas do burn,
 Glory grows dark, the sun becomes a night
 And makes this great world feel a greater
 might.

When Love doth change his seat from heart to
 heart,
 And worth about the wheel of fortune goes,
 Grace is diseased, desert seems overthwart,
 Vows are forlorn, and truth doth credit lose,
 Chance then gives law, desire must be wise
 And look more ways than one, or lose her eyes.

My age of joy is past, of woe begun,
 Absence my presence is, strangeness my grace,
 With them that walk against me, is my sun ;
 The wheel is turned, I hold the lowest place.
 What can be good to me since my love is
 To do me harm, content to do amiss ?

CXLIV

CHORUS SACERDOTUM *

Oh wearisome condition of Humanity !
 Born under one Law, to another bound :
 Vainly begot and yet forbidden vanity,
 Created sick, commanded to be sound :

What meaneth Nature by these diverse laws ?
 Passion and reason self-division cause ,
 Is it the mark, or majesty of power
 To make offences that it may forgive ?
 Nature herself doth her own self deflower,

THE END OF THE FIRST PART

CXLV

THE LIFE OF MAN

Whenas Man's life, the light of human lust,
 In socket of his earthly lanthorn burns
 That all this glory unto ashes must,
 And generation to corruption turns
 Then fond desires that only fear their end,
 Do vainly wish for life, but to amend
 But when this life is from the body fled,
 To see itself in that eternal glass,
 Where time doth end and thoughts accuse the
 dead,
 Where all to come is one with all that was,
 Then living men ask how he left his breath,
 That while he lived never thought of death

FULKE GREVILLE

CXLVI

TO MYRA *

The world, that all contains, is ever moving,
The stars within their spheres for ever turnèd,
Nature (the queen of change) to change is loving
And Form to matter new is still adjournèd.

Fortune, our fancy-god to vary liketh,
Place is not bound to things within it placèd,
The present time upon time passèd striketh,
With Phoebus' wandering course the earth is
gracèd.

The air still moves and by its moving cleaveth,
The fire up ascends and planets feedeth,
The water passeth on and all lets * weareth,
The earth stands still, yet change of changes
breedeth.

Her plants, which summer ripen, in winter fade,
Each creature in unconstant matter lyeth,
Man made of earth and for whom earth is made,
Still dying lives, and living ever dyeth ;
Only like fate sweet Myra never varies,
Yet in her eyes the doom of all change carries.

CXLVII

MYSTERIES

Man, dream no more of curious mysteries,
As what was here before the world was made,
The first man's life, the state of Paradise,
Where Heaven is or Hell's eternal shade,
For God's works are like Him, all infinite ;
And curious search but crafty sin's delight
The flood that did and dreadful fire that shal
Drown and burn up the malice of the earth
The diverse tongues and Babylon's downfal
Are nothing to the man's renewèd birth :

First, let the law plough up thy wicked heart,
That Christ may come, and all these types
depart.

WILLIAM HABINGTON (1605-1654)

CXLVIII

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM

When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere :
So rich with jewels hung, that Night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear , *
My soul her wings doth spread
And heavenward flies,
Th' Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies
For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name

But if we steadfast look
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.
It tells the conqueror
That far-stretched power,

WILLIAM HADINGTON

Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour :

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may,

Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway :

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice

May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have ;

For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,

The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute :

For they have watched since first
The World had birth :

And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on Earth.

CXLIX

LOVE'S ANNIVERSARY

(To the Sun)

Thou art returned, great light, to thine
In which I first by marriage, sacred
Joined with Castara hearts : and as
Thy lustre is, as then, so is our flame
Which had increased, but that by loss
'Twas such at first, it ne'er could grow
But tell me, glorious lamp, in thy
Of things below thee, what did not
By age to weakness? I since that
The rosebud forth and fade, the tree

CL

*TO ROSES IN THE BOSOM OF
CASTARA*

Transplanted thus how bright ye grow ! *
How rich a perfume do ye yield !
In some close garden cowslips so
Are sweeter than i' th' open field.

CLII

*AGAINST THEM WHO LAY UNCHASTITY
TO THE SEX OF WOMEN*

o, cure your fevers ; and you'll say
 The dog-days scorch not all the year :
 In copper mines no longer stay,
 But travel to the west, and there
 The right ones see,
 And grant all gold's not alchemy.

What madman, 'cause the glow-worm's flame
 Is cold, swears there's no warmth in fire ?
 Cause some make forfeit of their name,
 And slave themselves to man's desire ;
 Should the sex, free
 From guilt, damned to the bondage be ?
 For grieve, Castara, though 'twere frail ;
 Thy virtue then would brighter shine,
 When thy example should prevail.
 And every woman's faith be thine :
 And were there none,
 'Tis majesty to rule alone.

CLII

From ' *UNIVERSUM STATUM EJUS VER-
 SASTI IN INFIRMITATE EJUS* '

My soul ! when thou and I
 Shall on our frighted death-bed lie,
 Each moment watching when pale death
 Shall snatch away our latest breath,
 And 'tween two long-joined lovers force
 An endless sad divorce :

How wilt thou then, that art
 My rational and nobler part,
 Distort thy thoughts ? How wilt thou try
 To draw from weak philosophy
 Some strength ; and flatter thy poor state,
 'Cause 'tis the common fate ?

How fond and idle then
 Will seem the mysteries of men ?

How like some dull, ill acted part
The subtlest of proud human art ?
How shallow ev'n the deepest sea,
When thus we ebb away ?

For by examples I
Must know that others' sorrows die
Soon as ourselves, and none survive
To keep our memories alive .
Even our false tombs, as loath to say
We once had life, decay

CLXI

THE FUNERAL OF THE HONOURABLE,
MY BEST FRIEND AND KINSMAN,
GEORGE TALBOT, ESQ *

...ealing on th' Anch'rite, who even wants an
car
to breathe into his soft expiring prayer
or had thy life been by the virtues spun
ut to a length, thou hadst outlived the Sun
nd closed the world's great eye or were not
all

Go, cure your fevers ; and you'll say
 The dog-days scorch not all the year :
 In copper mines no longer stay,
 But travel to the west, and there
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CLIII

*THE FUNERAL OF THE HONOURABLE,
MY BEST FRIEND AND KINSMAN,
GEORGE TALBOT, ESQ **

Go, stop the swift-winged moments in their flight
To their yet unknown coast, go hinder night
From its approach on day and force day rise

.
.
.
.

Stealing on th' Anch'nte, who even wants an
car
To breathe into his soft expiring prayer
For had thy life been by the virtues spun
Out to a length, thou hadst outlived the Sun
And closed the world's great eye or were not

"

"

"

By a fool's anger destinate to die

Live then in thy true life (great soul), for set
 At liberty by Death, thou owest no debt
 T'exacting Nature ; live freed from the sport
 Of time and fortune in yond' starry court,
 A glorious potentate, while we below
 But fashion ways to mitigate our woe.

SIR MATTHEW HALE (1609-1676)

CLIV

PARAPHRASE FROM SENECA

Let him that will, ascend the tottering seat
 Of courtly grandeur, and become as great
 As are his mounting wishes : as for me,
 Let sweet repose and rest my portion be ;
 Give me some mean obscure recess, a sphere
 Out of the road of business, or the fear
 Of falling lower ; where I sweetly may
 Myself and dear retirement still enjoy :
 Let not my life or name be known unto
 The grandees of the time, tost to and fro
 By censures or applause, but let my age
 Slide gently by ; not overthwart the stage
 Of public action ; unheard, unseen,
 And unconcerned, as if I ne'er had been.
 And thus, while I shall pass my silent days
 In shady privacy, free from the noise
 And bustles of the mad world, then shall I
 A good old innocent plebeian die.*
 Death is a mere surprise, a very snare
 To him, that makes it his life's greatest care
 To be a public pageant ; known to all,
 But unacquainted with himself, doth fall.

JOHN HALL OF DURHAM (1627-1656)

CLV

*THE CALL **

Romura, stay,
And run not thus like a young roe away ;
No enemy
Pursues thee (foolish girl !) 'tis only I
I'll keep off harms,
If thou'lt be pleased to garrison mine arms.

What, dost thou fear
I'll turn a traitor ? May these roses here
To paleness shred,
And lilies stand disguised in new red,
If that I lay
A snare, wherein thou would'st not gladly stay.

See, see, the Sun
Doth slowly to his azure lodging run ;
Come, sit but here,
And presently he'll quit our hemisphere
So, still among
Lovers, time is too short or else too long .

Here will we spin
Legends for them that have love-martyrs been
Here on this plain
We'll talk Narcissus to a flower again.
Come here, and choose
On which of these proud plats thou would repose.

CLVI

A PASTORAL HYMN

Happy chonsters of air,
Who by your nimble flight draw near
His throne, Whose wondrous story,
And unconfined glory

Your notes still carol, whom your sound,
And whom your plummy pipes rebound.

Yet do the lazy snails no less
The greatness of our Lord confess,
And those whom weight hath chained,
And to the earth restrained,
Their ruder voices do as well,
Yes, and the speechless fishes tell.

Great Lord, from whom each tree receives,
Then pays again, as rent, his leaves ;
Thou dost in purple set
The rose and violet,
And giv'st the sickly lily white ;
Yet in them all Thy name dost write.

CLVII

AN EPICUREAN ODE *

Since that this thing we call the world,
By chance on atoms is begot,
Which, though in daily motions hurled,
Yet weary not ;
How doth it prove
Thou art so fair and I in love ?

Since that the soul doth only lie
Immersed in matter, chained in sense,
How can, Romira, thou and I
With both dispense ?
And then ascend
In higher flights than wings can lend ?

Since man's but pasted up of earth,
And ne'er was cradled in the skies,
What *terra Lemnia* gave thee birth ?
What diamond, eyes ?
Or thou alone,
To tell what others were, came down ?

PATRICK HANNAY

(Early to middle seventeenth century).

CLVIII

SONNET *

Whenas I wake, I dream oft of my dear,
 And oft am serious with her in my sleep
 am oft absent when I am most near,
 and near whenas I greatest distance keep
 these wonders love doth work, but yet I find
 that love wants power to make my Mistress kind

SAMUEL HARDING (1600?-1642?)

CLIX

NOBLEST BODIES ARE BUT GILDED
CLAY*Chorus*

Noblest bodies are but gilded clay

Put away

But the precious shining rind,

The inmost rottenness remains behind.

Kings on earth though gods they be,

Yet in death are vile as we,

He, a thousands' king before,

Now is vassal unto more

.....

Here doth one in odours wade
 By the regal unction made,
 While another dares to gnaw
 On that tongue, his people's law

PETER HAUSTED

Chorus.

Fools, ah fools, are we, who so contrive,
 And do strive,
 In each gaudy ornament,
 Who shall his corpse in the best dish present.

PETER HAUSTED (159?-1645)

CLX

HAVE YOU A DESIRE

Have you a desire to see
 The glorious Heaven's epitome?
 Or an abstract of the spring?
 Adonis' garden? or a thing
 Fuller of wonder? Nature's shop displayed
 Hung with the choicest pieces she has made
 Here behold it open laid.

Or else would you bless your eyes
 With a type of Paradise?
 Or behold how poets feign
 Jove to sit amidst his train?
 Or see (what made Actaeon rue)
 Diana 'mongst her virgin crew?
 Lift up your eyes and view.

CLXI

HAVE PITY, GRIEF

Have pity, Grief; I cannot pay
 The tribute which I owe thee, tear
 Alas, those fountains are grown dry
 And 'tis in vain to hope supply
 From others' eyes; for each man bears
 Enough about him of his own
 To spend his stock of tears upon

Woo then the heavens, gentle Love,
 To melt a cloud for my relief,
 Or woo the deep, or woo the grave;
 Woo what thou wilt, so I may have
 Wherewith to pay my debt, for Grief
 Has vowed, unless I quickly pay,
 To take both life and love away.

ROBERT HEATH (?)

CLXII

.....

 Tis the World's everlasting chain,
 That all things tied,
 And bid them, like the fixed Wain,
 Unmoved to bide!

Tis Nature's law inviolate,
 Confirmed by mutual consent,
 Where two dislike, like, love and hate,
 Each to the other's full content.
 Tis the caress of every thing!
 The turtle-dove!

'Tis th' Angels' joy ! The Gods' delight
Man's bliss !
'Tis all in all ! Without Love, nothing is !

CLXIII

SONG *

You say you love me, nay, can swear it too
But stay, sir. 'twill not do.
I know you keep your oaths
Just as you wear your clothes,
While new and fresh in fashion ;
But once grown old,
You lay them by,
Forgot like words you speak in passion.
I'll not believe you, I.

CLXIV

TO HER AT DEPARTURE

They err
That think we parted are,
Two souls in one we carry,
Half of which though it travel far
Yet both at home do tarry.

The sun
When farthest off at noon,
Our bodies' shade draws nigher.
My soul's your shadow, when I'm gone,
Waits closer through desire.

Dear heart,
Then grieve not 'cause we part,
Since distance cannot sever :
For though my body walks apart,
Yet I am with you ever.

CLV

ON CLARASTELLA, WALKING IN HER
GARDEN

See how Flora smiles to see
 This approaching deity !
 Where each herb looks young and green
 In presence of their coming queen !
 Ceres with all her fragrant store
 Could never boast so sweet a flower ;
 While thus in triumph she doth go
 The greater goddess of the two.

Guided by the rays she sends
 From her bright eyes, by influence
 While she the prime and choicest flower
 In all the garden by her power
 And only life-inspiring breath,
 Like the warra and redeems from death

GEORGE HERBERT

Their drooping heads, and bids them live
To tell us she their sweets did give.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1632)

CLXVI

THE COLLAR *

I struck the board, and cried, no more ;
I will abroad.
What ! Shall I ever sigh and pine ?
My lines and life are free ; free as the ro
Loose as the wind, as large as store ;
Shall I be still in suit ?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit ?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it : there was
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me ?
Have I no bays to crown it ?
No flowers, no garlands gay ? All bla
All wasted ?
Not so, my heart ; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
In double pleasures : leave thy cold
Of what is fit and not ; forsake thy c
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, a
to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and would'st
Away ; take heed :
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there : tie u
He that forbears,

To suit and serve his need.

And I replied, *My Lord,*

PLATE 1

EASTER •

**A heart can never come too late:
Teach it to sing Thy praise this day,
And then this day my life shall date**

CLYVIR

PRAYER •

er, the Church's banquet, Angels' age,
 od's breath in man returning to his birth,
 ne soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
 Christian plummet sounding heaven and
 earth :

ne against th' Almighty, sinners' tower
 reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
 ne six-days, world transposing in an hour,
 nd of tune, which all things hear and fear.

rch's bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's
blood,
land of spices, something understood.

CLXIX

THE PULLEY

When God at first made Man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by,—
 Let us (said He) pour on him all we can ;
 Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way,
 Then beauty flowèd, then wisdom, honour,
 pleasure :
 Then almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
 Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
 He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness ;
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 His goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to My breast.

CLXX

*LIFE **

He made a posy, while the day ran by :
 There will I smell my remnant out, and tie
 My life within this band.
 But Time did beckon to my flowers, and they
 By noon most cunningly did steal away,
 And withered in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart :
 I took, without more thinking, in good part
 Time's gentle admonition ;

Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion

Farewell, dear flowers! Sweetly your time ye
spent,
Fit, while ye lived, for smell and ornament,
And after death for cures
I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours

CLXXI

LOVE

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew
back,
Guilty of dust and sin

'A guest,' I answered 'worthy to be here'.
Love said 'You shall be he'

'I, the unkind ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee'

Love took my hand and smiling did reply,
'Who made the eyes but I?'

'Truth, Lord; but I have marred them let my
shame

Go where it doth deserve'

'And know you not,' says Love, 'Who bore the
blame?'

'My dear, then I will serve'

'You must sit down,' says Love 'and taste my
meat'

So I did sit and eat

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And after death for cures

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It be as short as yours

CLKX1

LOVE

Love bade me welcome. yet my soul drew
back.

Guilty of dust and sin.

But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack

From my first entrance in.

Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning

If I lacked anything

" Truth, Lord ; but I have marred them : let my
shame

Go where it doth deserve *

"And know you not," says Love, "Who bore the blame?"

'My dear, then I will serve.'

'You must sit down,' says Love, 'and taste my meat.'

So I did sit and eat.

GEORGE HERBERT

CLXXII

AVARICE

Money, thou bane of bliss and source of woe,
 Whence com'st thou, that thou art so free
 and fine?

I know thy parentage is base and low:
 Men found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Surely thou did'st so little contribute
 To this great kingdom, which thou now
 got,

That he was fain when thou wert destitute,
 To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grove

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright
 Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for

Have with our stamp and seal transferred
 right:

Thou art the man, and man but dross to
 Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee
 And while he digs out thee, falls in the dross

CLXXIII

DISCIPLINE

Throw away Thy rod,
 Throw away Thy wrath;

O my God,
 Take the gentle path;

For my heart's desire
 Unto Thine is bent:

I aspire
 To a full consent.

Not a word or look
 I appear to own,

But by book,
 And Thy Book alone.

Though I fail, I weep;
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.
Then let wrath remove;
Love will do the deed;
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.
Love is swift of foot;
Love's a man of war,
And can shoot,
And can hit from far
Who can scape his bow?
That which wrought on Thee,
Brought Thee low,
Needs must work on me.
Throw away Thy rod:
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God:
Throw away Thy wrath

CLXXIV

JORDAN •

When first my lines of heav'nly joys made
mention,
Such was their lustre, they did so excel,
That I sought out quaint words and trim
invention
My thoughts began to burnish, sprout and swell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Seeking the sense, as if it were to sell.

Much less those joys which trample on his head.

142 LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

As flames do work and wind, when they ascend ;
 So did I weave myself into the sense.
 But while I bustled, I might hear a friend
 Whisper, ' How wide is all this long pretence !
 There is in love a sweetness ready penned :
 Copy out only that, and save expense.'

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

(1581-1633) *

CLXXV

ELEGY

Must I then see, alas, eternal night
 Sitting upon those fairest eyes,
 And closing all those beams, which once did rise
 So radiant and bright,
 That light and heat in them to us did prove
 Knowledge and love ?

Or if you did delight no more to stay
 Upon this low and earthly stage,
 But rather chose an endless heritage,
 Tell us at least, we pray,
 Where all the beauties that those ashes owed
 Are now bestowed ?

Doth the sun now his light with yours renew ?
 Have waves the curling of your hair ?
 Did you restore unto the sky and air
 The red and white and blue ?
 Have you vouchsafed to flowers since your death
 That sweetest breath ?

CLXXVI

*TO HIS WATCH, WHEN HE COULD
 NOT SLEEP*

Uncessant minutes, whilst you move you tell
 The time that tells our life, which, though it run

Never so last or far, your new begun
 Short steps shall overtake; for though life well
 May 'scape his own account, it shall not yours.
 You are Death's auditors, that both divide
 And sum whate'er that life inspired endures
 Past a beginning, and through you we bide
 The doom of Fate, whose unrecalled decree
 You date, bring, execute, making what's new
 Ill, and good old; for as we die in you,
 You die in Time, Time in Eternity

CLXXVII

SONNET TO BLACK ITSELF

Thou Black, wherein all colours are composed,
 And unto which they all at last return,
 Thou colour of the sun where it doth burn,
 And shadow, where it cools, in thee is closed
 Whatever Nature can, or hath disposed
 In any other hue, from thee do rise
 Those tempers and complexions which disclosed
 As parts of thee, do work as mysteries
 Of that thy hidden power, when thou dost reign,
 The characters of fate shine in the skies,
 And tell us what the Heavens do ordain
 But when earth's common light shines to our
 eyes
 Thou so retir'st thyself, that thy disdain
 All revelation unto man denies

CLXXVIII

MADRIGAL

Dear, when I did from you remove,
 I left my joy, but not my love
 That never can depart
 It neither higher can ascend
 Nor lower bend

Fixed in the centre of my heart,
 As in its place ;
 And lodgèd so, how could it change ?
 Or you grow strange ?
 Those are earth's properties and base ;
 Each where, as the bodies divine,
 Heaven's lights to you and me will shine.

NATHANIEL HOOKES (?)

CLXXIX

*TO AMANDA WALKING IN THE
GARDEN **

And now what monarch would not gard'ner be ?
 My fair Amanda's stately gait to see !
 How her feet tempt ! how soft and light she
 treads !
 Fearing to wake the flowers from their beds ;
 Yet from their sweet, green pillows every-
 where,
 They start and gaze about to see my Fair.
 Look at yon flower yonder ! how it grows
 Sensibly ! how it opes its leaves and blows !
 Puts its best Easter clothes on, neat and gay !
 Amanda's presence makes it holiday !
 Look how on tiptoe that fair lily stands
 To look on thee ; and court thy whiter hands
 To gather it ! I saw in yonder crowd
 That tulip bed of whom Dame Flora's proud
 A stout dwarf flower did enlarge its stalk,
 And shoot an inch to see Amanda walk !
 Nay, look my Fairest ! look how fast they grow
 Into a scaffold-method Spring ! As though,
 Riding to Parl'ament, were to be seen
 In pomp and state, some royal am'rous Queen !
 The gravelled walks (though even as a die,
 Lest some loose pebble should offensive lie)
 Quilt themselves o'er with downy moss for thee !

The walls are hanged with blossomed tapestry,
 To hide their nakedness, when looked upon !
 The maiden fig tree puts Eve's apron on !
 The broad-leaved sycamore, and every tree,
 Shakes like the trembling asp, and bends to
 thee !

And each leaf proudly strives, with fresher air
 To fan the curled tresses of thy hair !

;h

The lovely violet makes after too

Thou in the garden, I in Paradise !

JOHN HOSKINS (?)

CLXXX

*TO HIS CHILD, BENJAMIN, FROM
 THE TOWER*

Sweet Benjamin, since thou art young,
 And hast not yet the use of tongue,
 Make it thy slave, while thou art free,
 Imprison it, lest it do thee

JAMES HOWELL (1594-166 ?)

CLXXXI

*ANELEGY UPON HIS TOMB IN HERNDON
HILL CHURCH, ERECTED BY HIS WIFE
WHO SPEAKS*

Take, gentle marble, to thy trust,
And keep untouched this sacred dust :
Grow moist sometimes, that I may see
Thou weep'st in sympathy with me ;
And when by him I here shall sleep,
My ashes also safely keep.
And from rude hands preserve us both, u
We rise to Sion Mount from Herndon-Hill

THOMAS JAMES (?)

CLXXXII

*EPITAPH ON COMPANIONS LEFT
BEHIND IN THE NORTHERN SEA*

I were unkind unless that I did shed,
Before I part, some tears upon our dead :
And when my eyes be dry, I will not cease
In heart to pray their bones may rest in peace
Their better parts (good souls) I know were
With an intent they should return to heav'n
Their lives they spent to the last drop of blood
Seeking God's glory and their country's good
And as a valiant soldier rather dies,
Than yield his courage to his enemies ;
And stops their way with his hewed flesh,
death
Hath quite deprived him of his strenght
breath ;
So have they spent themselves ; and here th
A famous mark of our discovery.

We that survive, perchance may end our days
 In some employment menting no praise,
 And in a dunghill rot, when no man names
 The memory of us, but to our shames,
 They have outlived this fear, and their brave ends

W. G. L. 100, a book your father, who told us that,
 A foster-father to your memory

PATTERICKE JENKYN (?)

CLXXXIII

DEDICATION

To the fairest and divine,
 Next unto the Sacred Nine,
 To the Queen of Love and Beauty,
 I do offer up my duty,
 To the sweetest disposition,
 That e'er lover did petition,
 To the best and happiest fortune,
 Ever man did yet importune,
 To the Lady of all hearts,
 That pretend to noble parts,
 To the altar of her eyes
 I myself do sacrifice,

To her ever winning glances,
 Here I do present my fancies ;
 And to her all commanding look
 I do dedicate my book.

THOMAS JORDAN (1612-1685)

CLXXXIV

*CORONEMUS NOS ROSIS ANTEQUAM
 MARCESCANT*

Let us drink and be merry, dance, joke and
 rejoice,
 With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice !
 The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
 All treasure's uncertain,
 Then down with your dust !
 In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings and pence,
 For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.
 We'll sport and be free with Moll, Betty and Dolly,
 Have oysters and lobsters to cure melancholy :
 Fish-dinners will make a man spring like a flea,
 Dame Venus, love's lady,
 Was born of the sea ;
 With her and with Bacchus we'll tickle the sense,
 For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.
 Your most beautiful bride who with garlands is
 crowned
 And kills with each glance as she treads on the
 ground,
 Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such
 splendour
 That none but the stars
 Are thought fit to attend her,
 Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the
 sense,
 Will be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.
 Then why should we turmoil in cares and in fears,
 Turn all our tranquill'ty to sighs and to tears ?

Let's eat, drink, and play till the worms do
corrupt us,

'Tis certain, *Post mortem*

Nulla voluptas.

For health, wealth and beauty, wit, learning and
sense,

Must all come to nothing a hundred years hence.

CLXXXV

THE EPITAPH

In this marble, buried lies
Beauty may enrich the skies,
And add light to Phoebus' eyes.

Sweeter than Aurora's air
When she paints the lilies fair,
And gilds cowslips with her hair ;

Chaster than the virgin Spring,
Ere her blossoms she doth bring,
Or cause Philomel to sing

If such goodness live 'mongst men,
Bring me to it, I know then
She is come from heaven agen ,

But if not, ye standers-by
Cherish me, and say that I
Am the next designed to die

HENRY KING, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER
(1592-1669)

CLXXXVI

MY MIDNIGHT MEDITATION

Ill-busied Man ! Why should'st thou take such
care

To lengthen out thy life's short calendar ?

When every spectacle thou look'st upon
Presents and acts thy execution.

Each drooping season and each flower doth cry,
'Fool! as I fade and wither, thou must die.'

The beating of thy pulse (when thou art well)
Is just the rolling of thy passing bell:
Night is thy hearse, whose sable canopy
Covers alike deceased day and thee.

And all those weeping dews which nightly fall,
Are but the tears shed for thy funeral.

CLXXXVII

EXEQUY ON HIS WIFE

Accept, thou shrine of my dead saint,

Instead of dirges this complaint:

And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse

Receive a strew of weeping verse

From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss! since thy untimely fate,

My task hath been to meditate

On thee, on thee! Thou art the book,

The library whereon I look,

Tho' almost blind For thee, loved clay,

I languish out, not live, the day . . .

Thou hast benighted me; thy set

This eve of blackness did beget,

Who wast my day (tho' overcast

Before thou had'st thy noontide past):

And I remember must in tears

Thou scarce had'st seen so many years

As day tells hours. By thy clear sun

My love and fortune first did run;

But thou wilt never more appear

Folded within my hemisphere,

Since both thy light and motion,

Like a fled star, is fall'n and gone,

And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish

The earth now interposèd is.

Marry my body to that dust
 It so much loves ; and fill the room
 My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
 Stay for me there : I will not fail
 To meet thee in that hollow vale.
 And think not much of my delay :
 I am already on the way,
 And follow thee with all the speed
 Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
 Each minute is a short degree
 And every hour a step towards thee . . .
 'Tis true—with shame and grief I yield
 Thou, like the van, first took'st the field
 And gotten hast the victory
 In thus adventuring to die
 Before me, whose more years might crave
 A just precedence in the grave.
 But hark ! My pulse, like a soft drum,
 Beats my approach, tells thee I come ;
 And slow howe'er my marches be,
 I shall at last sit down by thee.
 The thought of this bids me go on
 And wait my dissolution
 With hope and comfort. Dear—forgive
 The crime—I am content to live
 Divided, with but half a heart,
 Till we shall meet and never part.

CLXXXVIII

THE DIRGE

What is the existence of man's life
 But open war, or slumbered strife ?
 Where sickness to his sense presents
 The combat of the elements ;
 And never feels a perfect peace,
 Till death's cold hand signs his release.

 It is a storm, where the hot blood
 Outvies in rage the boiling flood ;

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
Is moralized in age and youth
Where all the comforts he can share
As wand'ring as his fancies are,
Till in the must of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away

It is a dial, which points out
The sunset, as it moves about
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight,
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
The body in perpetual shade

CLXXXIX

THE SURRENDER

Rose with delight to us, and with them set,
Must learn the hateful art, how to forget.
We, that did nothing wish that Heaven could give,
Beyond ourselves, nor did desire to live
Beyond that wish, all these now cancel must,
As il not writ in faith, but words and dust.
Yet witness those clear vows which lovers make,
Witness the chaste desires that never brake
Into unruly heats ; witness that breast,
Which in thy bosom anchored his whole rest,
'Tis no default in us, I dare acquite
Thy maiden faith, thy purpose fair and white
As thy pure self. Cross planets did envÿ
Us to each other, and Heaven did untie
Faster than vows could bind. Oh, that the stars,
When lovers meet, should stand opposed in wars !
Since then some higher Destinies command,
Let us not strive, nor labour to withstand
What is past help. The longest date of grief
Can never yield a hope of our relief ;
And though we waste ourselves in moist laments,
Tears may drown us, but not our discontents.
Fold back our arms ; take home our fruitless loves,
That must new fortunes try, like turtle doves
Dislodg'd from their haunts. We must in tears
Unwind a love knit up in many years.
In this last kiss I here surrender thee
Back to thyself—so thou again art free ;
Thou in another, sad as that, re-send
The truest heart that lover e'er did lend.
Now turn from each. So fare our severed hearts,
As the divorced soul from her body parts.

CXC

A CONTEMPLATION UPON FLOWERS

Brave flowers—that I could gallant it like you,
And be as little vain !
You come abroad, and make a harmless show,
And to your beds of earth again.

You are not proud: you know your birth:
For your embroidered garments are from earth.

You do obey your months and times, but I
Would have it ever Spring:
My fate would know no Winter, never die,
Nor think of such a thing.

O that I could my bed of earth but view
And smile, and look as cheerfully as you!

O teach me to see Death and not to fear,
But rather to take truce !
How often have I seen you at a tier,
And there look fresh and spruce !
You fragrant flowers ! Then teach me, that my
breath
Like yours may sweeten and perfume my death.



ON TWO CHILDREN DYING OF ONE DISEASE AND BURIED IN ONE GRAVE

Brought forth in sorrow, and bred up in care,
Two tender children here entombed are -
One place, one sire, one womb their being
gave.

They had one mortal sickness, and one grave ;
And though they cannot number many years
On their account, yet with their parents' tears
This comfort ranges; though their days were

[illegible]

Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,

The flight is past—and man forgot.

CXCIV

*THE PINK**

Fair one, you did on me bestow
Comparisons too sweet to owe;
And but I found them sent from you
I durst not think they could be true.

But 'tis your uncontrolled power
Goddess-like to produce a flower,
And by your breath, without more seed,
Make that a pink which was a weed.

Because I would be loth to miss

So shall my thankful leaf repay

Must ever your sweet creature live.

SIR FRANCIS KYNASTON (158?-1642)

CXCv

*TO CYNTHIA, CONCEALING HER
BEAUTY*

Do not conceal thy radiant eyes,
The star-light of serenest skies ;
Lest wanting of their heavenly light,
They turn to Chaos' endless night.

Do not conceal those tresses fair,
The silken snares of thy curled hair ;
Lest, finding neither gold nor ore,
The curious silk-worm work no more.

Do not conceal those breasts of thine.
More snow-white than the Apennine ;
Lest, if there be like cold or frost,
The lily be for ever lost.

Do not conceal that fragrant scent,
Thy breath, which to all flowers hath lent
Perfumes ; lest, it being supprest,
No spices grow in all the East.

Do not conceal thy heavenly voice,
Which makes the hearts of gods rejoice ;
Lest, music hearing no such thing,
The nightingale forget to sing.

Do not conceal, nor yet eclipse
Thy pearly teeth with coral lips ;
Lest that the seas cease to bring forth
Gems, which from thee have all their worth.

Do not conceal no beauty, grace,
That's either in thy mind or face ;
Lest virtue, overcome by vice,
Make men believe no Paradise.

RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658)

CXCVI

THE GRASSHOPPER •

with the day, the Sun thou welcom'st then,
Sport'st in the gilt plants of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams

CXCVII

*TO AMARANTHA, THAT SHE WOULD
DISHEVEL HER HAIR •*

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Ah, braid no more that shining hair !
As my curious hand or eye
Hovering round thee, let it fly !

Let it fly as unconfined
As its calm ravisher the wind,
Who hath left his darling, th' East,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest

Every tress must be confest,
But neatly tangled at the best ,
Like a clew of golden thread
Most excellently ravelled

Do not then wind up that light
In ribbands, and o'ercloud in night,

SIR FRANCIS KYNASTON (158?-1642)

CXCv

*TO CYNTHIA, CONCEALING HER
BEAUTY*

Do not conceal thy radiant eyes,
The star-light of serenest skies ;
Lest wanting of their heavenly light,
They turn to Chaos' endless night.

Do not conceal those tresses fair,
The silken snares of thy curled hair ;
Lest, finding neither gold nor ore,
The curious silk-worm work no more.

Do not conceal those breasts of thine,
More snow-white than the Apennine ;
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The lily be for ever lost.

Do not conceal that fragrant scent,
Thy breath, which to all flowers hath lent
Perfumes ; lest, it being supprest,
No spices grow in all the East.

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The nightingale forget to sing.

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Thy pearly teeth with coral lips ;
Lest that the seas cease to bring forth
Gems, which from thee have all their worth.

Do not conceal no beauty, grace,
That's either in thy mind or face ;
Lest virtue, overcome by vice,
Make men believe no Paradise.

RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1656)

CXCVI

*THE GRASSHOPPER **

O thou that swing'st upon the waving hair
Of some well-filled oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropt thee from heaven, where thou wert reared

CXCVII

*TO AMARANTHA, THAT SHE WOULD
DISHEVEL HER HAIR **

Let it fly as unconfined
As its calm ravisher the wind,
Who hath left his darling, th' East,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Every tress must be confest,
But neatly tangled at the best,
Like a clew of golden thread
Most excellently ravell'd.

Do not then wind up that high:
In ribbands, and o'ercloud in night,

Like the Sun in's early ray ;
But shake your head, and scatter day !

CXCVIII

TO LUCASTA : THE ROSE

Sweet, serene, sky-like flower,
Haste to adorn her bower ;
From thy long cloudy bed
Shoot forth thy damask head.

New-startled blush of Flora !
The grief of pale Aurora,
Who will contest no more ;
Haste, haste, to strow her floor.

Vermilion ball that's given
From lip to lip in Heaven,
Love's couch's cover-led :
Haste, haste, to make her bed.

See ! rosy is her bower,
Her floor is all this flower
Her bed a rosy nest,
By a bed of roses prest.

CXCIX

GRATIANA DANCING

She beat the happy pavement—
By such a star made firmament,
Which now no more the roof envies !
But swells up high, with Atlas even,
Bearing the brighter, nobler heaven,
And, in her, all the deities.

Each step trod out a lover's thought,
And the ambitious hopes he brought
Chained to her brave feet with such arts,
Such sweet command and gentle awe,
As, when she ceased, we sighing saw
The floor lay paved with broken hearts.

JAMES MARBE (1572-1642)

CC

*SATISFACTION FOR LOVE **

Now sleep, and take thy rest,
 Once grieved and pained with
 Since she now loves thee best
 Who is thy heart's delight,
 Let joy be thy soul's guest,
 And care be banished quite,
 Since she hath thee expressed
 To be her favourite.

CCI

*EXPECTATION **

You birds whose warblings prove
 Aurora draweth near,
 Go fly and tell my Love
 That I expect him here.
 The night doth posting move,
 Yet comes he not again:
 God grant some other love
 Do not my Love detain.

SHAKERLEY MARMION (1602-1636)

CCII

*PROSERPINE TEMPTS PSYCHE, ON HER
 EMBASSY FROM VENUS TO REMAIN
 IN THE LOWER WORLD*

But Proserpine replied, ' You do not know,
 Fair maid, the joys and pleasures are below.
 Stay and possess whatever I can give,
 For other lights and other stars do shine

Within our territories ; the day's not lost,
 As you imagine, in the Elysian coast.
 The golden age and progeny is here,
 And that famed apple that does in Autumn
 Clusters of gold, whose apples thou shalt hoard
 Or each meal, if thou please, set on the board
 The matrons of Elysium at thy beck
 Shall come and go, and buried queens shall
 The body in more stately ornaments
 Than all earth's feign'd majesty presents.
 The pale and squalid region shall rejoice,
 And Silence shall break forth a pleasant voice
 Stern Pluto shall himself to mirth betake
 And crown'd ghosts shall banquet for thy sake
 New lamps shall burn, if thou wilt here abide
 And night's thick darkness shall be rarefied ;
 Whate'er the winds upon the earth do sweep
 Rivers or fens embrace, or the vast deep,
 Shall be thy tribute, and I will deliver
 Up for thy servant the Lethæan river :
 Besides the Parcae shall thy handmaids be,
 And what thou speak'st stand for a destiny.

ANDREW MARVELL (1621-1678)

CCIII

THE MOWER TO THE GLOW-WORM

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
 The nightingale does sit so late,
 And studying all the summer night,
 Her matchless songs does meditate ;
 Ye country comets, that portend
 No war, nor prince's funeral,
 Shining unto no higher end
 Than to presage the grass's fall ;
 Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
 To wandering mowers shows the way,

That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray :

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since *Jahans* here is come,
For she my mind hath so displaced
That I shall never find my home.

OCE

TO HIS COY MISTRESS •

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk and pass our long love's day.
Then by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst sit rubies find : I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze ;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest ;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near :
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song : then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity :

And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapt power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

CCV

EPITAPH

Enough : and leave the rest to Fame !
'Tis to commend her, but to name.
Courtship which, living, she declined,
When dead, to offer were unkind :
Where never any could speak ill
Who would officious praises spill ?
Nor can the truest wit or friend,
Without detracting, her commend.
To say she lived a virgin chaste
In this age loose and all unlaced ;
Nor was, when Vice is so allowed,
Of Virtue or ashamed, or proud ;
That her soul was on Heaven so bent,
No minute but it came and went ;
That, ready her last debt to pay,
She summ'd her life up every day ;
Modest as morn ; as mid-day bright,
Gentle as evening ; cool as night ;

'Tis true : but all so weakly said :
'Twere more significant, *She's dead.*

CENT

**THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE
DEATH OF HER FAWN**

Is dyed in such a purple grain.
There is not such another in
The world, to offer for their sin.

Unconstant Sylvia, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well),
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me : nay, and I know
What he said then, I'm sure I do
Said he, ' Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a *Fawn* to hunt his *Deer* '—
But Sylvia soon had me beguiled

This waxèd tame, while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his *Fawn*, but took his *Heart*.

Henceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this ; and very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent.
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game : it seemed to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it ? Oh, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me.

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As *Sylvio* did ; his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, then he.
But I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better then
The love of false and cruel men.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my own fingers nursed ;
And, as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath ! And oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white, shall I say than my hand ?
NAY, any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet ;
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race ;
And, when't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness ;

And all the spring-time of the year,
It only lovèd to be there.

Until its lips even seemed to bleed :
And then to me 'twould boldly trip

Oh help ! oh help ! I see it faint
And die as calmly as a saint.

The brotherless Helades
Melt in such amber tears as these
I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystals tears, and fill
It till it do o'erflow with mine,
Then place it in *Diana's* shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
Whither the swans and turtles go,
In fair Elusum to endure,

Be cut in marble, and withal,
Let it be weeping too : but there
The engraver sure his art may spare,
For I so truly thee bemoan,

That I shall weep, though I be stone :
Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.*
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made :
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

CCVII

ON A DROP OF DEW

See how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the Morn
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new ;
For the clear region where't was born
Round in itself encloses :
And in its little Globe's extent,
Frames as it can its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies,
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the Sphere.
Restless it rolls and unsecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure,
Till the warm Sun pity its pain,
And to the skies exhale it back again.
So the Soul, that drop, that ray
Of the clear fountain of Eternal Day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green ;
And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts express
The greater Heaven in an Heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away :

So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day,
Dark beneath, but bright above,
Here disdaining, there in love,
How loose and easy hence to go,

CCVIII

*UPON APPLETON HOUSE—(THE
GARDEN) **

Seem to their staves the ensigns furled.
Then in some flower's beloved hut,

When gardens only had their towers,
And all the garrisons were flowers ;
When roses only arms might bear,
And men did rosy garlands wear ?

CCIX

*THE DEFINITION OF LOVE**

My Love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high :
It was begotten by Despair
Upon Impossibility.

Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble Hope could ne'er have flown,
But vainly flapped its tinsel wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended soul is fixt ;
But Fate does iron wedges drive,
And always crowds itself betwixt.

For Fate with jealous eye does see
Two perfect loves, nor lets them close ;
Their union would her ruin be,
And her tyrannic power depose.

And therefore her decrees of steel
Us as the distant poles have placed,
(Though Love's whole world on us doth wheel)
Not by themselves to be embraced.

Unless the giddy heaven fall,
And earth some new convulsion tear,
And, us to join, the world should all
Be cramped into a planisphere.

As lines, so loves oblique, may well
Themselves in every angle greet :
But ours, so truly parallel,
Though infinite, can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,
 But Fate so enviously debars,
 As the conjunction of the mind,
 And opposition of the stars

CCX

*THE FAIR SINGER **

To make a final conquest of all me,
 Love did compose so sweet an enemy,
 In whom both beauties to my death agree,
 Joining themselves in fatal harmony ;
 That, while she with her eyes my heart does bind,
 He with her voice might captivate my mind

ly fetters of the very air I breathe ?

CCXI

*A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THYRSIS
 AND DORINDA*

DORINDA

When Death shall snatch us from these kids,
 And shut up our divided beds,
 Tell me, Thyrsis, prithee do,
 Whither thou and I must go

THYRSIS

To the Elysium :

DORINDA

Oh, where is't ?

THYRSIS

A chaste soul can never miss't.

DORINDA

I know no way, but one, our home
Is our Elisium ?

THYRSIS

Cast thine eye to yonder sky,
Where the Milky Way doth lie ;
'Tis a sure but rugged way,
That leads to everlasting day.

DORINDA

There birds may nest, but how can I,
That have no wings and cannot fly ?

THYRSIS

Do not sigh (fair nymph) for fire
Hath no wings, yet doth aspire
Till it hit against the pole,
Heaven's the centre of the soul.

DORINDA

But in Elisium how do they
Pass Eternity away ?

THYRSIS

There is neither hope nor fear,
There's no wolf, no fox, no bear,
No need of dog to fetch our stray,
Our Lightfoot we may give away ;
And there most sweetly thine ear *
May feast with Music of the Sphere.

DORINDA

How I my future state
By silent thinking, antedate :
I prithee let us spend our time
In talking of Elisium.

THYRSIS

Then I'll go on : there sheep are full
Of forest grass and softest wool ;

There birds sing concerts, garlands grow,
Cool winds whisper, springs do flow.
There always is a rising Sun,
And day is ever but begun
Shepherds there bear equal sway,
And every nymph's a Queen of May.

DORINDA

Ah me ah me !

THYRSIS

Dorinda, why dost cry ?

—

.

Will for thee, much more with thee die.

THYRSIS

Then let us give *Corellia* charge o' th' sheep,
And then thou and I'll pick poppies and
them steep

In wine, and drink on't even till we weep,
So shall we smoothly pass away in sleep

CCXII

EYES AND TEARS

How wisely Nature did decree,
With the same eyes to weep and see !
That, having view'd the object vain,
They might be ready to complain

.

.

—

—

Two tears, which sorrow long did weigh
Within the scales of either eye,

.

And then laid out in equal poise,
Are the true price of all my joys.

What in the world most fair appears,
Yea, even laughter, turns to tears ;
And all the jewels which we prize
Melt in these pendants of the eyes.

I have through every garden been,
Amongst the red, the white, the green,
And yet from all the flowers I saw,
No honey, but these tears could draw.

So the all-seeing sun each day
Distils the world with chymic ray ;
But finds the essence only showers,
Which straight in pity back he pours.

Yet happy they whom grief doth bless,
That weep the more, and see the less ;
And, to preserve their sight more true,
Bathe still their eyes in their own dew.

So Magdalen in tears more wise
Dissolved those captivating eyes,
Whose liquid chains could flowing meet
To fetter her Redeemer's feet.

Not full sails hasting loaden home,
Nor the chaste lady's pregnant womb,
Nor *Cynthia* teeming, shows so fair
As two eyes swoln with weeping are.

The sparkling glance that shoots desire,
Drenched in these waves, does lose its fire
Yea oft the Thunderer pity takes,
And here the hissing lightning slakes.

The incense was to Heaven dear,
Not as a perfume, but a tear ;
And stars show lovely in the night,
But as they seem the tears of light.*

Ope then, mine eyes, your double sluice
And practise so your noblest use .

For others too can see, or sleep ;
But only human eyes can weep.

Now, like two clouds dissolving, drop,
And at each tear in distance stop ;
Now, like two fountains, trickle down ;
Now, like two floods, o'erturn and drown

rings,

those weeping eyes, those seeing tears

CCXIII

One Stanza from ' *DAMON THE MOWER* '

I am the mower Damon, known
Through all the meadows I have mown
On me the Morn her dew distils,
Before her darling daffodils
And, if at Noon my toil me heat,
The Sun himself licks off my sweat
While, going home, the Evening sweet
In cowslip water bathes my feet

PHILIP MASSINGER (1584-1639)

CCXIV

DEATH INVOKED

Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death
To stop a wretch's breath

rt

old

all that I can crave
Is quiet in my grave
Such as live happy hold long life a jewel,
But to me thou art cruel,

JASPER MAYNE (1604-1672)

CCXVII

TIME

Time is the feathered thing.

And, whilst I praise

The sparkling of thy looks and call them rays.

Thou art

And ere we can

Know how our crow turns swan,

Or how a silver snow

Springs there where jet did grow,

Our fading spring is in dull winter lost

Since then the Night hath hurled

Darkness, Love's shade,

Over its enemy the Day, and made

The world

Just such a blind and shapeless thing

As 'twas before light did from darkness spr
 Let us employ its treasure
 And make shade pleasure.
 Let's number out the hours by blisses,
 And count the minutes by our kisses ;
 Let the heavens new motions feel
 And by our embraces wheel ;
 And whilst we try the way
 By which Love doth convey
 Soul unto soul,
 And mingling so
 Makes them such raptures know
 As makes them entranced lie
 In mutual ecstasy,
 Let the harmonious spheres in music roll

HENRY MORE (1614-1687)

CCXVIII

THE SONG OF BATHYNOUS *

Sing aloud his praise, rehearse
 Who hath made the Universe.
 He the boundless Heavens has spread
 All the vital Orbs has kned ; *
 He that on Olympus high
 Tends his flocks with watchful eye,
 And this eye * has multiplied
 'Midst each flock for to reside :
 Thus as round about they stray,
 Toucheth each with out-stretched ray
 Nimble they hold on their way,
 Shaping out their night and day.
 Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring,
 Their inclined axes bring.
 Never slack they ; none respire,
 Dancing round their central fires.
 In due order as they move,
 Echoes sweet be gently drove

Thorough Heaven's vast hollowness,
 Which unto all corners press.
 Music that the heart of Jove *
 Moves to joy and sportful love,
 Fills the listening sailors' ears
 Riding on the wandering spheres.
 Neither speech nor language is
 Where their voice is not transmiss.

God is good, is wise, is strong,
 Witness all the creature-throng.
 Is confessed by every tongue
 All things look from whence they sprung,
 As the thankful rivers pay
 What they borrowed of the sea
 Now myself I do resign,
 Take me whole, I am all Thine
 Save me, God I from self-desire,
 Death's pit, dark Hell's raging fire,
 Envy, Hatred, Vengeance, Ire,
 Let not Lust my soul bemire

Lo I from far I you salute,
 Sweetly warbling on my lute,
 Indie, Egypt, Araby
 Asia, Greece, and Tartary,
 Carmel-tracts and Lebanon,
 With the Mountains of the Moon,
 From whence mudddy Nile doth run,
 Or where ever else you won *
 Breathing in one vital air
 One we are, though distant far

Rise at once let's sacrifice,
 Odours sweet perfume the skies
 See how heavenly lightning fires
 Hearts inflamed with high aspires !
 All the substance of our souls

Up in clouds of incense rolls,
 Leave we nothing to ourselves
 Save a voice, what need we else :
 Than hand to wear and tire
 On the thankful lute or lyre.

Sing aloud, His praise rehearse
 Who hath made the Universe.

CCXIX

*From 'AN HYMN IN THE HONOUR
 THOSE TWO DESPISED VIRTUES
 CHARITY AND HUMILITY' **

Could I demolish with mine eye
 Strong towers, stop the fleet stars in
 Bring down to earth the pale-faced moon
 Or turn black midnight to bright noon
 Though all things were put in my hand
 As parched, as dry as th' Libyan sand
 Would be my life if Charity
 Were wanting. But Humility
 Is more than my poor soul durst crave
 That lies entombed in lowly grave.
 But if 't were lawful up to send
 My voice to Heaven, this should it rend
 Lord thrust me deeper into dust,
 That thou mayst raise me with the just

THOMAS NABBES (1612-1645)

CCXX

*HER REAL WORTH **

What though with figures I should raise
 Above all height my Mistress' praise,
 Calling her cheek a blushing rose,
 The fairest June did e'er disclose,

her forehead likes, and her eyes
 the luminaries of the skies ;
 that on her lips ambrosia grows,
 and from her kisses nectar flows ?
 too great hyperbolès ! unless
 she loves me, she is none of these,
 but if her heart and her desires
 to answer mine with equal fires,
 these attributes are then too poor ;
 she is all these, and ten times more.

CCXXI

EXCELLENT STRONG BEER, WHICH
 WE DRANK AT THE TOWN OF WICK,
 IN WORCESTERSHIRE, WHERE SALT
 IS MADE

water henceforth they'll forswear

sublimed ; it's calcinate ;
 rectified ; precipitate ;

It is Androgena, Sol's wife ;
 It is the Mercury of Life ;
 It is the quintessence of malt ;
 And they that drink it want no salt !

It heals, it hurts ; it cures, it kills ;
 Men's heads with proclamations fills ;
 It makes some dumb and others speak ;
 Strong vessels hold, and cracked ones leak ;
 It makes some rich, and others poor ;
 It makes, and yet mars many a score.

CCXXII

SONG *

What a dainty life the milk-maid leads !
 When over the flowery meads
 She dabbles in the dew
 And sings to her cow,
 And feels not the pain
 Of love or disdain :
 She sleeps in the night though she toils in
 the day,
 And merrily passeth her time away.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY (1581-1613)

CCXXIII

EPITAPH ON HIMSELF *

Now, measuring out my days, 'tis here I rest ;
 That is my body, but my soul, his guest
 Is hence ascended whither neither time,
 Nor faith, nor hope, but only love can climb ;
 Where being now enlightened she doth know
 The truth of all things which are talked below ;
 Only this dust shall here in pawn remain,
 That when the world dissolves, she'll come again.

THOMAS PESTEL (?)

CCXXXIV

THE RELIEF

Like an hart, the hvelong day
 That in thorns and thuckets lay,
 Rouse thee, soul, thy flesh forsake,
 Got to relief * from thy brake .
 Shuddering I would have thee part, *
 And at every motion start
 Look behind thee still to see

..
 .
 Nightly this repast go take, ..
 Get to relief from thy brake

CCXXXV

PSALM FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

.. .. .
 This day prevents His day of doom .
 His mercy now is nigh .
 The mighty God of Love is come,
 The Dayspring from on high '

Behold the great Creator makes
 Himself an house of clay,

A robe of Virgin-flesh he takes,
Which he will wear for aye.

Hark, hark, the wise Eternal Word
Like a weak infant cries ;
In form of servant is the Lord,
And God in cradle lies.

The wonder struck the world amazed,
It shook the starry frame,
Squadrons of Spirits stood and gazed,
Then down in troops they came.

Glad shepherds ran to view this sight ;
A quire of Angels sings ;
And eastern Sages with delight
Adore this King of kings.

Join then, all hearts that are at one,
And all our voices prove,
To celebrate this Holy One,
The God of peace and love.

CCXXVI

*PSALM FOR SUNDAY NIGHT**

O sing the glories of our Lord ;
His grace and truth resound,
And His stupendous acts record,
Whose mercies have no bound !

He made the All-informing light
And hosts of Angels fair ;
'Tis He with shadows clothes the night,
He clouds or clears the air.

Those restless skies with stars enchased
He on firm hinges set ;
The wave-embracèd earth He placed
His hanging cabinet.

We in His summer-sunshine stand,
And by His favour grow :

We gather what His bounteous hand
Is pleased to bestow.

When he contracts His brow, we mourn,
And all our strength is vain ;
To former dust in death we turn,
Till He inspire again

THOMAS PHILIPOTT (7-1684)

CONCLUSIONS

From 'A DIVINE HYMN'

O Thou who art all light, from whose pure beams
The infant day-light streams,
And to whose lustre all the throng of stars—

The prospect * of my soul.

That so the beams of faith may clearly shine
Amidst its crystalline

KATHERINE PHILLIPS (1631-1664)

CCXXVIII

TO MY EXCELLENT LUCASIA, ON
OUR FRIENDSHIP *

I did not live until this time
Crowned my felicity,
When I could say without a crime,
I am not thine, but thee.

For as a watch by art is wound
To motion, such was mine :
But never had Orinda found
A soul till she found thine.

No bridegroom's nor crown-conqueror's mirth
To mine compared can be :
They have but pieces of this earth,
I've all the world in thee.

Then let our flames still light and shine,
And no false fear control,
As innocent as our design,
Immortal as our soul.

EDMUND PRESTWICH (?)

CCXXIX

TO PHOEBUS

*Seeing A Lady Before Sunrise **

Phoebus, lie still, and take thy rest
Securely on thy Tethys' breast,
Thou need'st not rise to gild the East :

For she is up whose wakings may
Give birth and measure to the day,
Although thou hide thyself away.

Phoebus, lie still, and keep the side
Warm of thy chaste and wat'ry bride,
Thy useless glory laid aside :

For she is up whose beauty's might
Can change ev'n darkness into light,
When thou can'st but succeed the night.

For she is up, and I do find
Gazing on thee doth only blind
The outward eyes, but her the mind
Yet Phoebus rise, and take thy chair
Once more, shaking dull vapours from thy hair
But wink and look not on my fair :

For, if thou once her beauty view,
Ere night thou wilt thyself undo
Nor have a home to go unto

And were thy chariot empty, she
But too unfit a guide would be,
Having already scorched me

For I'm afraid lest with desire
She once more set the world on fire,
Making all others Ethiops by her

FRANCIS QUARLES (1592-1644)

CCXXX

*DEPENDENCE ON GOD **

Even as the needle, that directs the hour,
Touched with the loadstone, by the secret power
Of hidden nature, points upon the Pole,
Even so the wavering powers of my soul,
Touched by the virtue of thy Spirit, flee
From what is earth, and point alone to Thee.

When I have faith to hold Thee by the hand,
 I walk securely, and methinks I stand
 More firm than Atlas ; but when I forsake
 The safe protection of Thine arm, I quake
 Like wind-shaked reeds, and have no strength at
 all,
 But like a vine, the prop cut down, I fall.

CCXXXI

*A DIVINE RAPTURE **

E'en like two little bank-dividing brooks,
 That wash the pebbles with their wanton
 streams,
 And having ranged and searched a thousand
 nooks,
 Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
 Where in a greater current they conjoin :
 So I my Best-belovèd's am ; so He is mine.
 E'en so we met ; and after long pursuit,
 E'en so we joined, we both became entire ;
 No need for either to renew a suit,
 For I was flax, and He was flames of fire :
 Our firm-united souls did more than twine ;
 So I my Best-belovèd's am ; so He is mine.
 If all those glittering Monarchs, that command
 The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
 Should tender in exchange their shares of land,
 I would not change my fortunes for them all :
 Their wealth is but a counter to my coin :
 The world's but theirs ; but my Belovèd's mine.

CCXXXII

*THE SOLITARY **

How blest are they that waste their weary hours
 In solemn groves and solitary bowers,
 Where neither eye nor ear
 Can see or hear

CCXXXIII

EPIGRAM

My soul, what's better than a feather ? Wind
Than wind ? The fire. And what than fire ?
The Mind
What's higher than the mind ? A thought.
Than thought ?
This bubble world. What than this bubble ?
Naught

CCXXXIV

ANOTHER

My soul, sit thou a patient looker on ;
Judge not the play before the play is done .
Her plot has many changes every day
Speaks a new scene the last act crowns the play.

CCXXXV

*VENUS TO CUPID **

Thine eye's not ripe for tears whish lullaby ,
What ails my babe, my sweet-faced babe to
cry?
Look, look, what's here ! A dainty golden thing .
See how the dancing bells turn round and ring.
To please my bantling ! Here's a knack will breed
An hundred kisses , here's a knack indeed.

So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair
 As Pelops' shoulder, or like a milk-white pair ;
 Here's right the father's smile ; when Mars
 beguiled
 Sick Venus of her heart, just thus he smiled.

THOMAS RANDOLPH (1605-1635)

CCXXXVI

AN ODE TO MASTER ANTHONY
 STAFFORD *

To hasten him into the country

Come, spur away,
 I have no patience for a longer stay,
 But must go down
 And leave the chargeable noise of this great town:
 I will the country see,
 Where old simplicity,
 Though hid in gray,
 Doth look more gay
 Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
 Farewell, you city wits, that are
 Almost at civil war—
 'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world
 grows mad.

More of my days
 I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise ;
 Or to make sport
 For some light Puisne of the Inns of Court.
 Then worthy Stafford, say,
 How shall we spend the day ?
 With what delights
 Shorten the nights ?
 When from this tumult we are got secure,
 Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
 Yet shall no finger lose ;
 Where every word is thought, and every thought
 is pure ?

There from the tree
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry ;
And every day
Go see the wholesome country girls make hay,
Whose brown hath lovelier grace
Than any painted face
That I do know
Hyde Park can show :
Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet
(Though some of them in greater state
Might court my love with plate)
The beauties of the Cheap and wives of Lombard
Street.

But think upon
Some other pleasures these to me are none.
Why do I prate
Of women, that are things against my fate!
I never mean to wed
That torture to my bed :
My Muse is she
My love shall be
Let clowns get wealth and heirs when I am gone
And that great bugbear, grisly Death,
Shall take this idle breath,
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son

Of this no more '
We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store
No fruit shall 'scape
Our palates, from the damson to the grape
Then, full, we'll seek a shade.

Ours is the sky,
Where at what fowl we please our hawk shall fly."

So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair
 As Pelops' shoulder, or like a milk-white pair ;
 Here's right the father's smile ; when Mars
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 Sick Venus of her heart, just thus he smiled.

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 When from this tumult we are got secure,
 Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
 Yet shall no finger lose ;
 Where every word is thought, and every thought
 is pure ?

There from the tree
 We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry ;

*and should we ever see that in some
 Street*

But think upon
 Some other pleasures : these to me are none
 Why do I prate
 Of women, that are things against my fate !
 I never mean to wed
 That torture to my bed
 My Muse is she
 My love shall be.
 Let clowns get wealth and heirs when I am gone
 And that great bugbear, grisly Death,
 Shall take this idle breath,
 If I a poem leave, that poem is my son

Ours is the sky,
 Where at what fowl we please our hawk shall fly :

THOMAS RANDOLPH

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CCXXVIII

*A CHARM SONG **

Quiet, sleep ! or I will make
Erinnys whip thee with a snake,
And cruel Rhadamanthus take
Thy body to the boiling lake,
Where fire and brimstone never slake ;
Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ache,
And every joint about thee quake,
And therefore dare not yet to wake !

Quiet, sleep ! or thou shalt see
The horrid hags of Tartary,
Whose tresses give serpents be,
And Cerberus shall bark at thee,
And all the Furies that are three—
The worst is called Tisiphone —
Shall lash thee to eternity
And therefore sleep thou peacefully.

CCXXIX

*EPIGRAM **

These are things, that being possessed
Will make a life that's truly best
Estate bequeathed, not got with toil ;
A good hot fire, a grateful soil
No strife, warm clothes, a quiet soul,
A strength entire, a body whole
Prudent simplicity, equal friends,
A diet that no art commends
A night not drunk and yet secure
A bed not sad, yet chaste and pure
Long sleeps to make the nights too short,
A will to be but what thou art
Nought rather choose ; contented be,
And neither fear, nor wish to see

CCXL

INVOCATION—FRAGMENT

Come from thy palace, beauteous Queen of
 Greece,
 Sweet Helen of the world. Rise like the morn,
 Clad in the smock of night, that all the stars
 May close their eyes, and then, grown blind,
 Run weeping to the man i' the moon,
 To borrow his dog to lead the spheres a-begging.

SAMUEL ROWLEY (1580?-1633?)

CCXLI

SORROW

Oh, sorrow, sorrow, say where dost thou dwell?
 In the lowest room of hell.
 Art thou born of human race?
 No, no, I have a fury's face.
 Art thou in city, town or court?
 I to every place resort.
 Oh, why into the world is sorrow sent?
 Men afflicted best repent.
 What dost thou feed on?
 Broken sleep.
 What takest thou pleasure in?
 To weep,
 To sigh, to sob, to pine, to groan,
 To wring my hands, to sit alone.
 Oh when, oh when shall sorrow quiet have?
 Never, never, never, never,*
 Never till she finds a grave.

WILLIAM ROWLEY (1585?-1642?)

CCXLII

*TRIP IT, GIPSIES **

Trip it, gypsies, trip it fine,
 Show tricks and lofty capers,
 At threading-needles * we repine,
 And leaping over rapiers
 Pindy pandy rascal toys '
 We scorn cutting purses,
 Though we live by making noise,
 For cheating none can curse us.

Over high ways, over low,
 And over stones and gravel,
 Though we trip it on the toe,
 And thus for silver travel;
 Though our dances waste our backs,
 At night fat capons mend them,
 Eggs well brewed in buttered sack,
 Our wenches say, befrend them.

Oh that all the world were mad '
 Then should we have fine dancing,
 Hobby-horses would be bad,
 And brave girls leap a-prancing,
 Beggars would on cock-horse ride,
 And boobies fall a-roaring,
 And cuckolds, though no horns be spied,
 Be one another going

Welcome, poet, to our ring ! *
 Make rhymes, we'll give thee reason,
 Canary bees thy brains shall sting,
 Mull-sack did ne'er speak treason;
 Peter-see-me * shall wash thy nowl ; *
 And Malaga glasses fox thee ; *
 If, poet, thou toss not bowl for bowl,
 Thou shalt not kiss a doxy.

CCXLIII

*THE CHASE **

Art thou gone in haste ?
 I'll not forsake thee ;
 Runnest thou ne'er so fast,
 I'll overtake thee :
 O'er the dales, o'er the downs,
 Through the green meadows,
 From the fields, through the towns,
 To the dim shadows.

All along the plain
 To the low fountains,
 Up and down again,
 From the high mountains
 Echo shall then again
 Tell her I follow,
 And the floods to the woods
 Carry my holla !
 Holla !
 La ! la ! lo ! lo ! lu !

CCXLIV

*COME FOLLOW ME **

Come follow me, you country lasses,
 And you shall see such sport as passes :
 You shall dance and I will sing ;
 Pedro, he shall rub the string ;
 Each shall have a loose-bodied gown
 Of green, and laugh till you lie down.
 Come follow me, come follow, *etc.*

You shall have crowns of roses, daisies,
 Buds where the honey-maker grazes ;
 You shall taste the golden thighs,
 Such as in wax-chamber lies :

What fruit please you taste, freely pull,
 Till you have all your bellies full.
 Come follow me, come follow, *etc.*

CCXLV

SIMPLICITY

We love for virtue, not for wealth,
 We drink no healths, but all for health;
 We sing, we dance, we pipe, we play,
 Our work's continual holiday.
 We live in poor contented sort,
 Yet neither beg, nor come at court

JOSEPH RUTTER (1632-1635)

CCXLVI

MARRIAGE HYMN *

Hymen ! God of marriage bed !
 Be thou ever honoured
 Thou, whose torch's purer light
 Death's sad tapers did affright,
 And instead of funeral fires
 Kindled lovers' chaste desires
 May their love
 Ever prove
 True and constant, let not age
 Know their youthful heat t'assuage !
 Maids ! prepare the genial bed
 Then come, night ! and hide that red

Which her cheeks, his heart does burn,
 Till the envious day return,
 And the lusty bridegroom say,
 "I have chased her fears away,
 And instead
 Of virginhood,
 Given her a greater good,
 Perfection and womanhood."

WILLIAM SAMPSON (1590?-1636?)

CCXLVII

*SIMPLES TO SELL **

Come, will you buy? For I have here
 The rarest gums that ever were;
 Gold is but dross, and features die,
 Else Aesculapius tells a lie.

But I,

Come, will you buy?
 Have medicine for that malady.

Is there a lady in this place
 Would not be masked, but for her face?
 O do not blush, for here is that
 Will make your pale cheeks plump and fat.

Then why

Should I thus cry,
 And none a scruple of me buy?

Come buy, you lusty gallants,
 These simples which I sell;
 In all your days were never seen like these,
 For beauty, strength and smell.
 Here's the king-cup, the pansy with the violet,
 The rose that loves the shower,
 The wholesome gilliflower,
 Both the cowslip, lily,
 And the daffodilly,
 With a thousand in my power.

GEORGE SANDYS (1578-1644)

CCXLVIII

*PSALM XC**

And art for evermore

But frail man, daily dying must

Or as a day that's past.

He by thy torrent swept from hence,
An empty dream, which mocks the sense,
And from the fancy flies .
Such as the beauty of the rose
Which in the dewy morning blows,
Then bangs the head and dies.

THOMAS SHEPHERD (?)

CCXLIX

*A REQUEST **

Alas, my God, that we should be
Such strangers to each other !
O that as friends we might agree,
And walk and talk together.

May I taste that communion, Lord,
Thy people have with Thee ?
Thy Spirit daily talks with them,
O let it talk with me !

Like Enoch, let me walk with God,
And thus walk out my day,
Attended with the Heavenly Guards,
Upon the King's highway.

When wilt Thou come unto me, Lord ?
For, till Thou dost appear,
I count each moment for a day,
Each minute for a year.

SAMUEL SHEPPARD (?)

CCL

DEATH'S EQUALITY.

Though here on earth men differ, in the grave
There's no distinction ; all alike they have.
Then must the conqueror with the captive spread
On one bare earth as in the common bed ;
The all commanding general hath no span
Of ground allowed, more than a common man.
Folly with wisdom hath an equal share,
The foul and fair to like dust changèd are,
This is, of all mortality, the end :
Thersites now with Nereus dares contend

SIR EDWARD SHERBORNE (1618-1702)

CCXI

*FALSE LYCÒRIS **

Lately, by clear Thames, his side,
 Fair Lycòris I espied,
 With the pen of her white hand
 These words printing on the sand,
None Lycòris doth approve
But Mistello for her love

Ah! false Nymph! those words were fit
 In sand only to be writ
 For the quickly rising streams
 Of oblivion and the Thames

JAMES SHIRLEY (1596-1666)

CCXII

*HYMN **

O fly, my Soul! What hangs upon
 Thy drooping wings,
 And weighs them down
 With love of gaudy mortal things?

The Sun is now i' the east : each shade
 As he doth rise
 Is shorter made,
 That earth may lessen to our eyes.
 O be not careless then and play
 Until the Star of Peace
 Hide all his beams in dark recess
 Poor pilgrims needs must lose their way,
 When all the shadows do increase.

CCLIII

ON HER DANCING

I stood and saw my Mistress dance,
 Silent, and with so fixed an eye,
 Some might suppose me in a trance :
 But being askèd why,
 By one who knew I was in love,
 I could not but impart
 My wonder, to behold her move
 So nimbly with a marble heart.

CCLIV

IO *

You virgins that did late despair
 To keep your wealth from cruel men,
 Tie up in silk your careless hair,
 Soft peace is come again.

Now Lovers' eyes may gently shoot
 A flame that wo'not kill :
 The drum was angry, but the lute
 Shall whisper what you will.

Sing Io, Io, for his sake,
 Who hath restored your drooping heads,
 With choice of sweetest flowers make
 A garden where he treads.

ALLA DITTA DITTA DITTA

CCLV

THE GARDEN *

This garden does not take my eyes,
Though here you show how art of men
Can purchase Nature at a price
Would stock old Paradise again.

Give me a little plot of ground,
Where might I with the sun agree,
Though every day he walk the round,
My garden he should seldom see

Expected I should praise their name.

But I would see myself appear
Within the violet's drooping head,
On which a melancholy tear
The discontented morn hath shed.*

Within their buds let roses sleep,
And virgin lilies on their stem,
Till sighs from lovers glide and weep
Into their leaves to open them

I' th' centre of my ground compose
Of bays and yew my summer room,
Which may so oft as I repose,
Present my arbour, and my tomb

CCLVI

*DOOM **

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are ;
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague and War,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are :
Nor to these alone confined,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill ;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

CCLVII

*THE BREAKING OF THE MASQUE **

Come away, away, away !
See the dawning of the day,
Risen from the murmuring streams ;
Some stars show with sickly beams,
What stock of flame they are allowed,
Each retiring to a cloud ;
Bid your active sports adieu,
The morning else will blush for you.
Ye feather-footed hours run
To dress the chariot of the sun ;
Harness the steeds, it quickly will
Be time to mount the eastern hill.
The lights grow pale with modest fears,
Lest you offend their sacred ears
And eyes, that lent you all this grace ;

Retire, retire, to your own place,
 And as you move from that blest pair,
 Let each heart kneel and think a prayer,
 That all, that can make up the glory
 Of good and great may fill their story

THOMAS STANLEY (1625-1678)

CCLVIII

CELIA SINGING

Roses in breathing forth their scent,
 Or stars their borrowed ornament,
 Nymphs in the watery sphere that move
 Or angels in the orbs above,
 The winged chariot of the light,
 Or the slow, silent wheels of night,
 The shade, which from the swifter sun
 Doth in a swifter motion run,
 Or souls that their eternal rest do keep,
 Make far more noise than Celia's breath in sleep
 But if the Angel, which inspires
 This subtle plane with active fires,
 Should mould this breath to words, and the
 Into a harmony dispose,
 The music of this heavenly sphere
 Would steal each soul out at the ear
 And into plants and stones infuse
 A life that Cherubim would choose,
 And with new powers invert the laws of fate,
 All those that live and dead things animate

CCLIX

THE RELAPSE

O turn away those cruel eyes,
 The stars of my undoing,
 Or death in such a bright disguise,
 May tempt a second wooing

Punish their blind and impious pride
 Who dare contemn thy glory ;
 It was my fall that deified
 Thy name, and sealed thy story.

Yet no new sufferings can prepare
 A higher praise to crown thee ;
 Though my first death proclaim thee fair,
 My second will unthrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canst entice
 No other for thy fuel,
 And if thou burn one victim twice,
 Both think thee poor and cruel.

CCLX

THE EXEQUIES

Draw near
 You lovers that complain
 Of fortune or disdain,
 And to my ashes lend a tear !
 Melt the hard marble with your groans,
 And soften the relentless stones,
 Whose cold embraces the sad subject hide
 Of all love's cruelties, and beauty's pride.

No verse,
 No epicedium bring,
 Nor peaceful requiem sing,
 To charm the terrors of my herse !
 No profane numbers must flow near
 The sacred silence that dwells here.
 Vast griefs are dumb : softly, oh, softly mourn
 Lest you disturb the peace attends my urn.

Yet strew
 Upon my dismal grave
 Such offerings as you have—
 Forsaken cypress and sad yew .

For kinder flowers can take no birth
 Or growth from such unhappy earth.
 Weep only o'er my dust, and say, ' Here lies
 To love and fate an equal sacrifice.'

CCXXI

EXPECTATION

Chide, chide no more away
 The fleeting daughters of the day,
 Nor with impatient thoughts outrun
 The lazy sun,
 Or think the hours do move too slow ;
 Delay is kind,
 And we too soon shall find
 That which we seek, yet fear to know.

 The mystic dark decrees
 Unfold not of the Destinies,
 Nor boldly seek to antedate
 The laws of Fate,
 Thy anxious search awhile forbear,
 Suppress thy haste,
 And know that time at last
 Will crown thy hope or fix thy fear.

WILLIAM STRODE (1600-1645)

CCXXII

OPPOSITE TO MELANCHOLY •

Return my joys, and hither bring
 'Tis but a feather of a flint,
 And makes a feather of a flint,

A heart that's lighter than the air,
 An eye still dancing in his sphere,
 Strong mirth which nothing can control,
 A body nimbler than the soul,
 Free wand'ring thoughts not tied to muse,
 Which think on all things, nothing choose,
 Which ere we see them come are gone ;
 These life itself doth feed upon.

CCLXIII

*IN COMMENDATION OF MUSIC **

When whispering strains do softly steal
 With creeping passion through the heart,
 And when at every touch we feel
 Our pulses beat and bear a part ;
 When threads can make
 A heartstring shake,
 Philosophy
 Can scarce deny
 'The soul consists of harmony.

When unto heavenly joy we feign
 Whate'er the soul affecteth most,
 Which only thus we can explain
 By music of the winged host,
 Whose lays we think
 Make stars to wink,
 Philosophy
 Can scarce deny
 Our souls consist of harmony.

O lull me, lull me, charming air,
 My senses rock with wonder sweet ;
 Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
 Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet :
 Grief who need fear
 That hath an ear ?
 Down let him lie
 And slumb'ring die
 And change his soul for harmony.

RELATIV

ON IVESTIVELL DOWN5 •

When Westwell Downs I 'gan to tread,
Where cleanly winds the green did creep,

As shadowings in Imag'ry
Which both deceive and please the eye.

Here and there two hilly crests
Amidst them hug a pleasant green,
And these are like two swelling breasts
That close a tender fall between.

Here would I sleep or read or pray
From early morn till flight of day .
But hark ! a sheep-bell calls me up,
Like Oxford college bells, to sup

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609-1642)

CELIV

THE FALSE ONE •

Hast thou seen the down in the air
When wanton blasts have tossed it ?
Or the ship on the sea,
When ruder winds have crossed it ?
Hast thou marked the crocodile's nose -

Oh! so fickle, oh! so vain, oh! so false, so
false is she!

CCLXVI

*TRUE LOVE**

No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be
 But an ill love in me,
 And worse for thee ;
 For were it in my power
 To love thee now this hour
 More than I did the last ;
 'Twould then so fall,
 I might not love at all ;
 Love that can flow, and can admit increase
 Admits as well an ebb, and may grow less
 True love is still the same ; the torrid
 And those more frigid ones,
 It must not know :
 For love grown cold or hot,
 Is lust or friendship, not
 The thing we have.
 For that's a flame would die,
 Held down or up too high :
 Then think I love more than I can express
 And would love more, could I but love less

CCLXVII

*A SUPPLEMENT OF AN IMPROPER
 COPY OF VERSES OF MR
 SHAKESPEARE, BY THE AUTHOR*

One of her hands one of her cheeks lay
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;
 Which therefore swelled, and seemed
 Asunder,
 As angry to be robbed of such a bliss
 The one looked pale, and for revenge
 While t'other blushed, 'cause it had
 Wrong

Out of the bed the other four band was

On a green satin quilt, whose perfect white
Looked like a daisy in a field of grass,

And shewed like unmelt snow unto the sight :
There lay this pretty perdue, safe to keep
The rest o' the body, that lay fast asleep.

Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid.

Strove to imprison beauty 'till the morn ;
But yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,
That it broke through and shewed itself in
scorn.

Throwing a kind of light about the place,
Which turned to smiles still as't came near her face

Her beams (which some dull men called hair)
divided.

Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did sport :

But these, as rude, her breath put by still, some
Wisher downwards sought, but falling short,
Curled back again in rings, and seemed to turn
again

To bite the part so unkindly beld them in

CCIVIII

SONG •

[illegible]

Or do you think they more than once can die

Whom you deny?

Who tell you of a thousand deaths a day.

Like the old poets feign,

And tell the pain

They met, but in the common way

Or do you think't too soon to yield,
And quit the field ?
Nor is that right they yield that first entreat ;
Once one may crave for love,
But more would prove
That heart too little, that too great.
Oh, that I were all Soul, that I might prove
For you as fit a love,
As you are for an Angel ; for I know
None but pure spirits are fit loves for you.
You are all etherial, there's in you no dross,
Nor any part that's gross ;
Your coarsest part is like a curious lawn,
The vestal relics for a covering drawn.
Your other parts, part of the purest fire
That e'er heaven did inspire,
Make every thought that is refined by it,
A quintessence of goodness and of wit.
Thus have your raptures reached to that degree
In love's philosophy,
That you can figure to yourself a fire
Void of all heat, a love without desire.
Nor in Divinity do you go less,
You think and you profess
That souls may have a plenitude of joy,
Although their bodies meet not to employ.
But I must needs confess, I do not find
The motions of my mind
So purified as yet, but at the best,
My body claims in them an interest.
I hold that perfect joy makes all our parts
As joyful as our hearts.
Our senses tell us, if we please not them,
Our love is but a dotage, or a dream.
How shall we then agree ? You may descend,
But will not, to my end.

: my fancy to your key,
: to that abstracted way.

us, that whilst we sorrow here
may draw near.

re their joys they can extend,
s begin where they did end.

CCLXIX

'ST MARTYRDOM •

honest lover's ghost,
I unbodied post
ie shades below I
y long to know
noble chaplets wear
beir mistress' scorn did bear
hat were used kindly

'er they tell us here
hose sufferings dear,
I fear, be found
ie being crowned
I alone will not suffice,
so have been wise
our loves enjoyed

re can we think him in
unloved, again
I's thither gone
ch sits by his own ?
that Elysium be
mistress still must see
other's arms ?

e judges all are just,
onusba must
a she held dear,
ho loved her here
taloclea, since she died,
Procles his side,
cephalus

Some bays, perchance, or myrtle boug
 For difference crowns the brow
 Of those kind souls that were
 The noble martyrs here :
 And if that be the only odds
 (As who can tell?) ye kinder gods,
 Give me the woman here !

CCLXX

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
 Where I the rarest things have seen,
 Oh, things without compare !
 Such sights again cannot be found
 In any place on English ground,
 Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
 Where we (thou know'st) do sell our
 There is a house with stairs ;
 And there did I see coming down
 Such folks as are not in our town,
 Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
 (His beard no bigger though than thi
 Walked on before the rest :
 Our landlord looks like nothing to hi
 The king (God bless him) 'twould unc
 Should he go still so drest.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale),
 For such a maid no Whitsun-Ale
 Could ever yet produce :
 No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
 So round, so plump, so soft as she,
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
 Would not stay on which they did br
 It was too wide a peck :

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

And to say truth (for out it must)
It looked like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out
As if they feared the light :
But oh ! she dances such a way !
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison ;
(Who sees them is undone),
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
(The side that's next the sun.)

Her lips were red ; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin ;
(Some bee had stung it newly)
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours or better,
And were not spent a whit

Just in the nick the cock knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey,
Each servingman with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our trained-band,
Presented, and away.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse ;
Heaths first go round and then the house,
The brides came thick and thick .

And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
(And who could help it, Dick?).

O' the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance;
Then dance again, and kiss:
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
Till ev'ry woman wished her place,
And ev'ry man wished his.

By this time all were stol'n aside
To counsel and undress the bride:
But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guessed her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came (Dick) there she lay
Like new-fal'n snow melting away,
('Twas time, I trow, to part :)
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who would say,
Good Boy : with all my heart.

But just as heaven would have to cross it,
In came the bridesmaids with the posset :
The bridegroom all in spight ;
For had he left the women to 't
It would have cost two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night !

At length the candle's out ; and now
All that they had not done, they do :
What that is, who can tell ?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With Bridget and with Nell.

AURELIAN TOWNSHEND (1610-1643)

CCLXXIII

*THE PLIGHT OF MERCURY **

MERCURY

What makes me so unnimble rise,
 That did descend so fleet?
 There is no uphill in the skies,
 Clouds stay not feathered feet.

CHORUS

Thy wings are singed, and thou canst fly
 But slowly now, swift Mercury.

MERCURY

Some lady here is sure to blame,
 That from Love's starry skies
 Hath shot some beam or sent some flame
 Like lightning from her eyes.

CHORUS

Tax not the stars with what the sun,
 Too near approached, incensed hath done.

MERCURY

I'll roll me in Aurora's dew
 Or lie in Tethys' bed,
 Or from cool Iris beg a few
 Pure opal showers new shed.

CHORUS

Nor dew, nor showers, nor sea can slake
 Thy quenchless heat, but Lethe's lake.

THOMAS TRAHERNE (1637?-1674)

CCLXXIV

THE APPREHENSION

If this I did not every moment see,
 And if my thoughts did stray

At any time, or idly play,
And fix on other objects, yet
This Apprehension set
In me
Was all my whole felicity.

CCLXXXV

THOUGHTS •

A delicate and tender thought
The quintessence is found of all He wrought ;
It is the fruit of all His works,
Which we conceive

It withers strait and fades away.
If we but cease its beauty to display.

For that all objects might be seen,
He made the orient azure and the green :
That we might in His works delight,
And that the sight
Of those His treasures might enflame
The soul with love to Him, He made the same

This sight which is the glorious End
Of all His works and which doth comprehend
Eternity and time and space,
Is far more dear,
And far more near

To Him, than all His glorious dwelling-place
It is a spiritual world within,
A living world and nearer far of kin
To God than that which first He made.
While that doth fade,
This therefore ever shall endure
Within the soul as more divine and pure.

CCLXXVI

*THE WAYS OF WISDOM **

These sweeter far than lilies are,
No roses may with these compare :
How these excell
No tongue can tell,
Which he that well and truly knows
With praise and joy he goes !
How great and happy's he that knows his w
To be divine and heavenly joys ;
To whom each city is more brave
Than walls of pearl, and streets which gold
pave :
Whose open eyes
Behold the skies ;
Who loves their wealth and beauty more
Than kings love golden ore !
Who sees the heavenly ancient ways
Of God the Lord, with joy and praise
More than the skies,
With open eyes
Doth prize them all ; yea, more than gems,
And regal diadems ;
That more esteemeth mountains, as they are
Than if they gold and silver were :
To whom the sun more pleasure brings,
Than crowns and thrones and palaces to kin
That knows his ways
To be the joys
And way of God. These things who knows
With joy and praise he goes.

CCLXXVII

THANKSGIVING FOR THE BODY •

And made for Heaven :
 Arteries filled
 With celestial spirits •
 Veins wherein blood floweth,
 Refreshing all my flesh,
 Like rivers •
 Sinews fraught with the mystery
 Of wonderful strength,
 Stability,
 Feeling
 O blessed be Thy glorious Name !
 That Thou hast made it
 A treasury of Wonders,
 Fit for its several Ages ,
 For Dissections,
 For Sculptures in Brass,
 For Draughts in Anatomy,
 For the contemplation of the Sages

CCLXXVIII

NEWS

News from a foreign country came,
 As if my treasure and my wealth lay there :
 So much it did my heart enflame,
 'Twas wont to call my soul into mine ear,
 Which thither went to meet
 The approaching sweet,

And on the threshold stood,
To entertain the unknown Good.

It hovered there
As if 'twould leave mine ear,
And was so eager to embrace
The joyful tidings as they came,
'Twould almost leave its dwelling-place,
To entertain that same.

As if the tidings were the things,
My very joys themselves, my foreign treasure
Or else did bear them on their wings—
With so much joy they came, with so
pleasure.

My soul stood at that gate
To recreate
Itself with bliss, and to
Be pleased with speed. A fuller view
It fain would take,
Yet journeys back would make
Unto my heart: as if 'twould fain
Go out to meet, yet stay within
To fit a place to entertain,
And bring the tidings in.

What sacred instinct did inspire
My soul in childhood with a hope so strong
What sacred force moved my desire
To expect my joys beyond the seas, so you
Felicity I knew
Was out of view;

And being here alone,
I saw that happiness was gone
From me! For this,
I thirsted absent bliss,
And thought that sure beyond the seas,
Or else in something near at hand—
I knew not yet—since nought did please
I knew—my bliss did stand.

But little did the infant dream
That all the treasures of the world were by
And that himself was so the cream

And crown of all which round about did lie.
Yet thus it was the gem

The glorious Soul, that was the King
Made to possess them, did appear
A small and little thing

CCLXXIX

THE SALUTATION

These little limbs,
These eyes and hands which here I find
These rosy cheeks wherewith my life begins
Where have ye been? Behind
What curtain were ye from me hid so long,
Where was, in what abyss my speaking tongue?

When silent I
So many thousand, thousand years
Beneath the dust did in a chaos lie,
How could I smile or tears
Or lips or hands or eyes or ears perceive?
Welcome ye treasures which I now receive

I that so long
Was nothing from eternity,
Did little think such joys as ear or tongue
To celebrate or see
Such sounds to hear, such hands to feel such feet
Beneath the skies on such a ground to meet

New burnished was

.. .. .

.. .. .

.. .. .

.. .. .

More wealth include than all the world contains

From dust I rise,
 And out of nothing now awake,
 These brighter regions which salute mine eyes,
 A gift from God I take.
 The earth, the seas, the light, the day, the
 skies,
 The sun and stars are mine ; if those I prize.

Long time before
 I in my mother's womb was born,
 A God preparing did this glorious store,
 The world for me adorn :
 Into this Eden so divine and fair,
 So wide and bright, I come, His son and heir.

A stranger here
 Strange things doth meet, strange glories see ;
 Strange treasures lodged in this fair world appear,
 Strange all and new to me ;
 But that they mine should be, who nothing
 was,
 That strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

HENRY VAUGHAN, SILURIST (1621-1695)

CCCLXXX

THE DWELLING-PLACE

What happy, secret fountain,
 Fair shade or mountain,
 Whose undiscovered virgin glory
 Boasts it this day, though not in story,
 Was then thy dwelling ? Did some cloud,
 Fixed to a tent, descend and shroud
 My distressed Lord ? Or did a star
 Beckoned by thee, though high and far,
 In sparkling smiles haste gladly down
 To lodge light, and increase her own ?
 My dear, dear God ! I do not know
 What lodged thee then, nor where, nor how ;

CCLXXXI

THE NIGHT

Through that pure Virgin shrine,
That sacred veil drawn o'er thy glorious noon,
That men might look and live as glow-worms
shine,

And face the Moon :
Wise Nicodemus saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

And what can never more be done,
Did at mid-night speak with the Sun !

O who will tell me, where
He found thee at that dead and silent hour !
What hallowed, solitary ground did bear
So rare a flower,
Within whose sacred leaves did lie
The fullness of the Deity ?

Christ's progress and his prayer time ;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight ;
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night ;
His still, soft call ;
His knocking time : the soul's dumb watch,
When Spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark Tent,
Whose peace but by some Angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent ;
Then I in Heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the Sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tire
Themselves and others, I consent and run
To ev'ry mire,
And by this world's ill-guiding light,
Err more than I can do by night.

There is in God (some say)
A deep but dazzling darkness ; As men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear ;
O for that night ! where I in him
Might live invisible and dim.

CCLXXXII

QUICKNESS

False life ! a foil and no more, when
Wilt thou be gone ?
Thou foul deception of all men
That would not have the true come on
Thou art a moon-like toil ; a blind
Self-posing state ;
A dark contest of waves and wind ;
A mere tempestuous debate.

Life is a fixed discerning light,
A knowing joy ;
No chance, or fit - but ever bright,
And calm and full, yet doth not cloy.

'Tis such a blissful thing, that still
Doth vivify !
And shine and smile, and hath the skill
To please without Eternity

Thou art a toilsome mole, or less,
A moving must ,
But life is, what none can express,
*A quickness which my God hath kissed.**

DECLARATION

ABEL'S BLOOD •

Sad, purple well! whose bubbling eye
Did first against a murderer cry.
Whose streams still vocal, still complain
Of bloody Cain.

The everlasting doors above,
Where souls behind the altar move
And with one strong, incessant cry
Inquire *How Long* of the Most High

Christ's progress and his prayer time ;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight :
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
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Self-posing state ;
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Almighty Judge !

At whose just laws no just men grudge ;
Whose blessed, sweet commands do pour
Comforts and joys and hopes each hour
On those that keep them ; O accept
Of his vowed heart, whom thou hast kept
From bloody men ! and grant I may
That sworn memorial duly pay
To thy bright arm, which was my light
And leader through thick death and night !

Aye, may that flood,
That proudly spilt and despised blood,
Speechless and calm as infants sleep !
Or, if it watch, forgive and weep
For those that spilt it ! May no cries
From the low earth to high heaven rise,
But what (like his whose blood peace brings)
Shall (when they rise) speak better things
Than *Abel's* doth ! May *Abel* be
Still single heard, while these agree
With his mild blood in voice and will,
Who prayed for those that did him kill !

CCLXXXIV

THE REVIVAL *

Unfold, unfold ! take in his light,
Who makes thy cares more short than night.
The joys which with his day-star rise
He deals to all but drowsy eyes ;
And (what the men of this world miss)
Some drops and dews of future bliss.

Hark how his winds have changed their note,
And with warm whispers call thee out.
The frosts are past, the storms are gone,
And backward life at last comes on.

The lofty groves in express joys
Reply unto the turtle's voice ;
And here in dust and dirt, O here
The lilies of his love appear !

CCLXXXV

CHILDHOOD

I cannot reach it ; and my striving eye
 Dazzles at it, as at eternity.

'

'

'

'

'

and yet the purpose workings can
 Business and weighty action all,
 Checking the poor child for his play,
 But gravely cast themselves away

Almighty Judge !

At whose just laws no just men grudge ;
Whose blessed, sweet commands do pour
Comforts and joys and hopes each hour
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Dazzles at it as at eternity.

“ MY ANSWER MEN LOVE ”

A wolf, more than a lamb or dove ?
Or choose hell-fire and brimstone streams,
Before bright stars and God's own beams ?
Who kisseth thorns will hurt his face,
But flowers do both refresh and grace ;
And sweetly living (fie on men !)

“ . . . ”

“

“

“

“

“ . . . ”

“ . . . ”

Dear harmless age ! the short, swift span
Where weeping Virtue parts with man,
Where love without lust dwells, and bends
What way we please, without self ends

And yet the practice worldlings call
Business and weighty action all,
Checking the poor child for his play,
But gravely cast themselves away.

Can souls be tracked by any eye
But his, who gave them wings to fly ?

Only this veil which thou hast broke,
And must be broken yet in me,
This veil, I say, is all the cloak,
And cloud which shadows thee from me.
This veil thy full-eyed love denies,
And only gleams and fractions spies.

O take it off ! Make no delay,
But brush me with thy light, that I
May shine unto a perfect day,
And warm me at thy glorious eye !
O take it off ! or till it flee,
Though with no lily, stay with me !

CCLXXXVIII

THE LAMP

'Tis dead night round about : horror doth creep
And move on with the shades ; stars nod, and
sleep,

And through the dark air spin a fiery thread
Such as doth gild the lazy glow-worm's bed.

Yet burn'st thou here, a full day, while I spend
My rest in cares, and to the dark world lend
These flames, as thou dost thine to me ; I watch
That hour, which must thy life and mine des-
patch ;

But still thou dost outgo me, I can see
Met in thy flames all acts of piety ;

Thy light is charity ; thy heat is zeal ;
And thy aspiring, active fires reveal

Devotion still on wing : then, thou dost weep
Still as thou burn'st, and the warm droppings
creep

To measure out thy length, as if thou'dst know
What stock, and how much time were left thee
now ;

Nor dost thou spend one tear in vain, for still
 As thou dissolv'st to them, and they distil,
 They're stored up in the socket, where they lie,

But whensoe'er I'm out, both shall be in,
 And where thou mad'st an end, there I'll begin.

CCLXXXIX

Locked from the light,
 Fixeth a solitary lamp

Back to his day,
 So o'er fled minutes I retreat
 Unto that hour,
 Which showed thee last, but did defeat
 Thy light and power
 I search, and rack my soul to see
 Those beams again,
 But nothing but the snuff to me
 Appareth plain.
 That, dark and dead, sleeps in its known
 And common urn,
 But those, fled to their Maker's throne,
 There shine, and burn
 O could I track them ! but souls must
 Track one the other.
 And now the spirit, not the dust,
 Must be thy brother.

FRY VAUGHAN, SILURIST
have one pearl, by whose light
all things I see ;
in the heart of earth and night*
Find heaven and thee.

CCXC

THE DAWNING

What time wilt thou come ? when shall that
cry
The Bridegroom's Coming ! fill the sky ?

Shall it in the evening run
When our words and works are done ?
Or will thy all-surprising light
Break at midnight ?

In either sleep, or some dark pleasure
Beseth mad man without measure ?
Shall these early, fragrant hours
Unlock thy bowers,

And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crowned with eternity ?
Indeed, it is the only time
That with thy glory best dost chime ;

All now are stirring, ev'ry field
Full hymns doth yield
The whole Creation shakes off night,
And for thy shadow looks the light ;
Stars now vanish without number,
Sleepy planets set, and slumber,
The puffy clouds disband, and scatter,
All expect some sudden matter ;
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
That morning-star.

O at what time soever thou,
Unknown to us, the heavens wilt bow,
And with thy angels in the van,
Descend to judge poor careless man,
Grant I may not like puddle lie
In a corrupt security,
Where, if a traveller water crave,

He finds it dead, and in a grave

As was wont in her chapel door

Thou'lt find me dressed and on my way,
Watching the break of thy great day.

CCXCI

MAN *

Weighing the steadfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful clocks the noiseless date
And intercourse of times divide,
Where bees at night get home and hive, and
flowers

Early, as well as late,
Rise with the sun, and set in the same bowers

Man hath still either toys, or care,
He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
But ever restless and irregular

About this Earth doth run and ride,
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows
where,

He says it is so far
That he hath quite forgot how to go there

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have,

Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,
 By some hid sense their Maker gave ;
 Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
 And passage through these looms
 God ordered motion, but ordained no rest !

CCXCII

THE TIMBER *

Sure thou didst flourish once ! and many springs,
 Many bright mornings, much dew, many
 showers,
 Passed o'er thy head ; many light hearts and
 wings,
 Which now are dead, lodged in thy living
 bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies ;
 Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches
 shoot
 Towards the old and still enduring skies,
 While the low violet thrives at their root.

But thou beneath the sad and heavy line
 Of death, doth waste all senseless, cold, and
 dark,
 Where not so much as dreams of light may shine,
 Nor any thought of greenness, leaf or bark.

And yet—as if some deep hate and dissent,
 Bred in thy growth betwixt highwinds and thee,
 Were still alive—thou dost great storms resent
 Before they come, and know'st how near they
 be.

Else all at rest thou liest, and the fierce breath
 Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease ;
 But this thy strange resentment after death
 Means only those who broke—in life—thy
 peace.

THE WORLD •

Yet his dear treasure
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flower

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sat pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.

ds there were as frantic as himself
 ugg'd each one his pelf,
 night epicure placed heaven in sense,
 corned pretence,
 hers, slipped into a wide excess,
 ttle less ;
 ker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,
 hink them brave ;
 r, despised Truth sat counting by
 victory.
 me who all this while did weep and sing,
 g, and weep, soared up into the Ring ;
 most would use no wing.
 said I), thus to prefer dark night
 e true light !
 n grotts and caves, and hate the day,
 se it shews the way,
 ; which from this dead and dark abode
 up to God,
 where you might tread the sun, and be
 bright than he.
 I did their madness so discuss,
 whispered thus,
 ng the Bridegroom did for none provide
 or his Bride.

CCXCIV

THE CONSTELLATION *

dered lights (whose motion without noise
 sembles those true joys
 spring is on that hill where you do grow
 d we here taste sometimes below).
 hat exact obedience do you move
 w beneath, and now above,
 your vast progressions overlook
 e darkest night, and closest nook !
 ight I see you in the gladsome East,
 ne other, near the West,

And when I
 And hea
 Since and h
 Arted
 No deep, no
 Shall eith
 But seeks he
 Your ca
 Where, then
 Yet is th
 Since placed
 And fine
 Without com
 And the
 Thus by our
 Our gain
 Which for t
 serve
 What t
 Yet O for h
 All crow
 So guide us
 Be mor
 And fi
 In orde
 And taught
 Become

Enter thou
 Here throug
 will
 My pillow
 I wish to
 Passed
 And has

And when I cannot see, yet do you shine
 And beat about your endless line.
 Silence and light and watchfulness with you
 Attend and wind the clue,
 No sleep, nor sloth assails you, but poor man
 Still either sleeps or slips his span.
 But seeks he your *Obedience, Order, Light*,
 Your calm and well-trained flight,
 Where, though the glory differ in each star,
 Yet is there peace still and no war?

Thus by our lusts disordered into wars
 Our guides prove wandering stars,
 Which for these mists and black days were re-
 served,
 What time we from our first love swerved
 Yet O for his sake who sits now by thee,
 All crowned with victory,
 So guide us through this darkness, that we may
 Be more and more in love with day
 Settle and fix our hearts, that we may move
 In order, peace and love,
 And taught obedience by thy whole creation,
 Become an humble, holy nation

CCXCV

THE BIRD •

Hither thou com'st, the busy wind all night
 Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm
 wing
 Thy pillow was Many a sullen storm
 (For which course man seems much the fitter born)
 Rained on thy bed
 And harmless head

And now as fresh and cheerful as the light,
 Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
 Unto that providence, whose unseen arm
 Curbed them, and clothed thee well and warm.

All things that be, praise him ; and had
 Their lesson taught them, when first made

So hills and valleys into singing break,
 And though poor stones have neither speech nor
 tongue,

While active winds and streams both run and
 speak,

Yet stones are deep in admiration.

Thus Praise and Prayer here beneath the sun
 Make lesser mornings, when the great are done.

For each enclosed spirit is a star

Inlightning his own little sphere,

Whose light, though fetched and borrowed from
 afar,

Both mornings makes and evenings there.

CCXCVI

CORRUPTION

Sure, it was so. Man in those early days
 Was not all stone and earth,

He shined a little, and by those weak rays
 Had some glimpse of his birth.

He saw Heaven o'er his head and knew from
 whence

He came (condemned) hither,

And as first love draws strongest, so from hence
 His mind sure progressed thither.

Things here were strange unto him ; Sweat and
 till,

All was a thorn or weed ;

Nor did those last, but (like himself) died still
 As soon as they did seed ;

They seemed to quarrel with him ; for that act,
 That fell him, foiled them all :

He drew the curse upon the world, and cracked
The whole frame with his fall.

This made him long for home, as loath to stay
With murmurers and foes :

He sighed for Eden, and would often say

each day

... and the New Paradise lay

In some green shade or fountain
Angels lay heger there, each bush and cell.

Each oak, and high-way knew them :

Walk but the fields, or sit down at some well.

And he was sure to view them.

Almighty Love, where art thou now? mad man

Sit down and freeth on

He raves, and swears to the next of kin.

bow

cries
Arise / thrust on thy sickle

CC-BY

RIGHTIOUSNESS •

He that doth seek and love

The things above.

Whose spirit ever poor, is meek and low,

Who simple still and wise.

Subj homeward flies.

Quick to advance, and to retreat most slow

Whose acts, words and pretence

have all one sense.

One aim and end ; who walks not by his sight :
 Whose eyes are both put out,
 And goes about
 Guided by faith, not by exterior light.

Who spills no blood, nor spreads
 Thorns in the beds
 Of the distressed, hastening their overthrow ;
 Making the time they had
 Bitter and sad
 Like chronic pains, which surely kill, though slow.

Who knows earth nothing hath
 Worth love or wrath,
 But in his hope and rock is ever glad.
 Who seeks and follows peace,
 When with the ease
 And health of conscience it is to be had.

Who bears his cross with joy
 And doth employ
 His heart and tongue in prayers for his foes ;
 Who lends, not to be paid,
 And gives full aid
 Without that bribe which usurers impose.

Who never looks on man
 Fearful and wan,
 But firmly trusts in God ; the great man's
 measure
 Though high and haughty must
 Be ta'en in dust,
 But the good man is God's peculiar treasure.

CCXCVIII

THE RAINBOW *

Still young and fine ! but what is still in view
 We slight as old and soiled, though fresh and
 new.
 How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye
 Thy burnished, flaming arch did first descry !

When Terah, Nahor, Horan, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and
fair.

Storms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air -
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and

CONCLUSIONS

TIME BOOK

Eternal God ! Maker of all
That have lived here, since the man's fall ;
The rock of ages ! in whose shade
They live unseen, when here they fade.

Thou knew'st this paper when it was
 Mere seed and after that but grass,
 Before 'twas dressed or spun, and when
 Made linen who did wear it then
 What were their lives, their thoughts and deeds
 Whether good corn, or fruitless weeds

Thou knew'st this tree, when a green shade
Covered it, since a cover made,
And where it flourished, grew and spread,
As if it never should be dead

Thou knew'st this harmless beast, when he
Did live and feed by thy decree
On each green thing, then slept (well fed)
Clothed with this skin, which now lies spread

A covering o'er this aged book,
Which makes me wisely weep and look
On my own dust ; more dust it is
But not so dry and clean as this.
Thou knew'st and saw'st them all and though
Now scattered thus, dost know them so.

O knowing, glorious Spirit ! when
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts and men,
When thou shalt make all new again,
Destroying only death and pain,
Give him amongst thy works a place,
Who in them loved and sought Thy face !

ccc

*THE MORNING-WATCH **

O joys ! infinite sweetness ! with what flowers
And shoots of glory, my soul breaks and buds !

All the long hours
Of night and rest,
Through the still shrouds
Of sleep and clouds,

This dew fell on my breast ;

O how it bloods,

And spirits all my earth ! hark ! in what rings,
And hymning circulations the quick world

Awakes and sings !
The rising winds,
And falling springs,
Birds, beasts, all things

Adore Him in their kinds ;

Thus all is hurled

In sacred hymns and order ; the great chime
And symphony of Nature. Prayer is

The world in tune,
A spirit-voice
And vocal joys

Whose echo is heaven's bliss.

O let me climb

When I lie down ! The pious soul by night

Is like a clouded star, whose beams, though said
To shed their light
Under some cloud,
Yet are above,
And shine and move
Beyond that misty shroud.
So in my bed,
That curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes,
hide
My lamp and life, both shall in Thee abide.

THE ECLIPSE

Whither, O whither didst thou fly
When I did grieve Thine holy eye?
When Thou didst mourn to see me lost,
I did this curse upon myself
O'er all my sins and all my sinners
I did this curse, I did this sin,
Whom could it only grieve, but I took
My heart, and makes me blush to speak
Thy anger I could kiss and will,
But O Thy grief, Thy grief doth kill

EDMUND WALLER (1606-1657)



ON A GIRDLE

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 250 million to 450 million. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion.

It saw my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer—
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

ISAAK WALTON

narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair :
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round !

CCCIH

OLD AGE *

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time hath
made :
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home :
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

ISAAK WALTON (1593-1683)

CCCIV

THE ANGLER'S WISH *

I in these flowery meads would be :
These crystal streams should solace me ;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice :
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love :
Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty : please my mind.
To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers :

Here, hear my Kenna sing a song ;
There, see a blackbird feed her young

Or a leverock * build her nest :

Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth or what poor mortals love

Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice

Or, with my Bryan, and a book,

A quiet passage to a welcome grave

THOMAS WASHBOURNE (1606-1687)

cccv

*DAMON PAINTS THE JOYS OF HEAVEN **

A place where all the year is May,
Where every bird doth sit and sing
Continually, as in the Spring,
Where are always to be seen

Our roundelays harsh discords be
 Unto their sweetest harmony,
 Beyond the music of the spheres,
 O thou would'st wish to be all ears.

SIMON WASTELL (1560?-1635?)

CCCVI

*MAN'S MORTALITY **

Like as the damask rose you see,
 Or like the blossom on the tree,
 Or like the dainty flower in May,
 Or like the morning of the day,
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had—
 E'en such is man : whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out and cut, and so is done.
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth ;
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth ;
 The sun sets, the shadow flies ;
 The gourd consumes ; and man he dies !

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
 Or like a tale that's new begun,
 Or like the bird that's here to-day,
 Or like the pearlèd dew of May,
 Or like an hour, or like a span,
 Or like the singing of a swan—
 E'en such is man ; who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life, and death.
 The grass withers, the tale is ended ;
 The bird is flown, the dew's ascended ;
 The hour is short, the span is long ;
 The swan's near death ; man's life is done !

Like to the bubble in the brook,
 Or, in a glass, much like a look ;
 Or like a shuttle in weaver's hand,
 Or like the writing on the sand,

Or like a thought, or like a dream,
 Or like the gliding of the stream :
 E'en such is man, who lives by breath,

The water glides ; man's life is done.

Like to an arrow from a bow,
 Or like swift course of watery flow,
 Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb,
 Or like the spider's tender web ;
 Or like a race, or like a goal,

The dole soon dealt, man's life is done.

The snow dissolves, and so must all.

CCCVII

UPON THE IMAGE OF DEATH •

Before my face the picture hangs
 That daily should put me in mind

JOHN WEBSTER

Of those cold qualms and bitter pangs,
That shortly I am like to find,
But yet, alas, full little I
Do think hereon that I must die.

The gown which I do use to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat,
And eke that old and ancient chair
Which is my only usual seat,
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart,
If rich and poor his beck obey,
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way.
O grant me grace, O God, that I
My life may mend, sith I must die.

JOHN WEBSTER (1580?-1625?)

CCCVIII

*THE SHROUDING OF THE DUCHESS OF MALFI **

Hark! Now everything is still,
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud
And bid her quickly don her shroud!

Much you had of land and rent,
Your length in clay's now competent:
A long war disturbed your mind;
Here your perfect peace is signed.

Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet.

And—the foul fiend more to check—
 A crucifix let bless your neck ;
 'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day ;
 End your groan and come away.

CCCC

WAKE SONG *

As shadows wait upon the sun.
 Vain the ambition of kings
 Who seek by trophies and dead things
 To leave a living name behind,
 And weave but nets to catch the wind.

ROBERT WILDE (?-1679)

CCCC

EPITAPH *

(For a Godly Man's Tomb)

Here lies a piece of Christ , a star in dust ,
 A vein of gold ; a china dish that must
 Be used in heaven, when God shall feast the just.

.CCCXI

EPITAPH

(For a Wicked Man's Tomb.)

Here lies the carcase of a cursèd sinner,
 Doomed to be roasted for the Devil's dinner

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667)

CCCXII

A WIDOW'S HYMN *

How near me came the hand of Death,
 When at my side he struck my dear,
 And took away the precious breath
 Which quickened my belovèd peer !
 How helpless am I thereby made !
 By day how grieved, by night how sad !
 And now my life's delight is gone
 —Alas ! how am I left alone !

The voice which I did more esteem
 Than music in her sweetest key,
 Those eyes which unto me did seem
 More comfortable than the day ;
 Those now by me, as they have been,
 Shall never more be heard or seen ;
 But what I once enjoyed in them
 Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

Lord ! keep me faithful to the trust
 Which my dear spouse reposed in me :
 To him now dead preserve me just
 In all that should performèd be !
 For though our being man and wife
 Extendeth only to this life,
 Yet neither life nor death should end
 The being of a faithful friend.

CCCXIII

MY MISTRESS *

What pearls, what rubies can
Seem so lovely fair to man,
As her lips whom he doth love
When in sweet discourse they move,
Of her lovelier teeth, the while
She doth bless him with a smile ?
Stars indeed fair creatures be ;
Yet amongst us where is he
Joys not more the whilst he lies
Sunning in his mistress' eyes,
Than in all the glimmering light
Of a starry winter's night ?

Note the beauty of an eye—
And if aught you praise it by,
Leave such passion in your mind,
Let my reason's eye be blind.
Mark ! if ever red or white
Any where gave such delight,
As when they have taken place
In a worthy woman's face.

.

CCCXIV

I LOVED A LASS

I loved a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen :
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba queen ,
But, fool as then I was,
I thought she loved me too :
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo !

Her hair like gold did glister,
Each eye was like a star,

She did surpass her sister,
Which passed all others far ;
She would me honey call,
She'd—O she'd kiss me too !
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo !

Many a merry meeting,
My love and I have had ;
She was my only sweeting,
She made my heart full glad ;
The tears stood in her eyes
Like to the morning dew :
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo !

Her cheeks were like the cherry,
Her skin was white as snow ;
When she was blithe and merry
She angel-like did show ;
Her waist exceeding small,
The fives did fit her shoe :
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo !

In summer time or winter
She had her heart's desire ;
I still did scorn to stint her
From sugar, sack or fire ;
The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew :
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo !

To maiden vows and swearing
Henceforth no credit give ;
You may give them the hearing,
But never them believe ;
They are as false as fair,
Unconstant, frail, untrue :
For mine, alas ! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo !

CCCXV

LILIES WITHOUT, LILIES WITHIN •

Can I think the Guide of Heaven
Hath so bountifully given
Outward features, 'cause He meant
To have made less excellent
Your divine part ? Or suppose
Beauty, goodness doth oppose .
Like those fools, who do despair
To find any, good and fair ?
Rather there I seek a mind
Most excelling, where I find
God hath to the body lent
Most-beseeming ornament,
And I do believe it true,
That, as we the body view
Nearer to perfection grow .
So, the soul herself doth show
Others more and more excelling
In her powers ; as in her dwelling

CCCXVI

CANTICLE •

CCCXVII

FOR ANNIVERSARY MARRIAGE-DAYS •

Lord, living, here are we
As fast united, yet
As when our hands and hearts by Thee

6
GEORGE WITHER

Together first were knit,
And, in a thankful song,
Now sing we will Thy praise,
For, that Thou dost as well prolong
Our loving as our days.

Together we have now
Begun another year;
But how much time Thou wilt allow
Thou mak'st it not appear.
We, therefore, do implore
That live and love we may,
Still so, as if but one day more
Together we should stay.

Let each of other's wealth
Preserve a faithful care,
And of each other's joy and health,
As if one soul we were.
Such conscience let us make,
Each other not to grieve,
As if we, daily, were to take
Our everlasting-leave.

The frowardness that springs
From our corrupted kind,
Or from those troublous outward things,
Which may distract the mind,
Permit Thou not, O Lord,
Our constant love to shake;
Or to disturb our true accord,
Or make our hearts to ache.

But let these frailties prove
Affection's exercise;
And that discretion teach our love
Which wins the noblest prize.
So Time which wears away
And ruins all things else
Shall fix our love on Thee for aye
In Whom perfection dwells.

CCCXVIII

STONE WALLS NO PRISON •

When I was wont to sing of shepherd's loves,
 My walks were fields and downs and hills and
 groves ;
 But now (alas) so strict is my hard doom,
 Fields, downs, hills, groves and all's but one poor
 room

Nor do I pass for all this outward ill,
 My heart's the same and undejected still ,
 And, which is more than some in freedom win,
 I have true rest and peace and joy within

CCCXIX

THE MARYGOLD •

How, when he down declines, she droops and
 mourns,

Together first were knit,
And, in a thankful song,
Now sing we will Thy praise,
For, that Thou dost as well prolong
Our loving as our days.

Together we have now
Begun another year ;
But how much time Thou wilt allow
Thou mak'st it not appear.
We, therefore, do implore
That live and love we may,
Still so, as if but one day more
Together we should stay.

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Affection's exercise ;
And that discretion teach our love
Which wins the noblest prize.
So Time which wears away
And ruins all things else
Shall fix our love on Thee for aye
In Whom perfection dwells.

ccccviii

STONE WALLS NO PRISON *

At first while the world's sweet air did draw,
 led by the Fairest ever mortal saw)
 closely pent, with walls of ruthless stone,
 some my days and nights, and all alone.
 When I was wont to sing of shepherd's loves,
 walks were fields and downs and hills and
 groves,
 At now (alas) so strict is my hard doom,
 elds, downs, hills, groves and all's but one poor
 room

Each morn as soon as day-light did appear,
 With Nature's music birds would charm mine ear;
 Which now, instead of their melodious strains,
 Hear rattling shackles, gyves and bolts and chains.

But though that all the world's delights forsake me,
 I have a Muse and she shall music make me.
 Whose airy note, in spite of closest cages,
 Shall give content to me and after ages

Nor do I pass for all this outward ill
 My heart's the same and undejected still.
 And, which is more than some in freedom win,
 I have true rest and peace and joy within

ccccix

THE MARYGOLD *

When with a serious musing I behold
 The grateful and obsequious marygold,
 How duly, every morning, she displays
 Her open breast, when Titan spreads his rays
 How she observes him in his daily walk,
 Still bending tow'ards him her small slender stalk.
 How, when he down declines, she droops and
 mourns,

wed, as 'twere with tears, till he returns;
how she veils her flowers when he is gone,
she scornèd to be lookèd on
in inferior eye; or did contemn
wait upon a meaner light than him:
when this I meditate, methinks the flowers
are spirits far more generous than ours,
give us fair examples, to despise
servile fawning and idolatries
with which we court these earthly things below,
which merit not the service we bestow.
O my God! though grovelling I appear
in the ground, and have a rooting here
which pulls me downward, yet in my desire
that which is above me I aspire;
all my best affections I profess
Him that is the Sun of Righteousness.
Keep the morning of His incarnation,
burning noontide of His bitter passion,
night of His descending, and the height
of His ascension—ever in my sight!
I, imitating Him in what I may,
never follow an inferior way.

CCCXX

HYPERBOLES *

Though sometime my song I raise
To unused heights of praise,
And break forth as I shall please
Into strange hyperboles,
'Tis to show conceit hath found
Worth beyond expression's bound.
Though her breath I do compare
To the sweet'st perfumes that are;
Or her eyes, that are so bright,
To the morning's cheerful light;
Yet I do it not so much
To infer that she is such,
As to show that being blest

With what ments name of best,
She appears more fair to me
Than all creatures else that be ;
Her true beauty leaves behind
Apprehensions in my mind
Of more sweetness than all art
Or inventions can impart ;
Thoughts too deep to be expressed,
And too strong to be suppressed.

□ □ □ □

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS MUSE •

Thou in contentment shalt with monarchs dwell

00000000

THE LULLABY.

Sleep, baby, sleep ! What ails my dear,
What ails my darling thus to cry ?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my dear : sweet baby, sleep
Thou blessed soul, what can'st thou fear,
What thing to thee can mischief do ?
Thy God is now thy father dear,
His holy Sponse thy mother too
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep
Be still, my babe : sweet baby, sleep

While thus thy lullaby I sing,
For thee great blessings ripening be ;
Thine Elder Brother is a king,
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear ;
For whosoever thee offends
By thy protector threatened are,
And God and angels are thy friends.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes He took delight ;
Such innocents as thou, my dear,
Are ever precious in His sight.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby sleep.

A little infant once was He ;
And strength in weakness then was laid
Upon His Virgin-Mother's knee,
That power to thee might be conveyed.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need
He friends and helpers doth prepare,
Which thee shall cherish, clothe and feed,
For of thy weal they tender are.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when He was born,
Had not so much for outward ease ;
By Him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
Where oxen lay and asses fed ;

Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
 An easy cradle or a bed.
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast yet more to perfect this,
 A promise and an earnest got
 Of gaining everlasting bliss.
 Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe , sweet baby, sleep.

SIR HENRY WOTTON (1568-1639)

ccccxiii

*ON A BANK AS I SAT FISHING**

This day dame Nature seemed in love ,
 The lusty sap began to move ;
 Fresh juice did stir th'embracing vines ,
 And birds had drawn their valentines

The jealous trout, that low did be,
 Rose at a well-dissembled fly .
 There stood my friend with patient skill,
 Attending of his trembling quill

Already were the eyes possessed
 With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest ,
 The groves already did rejoice,
 In Philomel's triumphing voice

.

Where for some sturdy football swain
 Loan strokes a syllabub or twain .
 The fields and gardens were beset
 With tulips, crocns, violet .

SIR HENRY WOTTON

And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looks gay and full of cheer,
To welcome the new-liveried year.

CCCXXIV

UPON THE DEATH OF SIR ALBERT
MORTON'S WIFE

He first deceased ; she for a little tried
To live without him : liked it not, and died.

CCCXXV

UPON THE SUDDEN RETIREMENT OF
THE EARL OF SOMERSET, THEN
FALLING FROM FAVOUR *

Dazzled thus with height of place
Whilst our hopes our wits beguile,
No man marks the narrow space
'Twixt a prison and a smile.

Then, since Fortune's favours fade,
You that in her arms do sleep,
Learn to swim and not to wade ;
For the hearts of kings are deep.

But if greatness be so blind
As to trust in towers of air,
Let it be with goodness lined,
That at least the fall be fair.

Then, though darkened you shall say,
When friends fail and princes frown,
Virtue is the roughest way,
But proves at night a bed of down.

ANONYMOUS

CCCXXVI

PHILLADA FLOUTS ME

Oh ! what a plague is love,
I cannot bear it ;
She will inconstant prove,
I greatly fear it .
It so torments my mind,
That my heart faileth ;
She wavers with the wind,
As a ship saileth
Please her the best I may,
She loves still to gainsay,
Alack and well a day !
Phillada flouts me.

At the fair t'other day,
As she passed by me,
She looked another way,
And would not spy me
I woo'd her for to dine,
But could not get her ;
Dick had her to the Vine,
He might entreat her
With Daniel she did dance,
On me she wou'd not glance,
Oh ! thrice unhappy chance !
Phillada flouts me

Fair maid, be not so coy !
Do not disdain me ,
I am my mother's joy,
Sweet, entertain me !

I shall have, when she dies,
All things that's fitting ;
Her poultry and her becs,
And her goose sitting ;
A pair of mattress beds,
A barrel full of shreds :
And yet for all these guedes,
Phillada flouts me.

I often heard her say,
That she loved posies ;
In the last month of May
I gave her roses ;
Cowslips and gilliflowers,
And the sweet lily,
I got to deck the bowers
Of my dear Philly ;
She did them all disdain,
And threw them back again ;
Therefore 'tis flat and plain,
Phillada flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds and cream
All the year lasting,
And drink the crystal stream,
Pleasant in tasting ;
Swig whey until you burst,
Eat bramble-berries,
Pie-lid and pastry crust,
Pears, plums and cherries ;
Thy garments shall be thin,
Made of a wether's skin :
Yet all's not worth a pin,
Phillada flouts me.

Which way so e'er I go,
She still torments me .
And whatsoe'er I do,
Nothing contents me ;
I fade and pine away
With grief and sorrow ;
I fall quite to decay,
Like any shadow

I shall be dead, I fear,
 Within a thousand year,
 And all because my dear
 Phyllada flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,
 And in time take me;
 I can have those as fair,
 If you forsake me;
 There's Doll the dairy maid
 Smiled on me lately,
 And wanton Winifred
 Favours me greatly;
 One throws milk on my clothes,
 T'other plays with my nose;
 What pretty toys are those?
 Phyllada flouts me.

She hath a cloth of mine,
 Wrought with blue Coventry,
 Which she keeps for a sign
 Of my fidelity;
 But if she frowns on me,
 She ne'er shall wear it.
 I'll give it my maid Joan,
 And she shall tear it.
 Since 'twill no better be,
 I'll bear it patiently
 Yet all the world may see
 Phyllada flouts me.

CCCCXVII

THE QUEEN OF FAIRIES

Come, follow, follow me!
 You, Fairy Elves, that be,
 Which circle on the green;
 Come follow me, your Queen!
 Hand in hand let's dance a round!
 For this place is fairy ground

When mortals are at rest,
And snorting in their nest ;
Unheard and unespied,
Through keyholes we do glide !
Over tables, stools and shelves,
We trip it with our Fairy Elves

And if the house be foul ;
Or platter, dish or bowl :
Upstairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep ;
There, we pinch their arms and thighs
None escapes ; nor none espies !

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept ;
We praise the household-maid,
And surely she is paid ;
For we do use before we go,
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head,
Our table we do spread.
A corn of rye or wheat
Is manchet, which we eat :
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups, filled to the brink.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk :
Yet, in the morning, may be seen
Where we, the night before, have been

The grasshopper and the fly
Serve for our minstrelsy.
Grace said ; we dance a while,
And so the time beguile :
And when the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

A HYMN OF PARADISE

And all the work of those high rooms
Doth shine with beams of gold?
The horrid cold or scorching heat
Hath no admittance there,
The roses do not lose their leaves,
For spring lasts all the year
The uly's white, the saffron red,
The balsam drops appear

The season is not changed, but still
Both sun and moon are bright,
The Lamp of this fair city is
That clear immortal light

ANONYMOUS

Whose presence makes eternal day
Which never ends in night.

Nay all the Saints themselves shall shine
As bright as brightest sun.
In fullest triumph crownèd they
To mutual joys shall run,
And safely count their fights and foes,
When once the war is done.

For ever cheerful and content
They from mishaps are free ;
No sickness there can threaten health,
Nor young men old can be :
There they enjoy such happy state,
That in't no change they see.

There have they their Eternity ;
Their passage then is past.
They grow, they flourish and they sprout
Corruption off is cast.
Immortal strength hath swallowed up
The power of death at last.

O Happy Soul which shall behold
Thy King still present there !
And mayst from thence behold the world
Run round, secure from fear,
With stars and planets, moon and sun,
Still moving in their sphere !

CCCXXIX

THE KING'S COMING *

Yet if his Majesty our Sovereign Lord
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, " I'll be your guest to-morrow m
How should we stir ourselves, call and co
All hands to work ! " Let no man idle s

Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
 See they be fitted all ;
 Let there be room to eat,

So he be pleased, to think no labour lost,
 But at the coming of the King of Heaven
 All's set at six and seven .
 We wallow in our sin,
 Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn
 We entertain him always like a stranger,
 And, as at first, still lodge Him in the manger.

CCCXXX

THE MELANCHOLY LOVER

Too late he would the pain assuage,
 And to his chamber doth retire ;
 About with him he bears the rage,
 And in his tainted blood the fire ;
 But vowed I have and never must
 Your banished servant trouble you ;
 For, if I break, you may mistrust
 The vow I made to love you too.
 But tell me, lady, dearest foe,
 Where your lovely strength doth lie ;
 Is the power that charms me so
 In your soul or in your eye,
 In your snowy neck alone,
 Or is that grace in motion seen ?
 No such wonder can be done
 But in your voice that's music's queen ;
 Whilst I do listen to that voice
 I do feel my life decay,
 For that sweet and powerful noise
 Calls my flitting soul away ;
 Oh, suppress that magic sound
 That destroys without a wound !
 Peace, lady, peace, or singing die,
 That together you and I
 May arm in arm to heaven go ;
 For all the story we do know
 That the blessed do above
 Is that they sing and that they love.

cccxxxi

*A SONNET **

Mourn, mourn, ye lovers : flowers dying
 Rise again, the cold defying :
 But Beauty's flower, once dead, dies ever,
 Falls as soon, and riseth never.
 Mourn, mourn, ye lovers : sadly singing
 Love has his winter, and no springing.

ANOTHER *

And keep time in every lay,
For now the Gods are listening to your lays,
As they are passing through the milky ways.

TO FORTUNE *

Since
To L

On an any way
First it is needful that I find
Good meat and drink of every kind.
I ask no more !

And then (that I may well digest
Each several morsel of the feast)
See thou me store
(To ease the care within my breast)
With a thousand pounds at least !
I ask no more !

A well-born and a pleasing dame,
Full of beauty, void of shame ;
Let her have store
Of wealth, discretion and good fame,
And able to appease my flame !
I ask no more !

Yet one thing more ! Do not forget,
Afore that I do do this feat,
Forgot before,
That she a virgin be and neat ;
Of whom, two sons I may beget !
I ask no mote !

Let them be Barons ! and impart
To each a million for his part,
I thee implore !
That when I long life have led,
I may have Heaven when I am dead !
I ask no more !

CCCXXXIV

THE CHILD'S DEATH *

He did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time ;
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,
Or listening to their chime.
His slender sail
Scarce felt the gale ;
He did but float a little way,
And, putting to the shore,
While yet 'twas early day,
Went calmly on his way,
To dwell with us no more.
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his vessel's keel ;
A strip of yellow sand
Mingled the waters with the land,
Where he was seen no more !
O stern word, Never more !
Full short his journey was ; no dust
Of earth unto his sandals gave ;
The weary weight that old men must,
He bore not to the grave.
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
And wandered hither ; so his stay
With us was short ; and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God.

CCCCXXV

PEACE •

Left Peace behind.
 Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell ? said I,
 Methought a voice was given,
 Peace dwelt not here, long since did fly

An heavenly plant it was, and sweetly grew

CCCCXXVI

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE PAPER •

If all the world were sand-o,
 Oh then what should we lack-o ?
 If, as they say, there were no clay,
 How should we take tobacco ?

If all our vessels ran-a,
 If none but had a crack ;
 If Spanish apes ate all the grapes,
 How should we do for sack ?
 If friars had no bald pates,
 Nor nuns had no dark cloisters ;
 If all the seas were beans and peas,
 How should we do for oysters ?
 If there had been no projects,
 Nor none that did great wrongs ;
 If fiddlers should turn players all,
 How should we do for songs ?
 If all things were eternal,
 And nothing their end bringing ;
 If this should be, then how should we
 Here make an end of singing ?

CCCCXXVII

*DE MORTE **

Man's life's a tragedy : his mother's womb
 (From which he enters) is the tiring room ;
 This spacious earth the theatre ; and the stage
 That country which he lives in : passions, rage,
 Folly and vice are actors : the first cry
 The prologue to the ensuing tragedy.
 The former Act consisteth of dumb shows ;
 The second, he to more perfection grows ;
 I' th' third he is a Man and doth begin
 To nurture vice and act the deeds of sin :
 I' th' fourth declines ; i' th' fifth diseases clog
 And trouble him ; then Death's his epilogue.

CCCCXXVIII

*CHLORIS IN THE SNOW **

I saw fair Chloris walk alone,
 When feathered rain came softly down,

For grief it thawed into a tear :
 Thence, falling on her garment's hem
 To deck her, froze into a gem.

CCXXXIX

THE INVITATION *

Lord, what unvalued pleasures crowned
 The days of old ,
 When Thou wert so familiar found,
 Those days were gold :—

When Abram wished Thou couldst afford
 With him to feast ;
 When Lot but said, " Turn in, my Lord,
 Thou wert his guest

But, oh ! this heart of mine doth pant,
 And beat for Thee ,
 Yet Thou art strange, and wilt not grant
 Thyself to me

What, shall Thy people be so dear
 To Thee no more ?
 Or is not Heaven to earth so near
 As heretofore ?

The famished raven's hoarser cry
 Finds out Thine ear ,
 My soul is famished and I die
 Unless Thou hear

O Thou great Alpha ! King of kings !
 Or bow to me
 Or lend my soul seraphic wings
 To get to Thee.

CCCXL

UPON A GARDENER

Could he forget his death ? that every hour
 Was emblemed to it by the fading flower :
 Should he not mind his end ? Yes, needs he must,
 That still was conversant 'mongst beds of dust.
 Then let no onyon in an handkercher
 Tempt your sad eyes into a needless fear ;
 If he that thinks on death well lives and dies,
 The gard'ner sure is gone to Paradise.

CCCXLI

EPITAPH ON CROYLAND ABBEY

Man's life is like unto a winter's day :
 Some break their fast and so depart away
 Others stay dinner, then depart full fed ;
 The longest age but sups and goes to bed.
 O reader, then behold and see
 As we are now, so thou must be.

CCCXLII

EPITAPH UPON A CHILD (DIED, 1655)

Just three years old, and April be her date,
 The month bespeaks our tears, her years, her fate.

CCCXLIII

*EPITAPH ON ELEANOR FREEMAN,
 WHO DIED A.D. 1650, AGED 21 **

A virgin blossom in her May
 Of youth and virtues turned to clay ;
 Rich earth accomplished with those graces
 That adorn saints in heavenly places.
 Let not Death boast his conquering power,
 She'll rise a star, that fell a flower.

CCCXLIV

SWEET SLUG-A-BED

Myrtilla, early on the lawn,
 Steals roses from the blushing dawn,
 But when Myrtilla sleeps till ten,
 Aurora steals them back agen.

CCCXLV

A ROUND

Hey nonny, no !
 Men are fools that wish to die !
 Is't not fine to dance and sing
 When the bells of death do ring ?
 Is't not fine to swim in wine,
 And turn upon the toe
 And sing hey nonny, no '
 When the winds blow and the seas flow !
 Hey nonny, no !

CCCXLVI

THE LARK •

And e'er the sun be come about,
 Teach the young lark his lesson out,
 Who, early as the day is born,
 Sings his shrill anthem to the rising morn.
 Let never mortal lose the pains
 To imitate my airy strains
 Whose pitch too high for human ears,
 Has set me by the tuneful spheres

I carol to the Fairies' King,
 Wake him a-mornings when I sing,
 And when the sun stoops to the deep,
 Rock him again, and his fair Queen to sleep.

CCCXLVII

*HUE AND CRY AFTER CHLORIS **

Tell me, ye wand'ring Spirits of the air,
 Did you not see a nymph more bright, more fair
 Than Beauty's darling, or of looks more sweet
 Than stolt'n content ? If such an one you meet,
 Wait on her hourly wheresoe'er she flies,
 And cry, and cry, Amyntor for absence dies.

Go search the vallies ; pluck up ev'ry rose,
 You'll find a scent, a blush of her in those ;
 Fish, fish for pearl or coral, there you'll see
 How oriental all her colours be ;
 Go, call the echoes to your aid, and cry
 Chloris, Chloris, for that's her name for whom
 I die.

But stay awhile, I have informed you ill,
 Were she on earth, she had been with me still :
 Go, fly to Heaven, examine ev'ry sphere :
 And try what star hath lately lighted there ;
 If any brighter than the sun you see,
 Fall down, fall down and worship it, for that is she.

CCCXLVIII

A GLEE AT CHRISTMAS

'Tis Christmas now ! 'Tis Christmas now !
 When Cato's self would laugh,
 And smoothing forth his wrinkled brow,
 Give liberty to quaff,
 To dance and sing, to sport and play,
 For every hour's a holiday.

And for the twelve days, let them pass
 In mirth and jollity :
 The time doth call each lad and lass,
 That will be blythe and free,
 To dance and sing, to sport and play,
 For every hour's a holiday.

• • •

To dance and sing, to sport and play,
 For every hour's a holiday

CCCXLIX

THE GARLAND OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARIE *

Here are five letters in this blessed name,
 Which, changed, a five-fold mystery design,
 The M the Myrtle, A the Almonds claim,
 R Rose, I Ivy, E sweet Eglantine

• • •

The fourth is the humble Ivy intersert
 But lowly laid, as on the earth asleep.

Preservèd in her antique bed of vert,
No faiths more firm or flat, then, where't doth
creep.

But that, which sums all, is the Eglantine
Which of the field is cleped the sweetest briar,
Inflamed with ardour to that mystic shine,
In Moses' bush unwasted in the fire.

Thus love, and hope, and burning charity,
(Divinest graces) are so intermixt
With odorous sweets and soft humility,
As if they adored the head, whereon they are
fixed.

CCCL

*ON HIS MISTRESS' GARDEN OF
HERBS **

Heart's-ease, a herb that sometimes hath been
seen

In my love's garden plot, to flourish green,
Is dead and withered with a wind of woe ;
And bitter rue in place thereof doth grow.
The cause I find to be, because I did
Neglect the herb called Time: which now doth bid
Me never hope ; nor look once more again
To gain heart's-ease, to ease my heart of pain.
One hope is this, in this my woeful case,
My rue, though bitter, may prove herb of
grace.

CCCLI

DING DONG

Whilst we sing the doleful knell
Of this princess' passing-bell,
Let the woods and valleys ring
Echoes to our sorrowing ;
And the tenor of their song

Be ding dong, ding dong, dong
 Ding dong, dong,
 Ding dong.

.
 . . .
 . . .
 . . .
 . . .
 . . .

Ding dong.

Fauns and sylvans of the woods,
 Nymphs that haunt the crystal floods,
 Savage beasts more milder then
 The unrelenting hearts of men,
 Be partakers of our moan,
 And with us sing ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, dong,
 Ding dong

CCCLII

A CHRISTMAS CAROL •

God bless the master of this house,
 The mistress, also,
 And all the little children
 That round the table go
 And all your kin and kinsfolk
 That dwell both far and near,
 I wish you a merry Christmas
 And a happy new year

CCCLIII

ON LADY KATHERINE PASTON, WHO DIED MARCH 10, 1628

an man be silent and not praises find
 or her who lived the praise of woman-kind,

Whose outward frame was lent the world
What shapes our souls shall wear in happ
Whose virtue did all ill so oversway,
That her whole life was a communion day

CCCLIV

*THE SONG OF NIGHT **

In wet and cloudy mists I slowly rise,
As with mine own dull weight oppre
To close with sleep the jealous lover's ey
And give forsaken virgins rest.

Th' advent'rous merchant and the marin
Whom storms all day vex in the dee
Begin to trust the winds when I appear,
And lose their dangers in their sleep

The studious that consume their brains a
In search where doubtful knowledge
Grow weary of their fruitless use of light
And wish my shades to ease their ey

Th' ambitious toiling statesman that pre
Great mischiefs ere the day begins,
Not measures days by hours but by his
And night must intermit his sins.

Then why, when my slow chariot used t
Did old mistaking sages weep?
As if my empire did usurp their time,
And hours were lost when spent in

I come to ease their labours and preven
That weariness which would destroy
The profit of their toils are still misspen
Till rest enables to enjoy.

CCCLV

DOWN IN A GARDEN

'Why was I born to live and die a maid?'
 With that I plucked a pretty mangold,
 Whose dewy leaves shut up when day is done.
 'Sweeting,' I said, 'arise, look and behold,
 What riddle I'll to thee unfold
 These leaves shut in as close as clustered nun

Be you the sun, I'll be the mangold'

CCCLVI

*SONG **

Tell me no more how fair she is;
 I have no mind to hear
 The story of that distant bliss
 I never shall come near,
 By sad experience I have found
 That her perfection is my wound.

I ask no pity, Love, from thee,
 Nor will thy justice blame ;
 So that thou wilt not envy me
 The glory of my flame,
 Which crowns my heart where'er it dies,
 In that it falls her sacrifice.

CCCLVII

*LOVE'S DROLLERY **

I love thee for thy fickleness,
 And great inconstancy ;
 For had'st thou been a constant lass,
 Then thou had'st ne'er loved me.

I love thee for thy wantonness,
 And for thy drollery,
 For if thou had'st not loved to sport,
 Then thou had'st ne'er loved me.

I love thee for thy poverty,
 And for thy want of coin ;
 For if thou had'st been worth a groat,
 Then thou had'st ne'er been mine.

I love thee for thy ugliness,
 And for thy foolery ;
 For if thou had'st been fair or wise,
 Then thou had'st ne'er loved me.

Then let me have thy heart a while,
 And thou shalt have my money ;
 I'll part with all the wealth I have,
 To enjoy a lass so bonny.

CCCLVIII

SONG

When thou didst think I did not love, then didst
 thou fawn on me ;
 Now that thou find'st that I do prove as kind as
 kind may be,
 Love faints in thee.

What way to fix the Mercury of thy ill-fixed
 mind,
 Methinks it were good policy for me to turn un-
 kind,

To make thee kind

And though I might myself excuse with imitating
 thee,

Yet will I no example seek that may bewray in me
 Lightness to be

Nor will I yet good nature stain to buy at so
 great cost,

The which before I did obtain, I make account
 almost

My labour lost.

But since I gave thee once my heart, my con-
 stancy shall show,

That though thou play the woman's part and
 from a friend turn foe,

Men do not so.

CCCLIX

SONG

Come, lusty ladies, come, come, come !
 With pensive thoughts you pine
 Come, learn the galliard now of us,
 For we be masquers fine
 We sing, we dance and we rejoice
 With mirth in modesty
 Come, ladies, then and take a part,
 And, as we sing, dance ye !
 Tarranta ta-ta-ta-ta-tararantina, etc.

CCCLX

SONG

Let us in a lover's round
 Circle all this hallowed ground ;
 Softly, softly, trip and go

The light-foot Fairies jet it so.
 Forward then, and back again,
 Here and there and everywhere,
 Winding to and fro,
 Skipping high and skipping low ;
 And, like lovers, hand in hand,
 March around and make a stand.

CCCLXI

SONG *

Sweet, yet cruel unkind is she
 To creep into my heart and murder me.
 Yet those beams from her eyes
 Dims Apollo at his rise ;
 And all those purer graces,
 All in their several places,
 Begets a glory doth surprise
 All hearts, all eyes,
 For only she
 Gives life eternity ;
 And when her presence deigns but to appear,
 Never wish greater bliss than shines from her
 bright sphere :
 Her absence wounds, strikes dead all hearts with
 fear.

CCCLXII

SONG

' Art thou that she than whom no fairer is,
 Art thou that she desire so strives to kiss ? '
 ' Say I am : how then ?
 Maids may not kiss
 Such wanton-humoured men.'
 ' Art thou that she the world commends for wit
 Art thou so wise and makest no use of it ? '
 ' Say I am : how then ?
 My wit doth teach me shun
 Such foolish, foolish men.'

CCCLXIII

THE GHOST-SONG •

'Tis late and cold, stir up the fire;
 I draw the table nigher;

And your horse shall have his due,
 Welcome, welcome shall fly round,
 And I shall smile, though under ground

CCCLXIV

A CATCH •

The Wisemen were but seven, ne'er more shall
 be for me.

The Muses were but nine, the Worthies thrice
 times three.

And three merry boys, and three merry boys
 we.

The virtues were but seven, and three
 greatest be.

The Caesars they were twelve, and the fa-
 Sisters three.

And three merry girls, and three merry girls
 we.

CCCLXV

THE ANGLER'S SONG

Man's life is but vain, for 'tis subject to pain
 And sorrow, and short as a bubble ;
 'Tis a hodge-podge of business and money and
 care,
 And care and money and trouble.
 But we'll take no care when the weather proves
 fair.
 Nor will we now vex though it rain ;
 We'll banish all sorrow, and sing till to-morrow,
 And angle and angle again.

CCCLXVI

*CANTUS **

Sing, fair Clarinda, whilst you move,
 Those that attend the throne above,
 To leave their holy business there,
 Shall so much harmony attend
 To think the spheres were made in vain ;
 Since here's a voice quickens the sloth
 Of nature's age : it comforts growth
 In all her works, and can provoke
 A lily to outlive an oak.

CCCLXVII

*TO ROBIN REDBREAST **

When I'm led out for dead, let thy last kindness be
 With leaves and moss-work for to cover me :
 And while the wood-nymphs my cold corse
 inter,
 Sing thou my dirge, sweet warbling chorister ;
 For epitaph in foliage next write this—
 Here, here the tomb of William Redley is.

CCCLXXIII

TO HIS MISTRESS

Last when I saw thee, thou didst sweetly play
The gentle thief and stol'st my heart away ;
Render't again or else give me thine own
In change, for two for thee (when I have none)
Too many are, else I must say, thou art
A sweet faced creature with a double heart.

CCCLIX

WALY, WALY •

O wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true Love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snow's inclemencie,
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry ;
 But my Love's heart grown cauld t
 When we cam in by Glasgow toun,
 We were a comely sicht to see ;
 My Love was clad in the black velvet,
 And I myself in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I had locked my heart in a case o' go
 And pinned it wi' a siller pin.
 And O ! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee ;
 And I mysel were dead and gane,
 And the green grass growing over i

CCCLXX

*EPITAPH ON MISTRESS MA
 PRIDEAUX **

Happy grave, thou dost enshrine
 That which makes thee a rich mine
 Yet remember, 'tis but loan,
 And we look for back our own.
 The very same, mark me, the same
 Thou shalt not cheat us with a lam
 Deformèd carcase ; this was fair,
 Fresh as morning, soft as air ;
 Purer than other flesh, as fair
 As other souls than bodies are :
 And that thou maist the better see
 To find her out, two stars there be
 Eclipsèd now ; uncloud but those,
 And they will point thee to the ros
 That dyed each cheek, now pale an
 But will be, when she wakes again,
 Fresher than ever ; and how ere
 Her long sheet may alter her,

Her soul will know her body straight,
 'Twas made so fit for't, no deceit
 Can suit another to it, none
 Clothe it so neatly as its own.

CCCLXXI

OBSEQUIES •

Draw not so near
 Unless you shed a tear
 On the stone,
 Where I groan,
 And will weep,
 Until eternal sleep
 Hath charmed my weary eyes.
 Flora lies here,
 Embalmed with many a tear,
 Which the swains
 From the plains
 Here have paid
 And many a vestal maid
 Hath mourned her obsequies .
 Their snowy breasts they tear,
 And rend their golden hair ,
 Casting cries
 To celestial deities,
 To return
 Her beauty from the urn,
 To reign
 Unparallel on earth again.
 When strait a sound,
 From the ground,
 Piercing the air,
 Cries, She's dead,
 Her soul is fled
 Unto a place more rare
 You spirits that do keep
 The dust of those that sleep
 Under the ground,
 Hear the sound

Of a swain
 That folds his arms in vain,
 Unto the ashes he adores.
 For pity, do not fright
 Him wand'ring in the night :
 Whilst he laves
 Virgins' graves
 With his eyes,
 Unto their memories,
 Contributing sad show
 And when my name is read
 In the number of the dead,
 Some one may
 In charity repay
 My sad soul
 The tribute which she gave,
 And hand
 Some requiem on my grave.
 Then weep no more ;
 Grief will not restore
 Her freed from care.
 Though she be dead,
 Her soul is fled
 Unto a place more rare.

CCCLXXII

*A LOVER'S LEGACY **

Fain would I, Chloris ! ere I die,
 Bequeath you such a legacy,
 As you might say, when I am gone,
 ' None has the like ! ' My heart all
 Were the best gift I could bestow ;
 But that's already yours, you know
 So that, till you my heart resign,
 Or fill, with yours, the place of mine
 And, by that grace, my store renew
 I shall have nought worth giving you
 Whose breast has all the wealth I have
 Save a faint carcase and a grave !

But had I as many hearts as hairs ;
As many loves as Love has fears ;
As many lives as years have hours :
They should be all, and only yours !

CCCLXXXIII

ON WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY •

ccclxxxiv

SONG

He or she that hopes to gain
Love's best sweet without some pain
Hopes in vain

Cupid's livery no one wears
But must put on hopes and fears,
Smiles and tears

And, like to April weather,
Rain and shine both together,
Both or neither

CCCLXXV

ON FRANCIS DRAKE

The stars above would make thee know
 If men here silent were ;
 The sun himself cannot forget
 His fellow traveller.

CCCLXXVI

DEATH'S TRADE

Death is a fisherman, the world we see
 His fish-pond is, and we the fishes be.
 He, sometimes, angler-like, doth with us
 And silyly takes us one by one away ;
 Diseases are the murdering hooks, which
 Doth catch us with, the bait mortality,
 Which we poor silly fish devour, till stro
 At last, too late, we feel the bitter hook.
 At other times he brings his net, and the
 At once sweeps up whole cities-full of me
 Drawing up thousands at a draught, and
 Only some few, to make the others' grav
 His net some raging pestilence ; now he
 Is not so kind as other fishers be ;
 For if they take one of the smaller fry,
 They throw him in again, he shall not di
 But death is sure to kill all he can ge
 And all is fish with him that comes to

CCCLXXVII

EPITAPH ON AN ONLY CHILD

Here lies the father's hope, the mother
 Though they seem hapless, happy was th
 Who of this life the long and tedious rac
 Hath travelled out in less that two :
 space.
 Oh ! happy soul, to whom such grace wa
 To make so short a voyage back to Hea
 As here a name and christendom t'obtai
 And to his Maker then return again.

CCCLXXVIII

*ANOTHER ON A CHILD OF TWO YEARS
OLD, BEING BORN AND DYING IN JULY*

Here is laid a July flower
 With surviving tears bedewed,
 Not despairing of that hour
 When her spring shall be renewed ;
 Ere she had her summer seen,
 She was gathered fresh and green.

CCCLXXIX

*AN INCOMPARABLE KISS**

As the first lovers in the garden were

Let us vie kisses, till our eye-lids cover,
 And if I sleep, count me an idle lover ;
 Admit I sleep, I'll still pursue the theme,
 And eagerly I'll kiss thee in a dream.
 O give me way : grant love to me thy friend !
 Did hundred thousand suitors all contend
 For thy virginity, there's none shall woo
 With heart so firm as mine ; none better do
 Than I with your sweet sweetness ; if you doubt,
 Pierce with your eyes my heart or pluck it out.

CCCLXXX

*EPITAPH **

Our life is only death ! time that ensu'th
 Is but the death of time that went before ;
 Youth is the death of childhood, age of youth
 Die once to God, and then thou diest no more.

CCCLXXXI

*CONFINEMENT **

Beat on, proud billows ; Boreas, blow !
 Swell, curlèd waves, high as Jove's roof !
 Your incivility doth show
 That innocence is tempest proof ;
 Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are
 calm ;
 Then strike, affliction, for thy wounds are balm.
 That which the world miscalls a gaol,
 A private closet is to me :
 Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
 And innocence my liberty :
 Locks, bars and solitude together met,
 Make me no prisoner, but an anchorèt.
 I, whilst I wished to be retired,
 Into this private room was turned ;

' their wisdoms had conspired
 The salamander should be burned ;
 like those sophists, that would drown a fish,
 I constrained to suffer what I wish.

these manacles upon my arm

these
 ve you not seen the nightingale,
 A prisoner kept, cooped in a cage,
 how doth she chant her wonted tale
 In that her narrow hermitage ?
 when then her charming melody doth prove,
 at all her bars are trees, her cage a grove

CCCLXXXII

*A PANEGYRICK ON THE BLESSED
 VIRGIN MARY **

I do not tremble, when I write
 A Mistress' praise, but with delight
 Can dive for pearls into the flood,
 Fly through every garden, wood,

ANONYMOUS

Stealing the choice of flow'rs and wind,
To dress her body or her mind ;
Nay the Saints and Angels are
Not safe in Heaven, till she be fair,
And rich as they ; nor will this do,
Until she be my idol too.
With this sacrilege I dispense,
No fright is in my conscience,
My hand starts not, nor do I then
Find any quakings in my pen ;
Whose every drop of ink within
Dwells, as in me my parent's sin.
And praises on the paper wrot
Have but conspired to make a blot :
Why should such fears invade me now
That writes on her ? to whom do bow
The souls of all the just, whose place
Is next to God's, and in his face
All creatures and delights doth see
As darling of the Trinity ;
To whom the Hierarchy doth throng,
And for whom Heaven is all one song.
Joys should possess my spirit here,
But pious joys are mixed with fear :
Put off thy shoe, 'tis holy ground,
For here the flaming Bush is found,
The mystic rose, the Ivory Tower,
The morning Star and David's bower,
The rod of Moses and of Jesse,
The fountain sealed, Gideon's fleece,
A woman clothèd with the Sun,
The beauteous throne of Salomon,
The garden shut, the living spring,
The Tabernacle of the King,
The Altar breathing sacred fume,
The Heaven distilling honeycomb,
The untouched lily, full of dew,
A Mother, yet a Virgin too,
Before and after she brought forth
(Our ransom of eternal worth)
Both God and man. What voice can sing

My soul, it must obey a trance.

CCCLXXXIII

*OF TEARS **

CCCLXXXIV

*THE MOUNTEBANK'S SONG **

Is any deaf ? Is any blind ?
 Is any bound or loose behind ?
 Is any foul that would be fair ?
 Would any lady change her hair ?
 Does any dream ? Does any walk,
 Or in his sleep affrighted talk ?
 I come to cure whate'er you feel,
 Within, without, from head to heel

Dost thou desire and cannot please ?
 Lo, here the best cantharides !
 I come to cure whate'er you feel,
 Within, without, from head to heel.

Even all diseases that arise
 From all disposèd crudities;
 From too much study, too much pain,
 From laziness and from a strain;
 From any humour doing harm,
 Be it dry, or moist, or cold or warm.
 Then come to me, whate'er you feel,
 Within, without, from head to heel.

Of lazy gout, I cure the rich,
 I rid the beggar of the itch,
 I fleam avoid both thick and thin,
 I dislocated joints put in,
 I can old age to youth restore
 And do a thousand wonders more.
 Then come to me whate'er you feel,
 Within, without, from head to heel.

CCCLXXXV

*ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW **

From Oberon in fairyland,
 The king of ghosts and shadows there,
 Mad Robin I, at his command,
 Am sent to view the night-sports here.
 What revel rout
 Is kept about,
 In every corner where I go,
 I will o'er see
 And merry be
 And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!
 More swift than lightning can I fly
 About the airy welkin soon,
 And in a minute's space descry
 Each thing that's done below the moon.
 There's not a hag,
 Or ghost shall wag,
 Cry, ware goblins, where I go;
 But Robin, I
 Their seats will spy,
 And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!

ANONYMOUS

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Where'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night-sports they trudge home ;
With counterfeiting voice I greet
And call them on, with me to roam
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes,
Or else unseen, with them I go,
And in the nick
To play some trick,
I frolic it, with ho, ho, ho !

So

At

I whirry.
When lary queans have naught to do ,
But study how to cog and lie ,
To make debate and mischief too
'Twixt one another secretly ,
I mark their glose
And it disclose
To them whom they have wronged so ,
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho !
When men do traps and engines set
In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,
Who from their folds and houses get
Their ducks and geese and lambs asleep
I spy the gu,
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so
But when they there
Approach me near,

By wells and rills in meadows green,
 We nightly dance our heydeguise,
 And to our fairy king and queen
 We chant our moonlight harmonies.
 When larks gin sing,
 Away we fling,
 And babes new-born steal as we go;
 An elf in bed
 We leave instead,
 And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho !
 From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
 Thus nightly revelled to and fro,
 And for my pranks men call me by
 The name of Robin Good-fellow.
 Fiends, ghosts and sprites,
 Who haunt the nights,
 The hags and goblins do me know ;
 And beldames old
 My feats have told,
 So *vale, vale* ; ho, ho, ho !

CCCLXXXVI

SONG *

I'll go to my love where he lies in the deep,
 And in my embraces my dearest shall sleep :
 When we wake, the king dolphins about us shall
 throng,
 And in chariots of shell shall draw us along.
 The orient pearl that the ocean bestows,
 We'll mix with the coral, our crowns to compose.
 Then the sea-nymphs shall grieve and envy our
 bliss,
 We'll teach them to love and the cockles to kiss.
 For my love sleeps now in his watery grave,
 Has nothing to show for his tomb but a wave,
 I'll kiss his dear lips, than the coral more red,
 That grows where he lies in his watery bed :
 Ah ! ah ! ah ! my love is dead.

CCCLXXXVII

SONG

Fondness of man to love a she,
Were beauty's image on her face
So carved by immortality
As envious time cannot disgrace.

Who shall weigh a lover's pain ?
Feigned smiles awhile his hopes may steer ;
But soon reduced by sad disdain
To the first principles of fear

CCCLXXXVIII

SONG *

Robin is a lovely lad,
No lass a smother ever had ;
Tommy hath a look as bright
As is the rosy morning light ,
Tib is dark and brown of hue,
But like her colour firm and true :
Jenny hath a lip to kiss
Wherein a spring of nectar is ,
Simkin well his mirth can place
And words to win a woman's grace ;
Sib is all in all to me,
There is no Queen of Love but she

CCCLXXXIX

SONG *

When I behold my mistress' face
Where beauty hath her dwelling-place,
And see those seeing stars her eyes
In whom love's fire for ever lies,
And hear her witty charming words,
Her sweet tongue to mine ear affords,
Methinks he wants wit, ears and eyes
Whom love makes not idolatrise.

CCCXC

IN SUMMER TIME *

In summer-time, when birds do sing,
And country-maids are making hay,
As I went forth myself alone
To view the meadows fresh and gay,
The country maidens I espied
With fine lawn aprons white as snow,
And crimson ribands about their arms
Which made a pretty country show.
The young men fell a-prating,
And took the maidens from hay-making
To go and tumble, tumble, tumble, tumble
Up and down the green meadow.
The next day being holiday
And country maids they would be seen,
Each took his sweetheart by the hand
And went to dance upon the green :
The country maids incontinent
Unto the green assembled were,
Adorned with beauty's ornaments,
Their cheeks like roses and lilies fair :
The young men fell a-skiping,
The maidens nimbly fell a-tripping,
They could not dance, but tumble, tumble, tumble
Up and down the green meadow.

When there is no space
For receipt of a fly ;
When the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay,
If Love come, he will enter
And will find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might ;
Or you may deem him
A coward for his flight ;
But if she whom Love doth honour
Be concealed from the day—
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
By having him confined ;
And some do suppose him,
Poor heart ! to be blind ;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that ye may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
He will find out the way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist ;
Or you may inveigle
The Phoenix of the east ;
The lioness, you may move her
To give over her prey ;
But you will ne'er stop a lover—
He will find out the way.

If the earth it should part him,
He would gallop it o'er ;
If the seas should o'erthwart him,
He would swim to the shore ;
Should his love become a swallow,
Through the air to stray,
Love will lend wings to follow,
And will find out the way.

There is no striving
 To cross his intent ;
 There is no contriving
 His plots to prevent ;
 But if once the message ~~comes him~~
 That his True Love doth say,
 If Death should come and meet him,
 Love will find out the way !

COLOGNE

A CHRISTMAS CAROL •

Now thrice welcome, Christmas,
 Whose brings us good cheer,
 Minced pies and plum pudding,
 Good ale and strong beer.
 With gay, roose and merriment
 The best that may be,
 So well doth the weather
 And our stomachs agree.

Observe how the chimneys
 Do smoke all about,
 The coals are providing
 For dinner, so hot
 For those on whose tables
 No victuals appear
 O may they keep fast
 All the rest of the year.

With holly and ivy
 So green and so gay
 We deck up our houses
 As trim as the day
 With gay and merriment
 And loud carols
 And every one now
 Is a king in his court.

CCCXCIII

*EPITAPH **

He whom Heaven did call away
Out of this hermitage of clay,
Has left some reliques in this urn
As a pledge of his return.
Meanwhile the Muses do deplore
The loss of this their paramour ;
With whom he sported ere the day
Budded forth its tender ray.
And now Apollo leaves his lays,
And puts on cypress for his bays ;
The sacred Sisters tune their quills
Only to the blubbering rills,
And while his doom they think upon,
Make their own tears their Helicon ;
Leaving the two-topt mount divine
To turn votaries to his shrine.

Think not, reader, me less blest,
Sleeping in this narrow chest,
Than if my ashes did lie hid
Under some stately pyramid.
If a rich tomb makes happy, then
That bee was happier far than men,
Who, busy in the thymy wood,
Was fettered by the golden flood,
Which from the amber-weeping tree
Distilled down so plenteously ;
For so this little wanton elf
Most gloriously enshrined itself ;
A tomb whose beauty might compare
With Cleopatra's sepulchre.
In this little bed my dust
Incurtained round I here intrust ;
While my more pure and nobler part
Lies entombed in every heart.
Then pass on gently, ye that mourn,
Touch not this mine hallowed urn ;

When this cold numbness shall retreat
By a more than chymick heat

cccxciv

*COME, SHEPHERDS, DECK YOUR
HEADS **

Come, Shepherds, deck your heads
No more with bays but willows,
Forsake your downy beds
And make the downs your pillows,
And mourn with me, since most
As never yet was no man,
For shepherd never lost
So plain a dealing woman.

All ye forsaken wooers
That ever were distressed,
And all ye lusty doers
That ever wenches pressed,
That losses can condole
And altogether summon
To mourn for the lost soul
Of my plain-dealing woman

*There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell lea*

*As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea ;*

*I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.*

*O Helen fair, beyond compare !
I'll mak a garland o' thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die*

*O that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ,
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, 'Haste and come to me !'*

*I wish I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ,
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me*

CCCXCVII

TO CHLORIS AT PARTING *

*Fain would I, Chloris, whom my heart adores,
Longer awhile between thine arms remain,*

The pink, the cowslip and the rose
Strive to salute her where she goes ;
And then contend to kiss her shoe,
The pansy and the daisy too

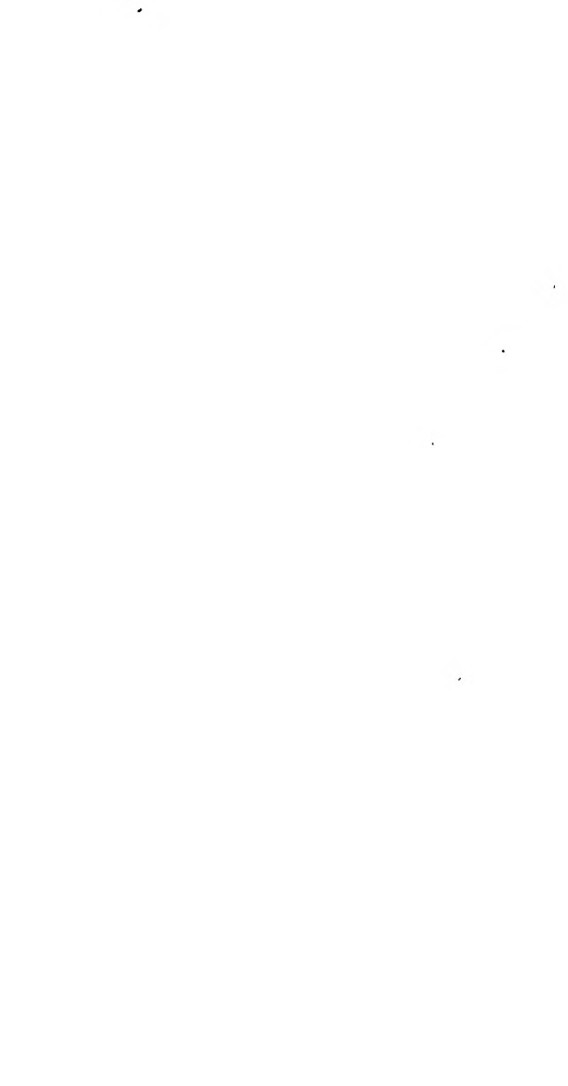
But now I wander on the plains,
Forsake my home and fellow-swains,
And must for want of her, I see,
Resolve to die in misery.

CCCXCIX

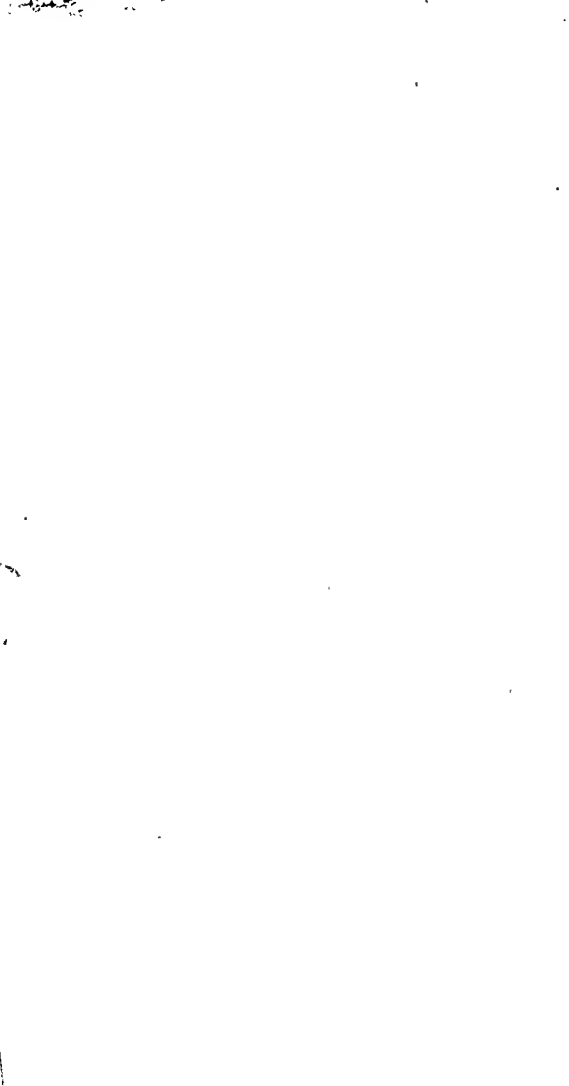
*IN THE PRAISE OF TOBACCO **

Tobacco I love and tobacco I'll take,
And hope good tobacco I ne'er shall forsake
'Tis drinking and wenching destroys still the

With pipe after pipe, we still keep in motion,
In puffing and smoking, like guns on the ocean,
And when they are out, we charge 'em and then
We stop 'em and ram 'em and re-charge again
Since we on tobacco can keep ourselves sound,
Let Bacchus or Venus in Lethe be drowned.



NOTES
LIST OF AUTHORS
AND
INDEX OF FIRST LINES



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1 1

out out of routine only in passages In spite
of the date of his work

2 2 Mr Warwick Bond collects

— 3 1 4 Mr Warwick Bond's note — "The outside
of the world"—the inside being that part
successively turned towards and lighted by

3 4

that they are the initials of William Basse
William Basse, the friend of Giles and Phineas
Fletcher, William Browne and Davenant, and
the "Willie" of Wither's fourth eclogue in *The*

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Shepherd's Hunting, was born at Northampton, but lived most of his life at Thame in Oxfordshire as a 'retainer' (in other words the librarian with plenty of time to stroll, ruminate and write pastorals) of the Lord Wenman of Thame Park. As a pastoralist in the mode of Phineas Fletcher's *Piscatorial Eclogues*, he belongs to the semi-rural, semi-Arcadian community of Browne, Wither and the Fletchers, which owned Spenser as their pastor. His verse lacks force and character as obviously as it is free from the eccentric or the perverse. But he is an easy and welcome poet to read, chiefly because of his sweetness of temper, contempt of the world and melancholy regard for the pleasures of retirement and solitude.

- 4 6 From 'Bosworth Field, with a Variety of Other Poems,' 1629, printed posthumously and reprinted in the *Fuller's Worthies Library*, 1869. Sir John Beaumont was Francis's cousin and a Leicestershire man, who lived a retired life on his estate studying poetry (besides making a little of it) in the earlier portion of his life and 'more serious and beneficial' subjects in the latter. He elaborated a theory of poetic style, which Waller developed later. Possibly, on this account, Beaumont's poetry is apt to be flat and prosaic. The pieces here chosen on the other hand represent him when his muse was out of school; when he was anxious to give expression not to some rule or other, but to the material of poetry and the substance of his feeling. 2nd, 5th and 6th stanzas omitted. *Idem*.

5 6

6 7

7 8

Idem. This poem has been amply amended by Beaumont in the unique quarto manuscript (*Poems*, 1643) in the possession of Professor Palmer of Harvard University.

Joseph Beaumont was Master of Jesus and Peterhouse, and was ejected from Cambridge for his Royalist sympathies. One of the most prolific writers of his time, he devoted the greater part of his mental energies to Scriptural annotation and commentary, finding time, however, to write a great deal of verse, indistinguishable, most of it, except by the rhymes, from the commentary. Besides manuscript poems, a long theologico-philosophic poem of his was published in 1648—*Psyche or Love's Mystery*. It is curious to notice the violent contrast between these little bud-like, tremulous emanations of a tender soul and the sententious absurdities of the rest.

burton. his own hemp,
 he goes He is even more
 lavish in his fellows.
 They who contracted words into a Hœ, were
 also apt to contract words into a stutter. But
 it is easy to pillory Benlowes, and for Pope to
 write 'Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads,
 bows.' Such coocelests as these (on drunkenness):—

* Each gallon breeds a ruby :
 Drawer ! six score 'um
 Cheeks dyed in claret seem o' th' quorum
 When our nose-carbuncles, like liok-boys,
 Blaze before 'um.'

Or: 'War hath our lukewarm claret broached
 with spears'—are fuel for satiric fire. Pur-
 pureate and an astronomical whirligig as *Ineo-*
phila is, and a Phaethon as Benlowes is, crazy
 among imaged planets, yet, in passages he has
 a rare mystical glow and transport stopplog
 short only by singularity of the sublime. The
 soul of poetry was in him—and through this
 obscure and faulty poet we see how passionately
 these 'Metaphysicals' interpreted that soul.

10 16 One stanza omitted.

A great deal of Alexander Brome's verse is
 swashbuckling political satire. Yet this verse
 journalist, living up to his 'roaring boy' part,
 wrote the song, 'Tell me not of a face that's fair,
 with the mixture of poetic truth, human tender-
 ness and careless hail-fellow manner, so delight-
 fully characteristic of this lyrical form. Brome
 was an attorney-cum-man-of-letters-cum-
 controversialist of the Royalist persuasion. He
 edited a translation of *Horace*, wrote occasional
 verse and boisterous comedies, and published
 a collection of poems and epigrams in 1661.

13 20 From *The Northern Lasse*, a *Comedie*, 1632.
 The *Beggar's Song*, from *A Joviall Crew*: or,
The Merry beggars, 1652.

Richard Brome was a servant of Ben Jonson,
 and the relationship between them seems to
 have been a cordial one. Brome after his
 master's death, always stoutly defended him.
 He wrote fifteen Comedies, which Mr. Saintsbury
 describes as 'a cross between the style of Jonsoo
 and the style of Fletcher.' *The Northern Lasse*
 and *A Joviall Crew* are undoubtedly the best
 of them; brisk, fresh and readable plays. I
 prefer him to Alexander, who was less of a poet
 and of a harder and more stereotyped mind.
 Without Alexander's exuberance Richard is

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14 21

in spite of an over-consciousness (which is a half-post moving about in worlds not realized) and occasional roughnesses, it is surely more valuable to the anthologist than the shop-

18 21

the balls that he made out of ... books. Like the great figure in Dürer, he stared out in awful immobility at the landscape of futility. The *Illustrated* first appears in the third edition of *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (1628). It should be more frequently reprinted in modern anthologies, if only for the debt Milton so

18 21

tion from one great poet to another.

early poetry—not even Ben Jonson's lines to Shakespeare in the first folio. 'That a poet of such strong-winged intellectual passion should have possessed the reputation of a sweeter Austin Dobson is a paradox of letters.

24 31 This poem also emphasises a neglected side of Carew.

l. 34 'One thorn from the leafless trunk of Golgotha,' says Clarendon of Carew, 'did prove to him more precious than all the flourishing wreaths by Laureates worn.'

26 33 This poem deserves more prominence than it has received from anthologies.

I have omitted, 'Ask me no more where Jove bestows,' 'He that loves a rosy cheek,' 'Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,' and 'Give me more love or more disdain.'

Carew's poems were first published posthumously in 1640.

Carew has been derided by Hazlitt as 'an elegant Court trifler,' by Suckling in *Session of the Poets*, and by modern opinion contemptuously approved for his poetic *beaux yeux*. The Cambridge History censures his weak imaginative power, lack of freshness, conventionalism and fluidity. The answer to these partial judgments is Carew's poems—especially the Donne and Sandys addresses and *The Rapture*. Carew is indeed a towny poet and but little of a poetic traveller. But he lets his material have its own way, he tempts it easily into expression with a knowledge of lyrical form, both cultivated and intuitive. He was first of all a devoted artist and the artist is more independent of his theme than professors would seem to allow him. Without being so fine-minded as Marvell, or so quintessentially lovely as Campion, or so personable as Herrick, he is yet of their rank. His spirit, not his talent, failed in poetic ambition.

Yet a mind so searching as his could not always be content with the merely sweet. Let the reader observe how often a rough word or image sends the wind through his most ambrosial bowers; how often a curious metaphysical touch informs his most sensuous and dexterous melodies:—

'For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.'

Carew was not only a poet of an impeccable skill in metre and of a sure touch in making the most of a delicate fancy.

FREE TO

- 28 36 First four lines omitted.
— 37 Last four stanzas omitted.
29 38 I have added another stanza to the two given
in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*. Two
stanzas omitted.
30 39 The last six lines, which drop a little and averse
from the meaning, are omitted.
— 40 A rare instance of an early 'Paradise' poem.
Another is Vaughan's *Abel's Death*.
31 41 A paraphrase of the famous song of Catullus.
— 42 Compare *Carmina* —

The Red breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid
With hoary Larks and gathered swarms,
To deck the ground where they are laid.

- 22 42 This lullaby, which has so charmingly realized and expressed the substance of the theme, appears in *The Song, or, Love a Concert* (1851).
Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford, said of Cartwright: 'Cartwright is the almost man can come to'; Anthony Wood says 'That which is most remarkable in, that these his high parts and abilities were accompanied with so much sweetness and candour, that they made him equally beloved and admired by all persons, especially those of the gown and the court who esteemed also his life a fair copy of practical piety, a rare example of better worth, and in whom arts, learning and language made up the true complement of perfection' he was acclaimed, 'a most floral and scriptural preacher in the university' (Oxford); the kings were mourning for his early death and there are more than fifty dedicatory poems to the collected edition of his works in 1661. Such a surfeit of praise

[illegible]

churchman (in the most cultured and speculative days of the Anglican Church—some of Donne's marvellous sermons would give an

average modern Bishop a fit), a smooth, gracious, subtle lecturer in the metaphysical style, an exhilarating scholar 'who made philosophy as melting as his plays' and an agreeable personality in the days when Oxford was a kind of salon of the learned wits, and the churchman, the courtier were of literary compact. Cartwright's poetry was constituted by the atmosphere and associations of his career. Donne indeed was an influence but one of obligation, one feels, rather than of sympathetic qualities of mind. Cartwright was at his nadir in imitating Donne. Not again does he owe much to Jonson, though professedly of the 'tribe of Ben.' He had nothing of Jonson's structural capacity, either in the drama or the lyric, nothing indeed resembling him at all, unless a labour of idiom can be said to match a labour of idea. For Cartwright has the doubtful honour of being a poetic attitude rather than a poet. He was throughout a charming fashion, a fashion that was the more fragrant because so fugitive—a mannerism rather than a man. It is indeed easy to be offhand with him. His cynicism was carefully theatrical: his plays were all second-hand and derivative; the love-poems (as he himself acknowledges) are a market place for sophisticated kisses and tutored protestations, 'learned sighs' and 'figured vows.' The frequently accentual beat of his lines makes for a harsh, monotonous scansion. As in Shakespeare's verse, one simile generates another, but unfortunately their movement is centrifugal. Cartwright, in short, was the mirror of a society and satisfied, even obliged, to reflect its externals good and bad.

Yet there are from a dozen to a score of workmanlike poems, whose delicacy, fancy (the 'matchless Orinda' called him 'Prince of Phansie'), sprightliness, with here and there a fling into the deeper waters of poetic gravity entitle him to a not too hasty modern regard. It is perhaps as a fanciful elegiac writer (particularly in such tender pieces as *To Chloe* and *On the Death of a Virtuous Young Gentlewoman*) that Cartwright best finds himself.

32 43 Two much poorer stanzas are omitted. The lovers of birds, of flowers and of poetry should be glad to read this graceful poem.

Patrick Cary, the younger brother of Lord Falkland, never published the 'Trivial Poems and

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AGE 50.

Trinkets he wrote in 1831. "in obedience to Mrs. Tomblin's Command." They were printed out and published by Scott in 1849. About a third of them are 'Rump' songs, with a strong Royalist bias, the rest slight and playful amatory poems and religious poems. They have been reprinted by Mr. Salisbury, who has a much higher opinion of Cary than I have. Cary never uses his tripping measures really well. He is even more lavish with chorons before consonants than the other poets of the period (and much less excusably, with such very fugitive matter as back his language). He is full too of very witty transpositions in syntax and connotations of grammar and is always throwing in 'lookeds', 'stills', etc. to blow out his metre. Mr Salisbury talks of Canning and Craslow in the same breath with Cary's religious 'Trinkets'. There I cannot but disagree with him. His religious exceptions of the 'Hymns' quoted, his religious thought seems to me as infantile as its metres were anything like the variety of Alexander Bruce's.

23 41

From *Poems*, 1833. If this poem were not short, the idea would be elaborated still it was worn as threadbare as the fishy garments. The Duchess of Newcastle never lets well alone in her verse. She likes to think of a number, double, treble, quadruple it and conclude that the poetic vision is captured by the big battalions. As it is, it is a fine success. The Duchess of Newcastle's biography of her husband is of course an English classic, even though Pepys called her "a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman" and the Duke an ass to suffer her to write what she writes. No of him. Lamb's criticism is well known. "No carol is rich enough, no carol sufficiently durable to honour and keep such a jewel. She wrote thirteen volumes. All her works are in folio, and she left a mass of manuscript. The reason why so much of it is unreadable is given in her own words. "That little wit I have, it delights me to scribble it out and to disperse it about,"—for the vanity and lax expansiveness of the self-exulting amateur are what posterity condemns in her. Nevertheless, if one has the patience to wade through the lake like sweep of shallow water to its brook-source, there is much homely wit and sensible, homely counsel on life. The 'Life' is a work of noble

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- quality and naive charm. But on the whole, this famous Duchess was a blue-stocking who not only made the most, but a success of it.
- 34 45 Last stanza of this delightfully Waltonesque poem omitted.
Only one other lyric poem of Chalkhill's has survived. Both _____ and _____ kinsman's *The _____* _____ also published Chalkhill _____ a kind of heroic pastoral in anapaestic couplets (with the fewest end-stops of almost any poet who has ever used them) in 1683. I suppose the evidence that Chalkhill lived is fairly substantial. But it is pleasant to cherish the fancy that he was an ingenuity of Walton's. Why have only two songs of his survived? Why are they so like Walton's own poem? Why was there ever a mystery about him? Why was he called Chalkhill when chalk this and chalk that are constant Waltonisms? The historical John Chalkhill was a Middlesex Coroner at the beginning of the century and he, or another, was grandfather to Walton's wife.
- 35 46 From *Nocturnal Lubrications*, 1638, a moral confection in prose, with epigrams and epitaphs at the end. The little conceit of the mountain periwigged with snow can be ludicrous enough. But it is neither that nor disagreeable here.
- — 1. 4 Cf. Keats's 'Sweet peas . . . on tiptoe for a flight.' Also 'Jocund day stands tiptoe' (*Romeo and Juliet*).
- — 1. 6 Possibly pronounced (in Midland dialect) as we do 'blood.'
Chamberlain was a Lancashire man and clerk to Peter Ball, the Solicitor-general, who had him sent to Exeter College. He also wrote a comedy.
- 36 47 From *Pharonnida*, 1659.
Chamberlayne was a Shaftesbury doctor, who took fifteen years to write *Pharonnida*. The poem was _____ second battle of Newburn _____ he took part).
Pharonnida _____ enant's *Gondibert*, is a _____ an incredible incoherence in narrative. But as nobody reads the untidy novels in verse of the seventeenth century, that matters very little. What does matter are the wayward constellations of poetry set in the obscure and not-to-be-charted firmament of *Pharonnida*. Mr. Saintsbury, who has reprinted the poem, says well of it that it is 'a Sinbad's valley of poetic jewels.' But as Chamberlayne does his best to hide them in the

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- the completest in 1687, and his reputation flourished right on through the revolution in poetry—the grave of so many other poets. He owed it no doubt partly to his wild unconscious parodies of the 'Metaphysicals'; partly to his bludgeoning satires and partly to his bold experiments in anapaestic measures. He was, in fact, what Mr. Saintsbury calls 'a poetical leader-writer.' But it is all so embedded in local allusion and reference that Cleveland can scarcely be read nowadays without a history manual beside one. He has hardly done himself justice, for he was a man of striking character and a writer of a strong and pungent, if coarse, mind.
- 38 50 From *Poems of Divers Sorts*, 1658. Sir Aston Cokaine is called 'a good poet, and a great lover of learning; yet by others, a perfect boon fellow, by which means he wasted all he had.' He devoted much industry to discovering the respective shares of Beaumont and Fletcher in their collaborate plays, and revealed the fact that Massinger collaborated with Fletcher. He ought, of course, with his tastes and opportunities to have done a great deal of valuable historical and biographical work. These verses, however artificial, supply a kind of inner criticism upon the worser 'Cavalier love-poems. But their charm is a conscious and deliberate insincerity. With Cokaine it is pure *tour de force* and mannerism; but with better poets the same air and attitude are frequently the means to releasing a very real irony and bitterness of soul. Cokaine is a disappointing poet. But his book is the mirror of a friendly countenance and reflects his genial relations with the poets and dramatists. He was a Derbyshire man and devoted nearly all his long life to second-hand social-literary activities. He was in fact an earnest dilettante and would probably never have written a line of a play or a poem, had not literature in those days been as much the province of a gentleman as finance is now.
- 39 51 From a little volume *Divine Songs and Meditations*, 1653, 'said to be unique.' It is not in the British Museum.
- Nothing is known of Anne Collins.
- 42 55 A fine piece of rich embroidery, possibly Herriek's, Richard Corbet, Bishop of Oxford in 1629, of Norwich in 1632 and 'a most quaint Preacher,' was one of the most famous of the 'University Wits.' I suppose that the reason that he does not push his way into anthologies is that his

Compare Marvell's :—

'Fair trees, where soe'er your barks I wound,
None but your own name shall be found.'

- 49 60 From *The Mistress*.
derived from Donne as
reaction against the
Elizabethan sonneteers, a ...
common one in the period.
I have omitted *The Wish*, the *Harvey Ode* and the
Anacreonticks.
Cowley's bad fault is to pile up damp verbal
brushwood to light a naturally phlegmatic
temper. By himself, he is an easy, talkative,
inventive poet, but in the platform manner,
he is rather tiresome. He can never forget
he has to live up to himself—and, most
unhappily, to Donne. He is no hand at meta-
physical subtleties and a good deal of his mystical
verse reminds one of a glass chandelier—his
profuse words tinkling together like the crystals.
At his best, he is fresh, comely and witty—as
engaging as his name. For all these obvious
criticisms, the *Hymn to Light*, in spite of some
giddiness in flight, is magnificent.
The Mistress appeared in 1647, containing lyrics
of great metrical variety, Pindaric odes (Pindaric,
only because they strive to emulate the 'en-
thusiastical manner' of Pindar) and the diffuse,
ill made, but cleverish sacred poem: *Davidicis*.
Cowley also wrote some satires on the Puritans,
some charmingly reflective and intimate essays
and the attractive *Cutler of Coleman Street*,
which, very undeservedly, was a failure on the
stage.
- 50 61 From *The Delights of the Muses*.
53 63 1, 8 You will hear no nightingales to-day by the
banks of Tiber, and I doubt whether Crashaw did.
An occasional tired migrant warbler you may see—
in a dish of *Polenta* or on anchovy and toast.
Crashaw is as liable to lapses into 'slippery
blisses,' as Keats is. The foreign, Southern,
voluptuous element in him (he owed as much
to Renaissance Spain and Italy as Jonson to
the classics) is totally unlike the Elizabethan
and Caroline temper, masculine (except in the
pastoral) at its best and worst. I hesitated to
quote all of *Music's Duel*, but I found its felicities
too entangled among its rather tedious languors,
for selection.
- 57 64 From *The Delights of the Muses*. It is to be
noted how few of Crashaw's best poems are

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between heaven and earth are too rapid. It is as difficult as it can be to divide his poems into cherubs and imps—because the execrable and the divine are contiguous not only in stanzas but in lines. I am not at all satisfied with my selection of him as a whole, and, if readers agree with me, let them give nine-tenths of the blame to me, but one-tenth to Crashaw's singular lack of self-criticism and indifference to the homely needs of revision. I have omitted '*Wishes to His supposed Mistress*,' '*To thy lover, dear, discover*' as universally known among readers of poetry. *Steps to the Temple* was first published in 1646; *Carmen Deo Nostro* (with plates which have been sometimes attributed to Crashaw himself) in Paris in 1652. The most complete seventeenth century collection was in 1670. On the whole Crashaw has been over-praised in modern days.

69 71 From *Sacred Poems*, 1664.

Crossman was ejected from his rectory in Essex for nonconformity. He returned to the Church and was Dean of Bristol at his death.

72 75 From *The Law against Lovers*, 1673. Second and much inferior stanza omitted. Davenant, when rolstering, leaves me cold. But this song has genuine spirit and a certain concreteness and particularity which carry it, almost against my will, into this volume.

I have omitted *Prayer and Praise*, not because it is too well known, but as lacking in that

and rhythm, conspicuous
To a *Mistress Dying*

last is one of the most
poems of the age

True and firm imagination does not appear in *Gondibert*, which is more exciting to read about than to read. The first two books were written in Paris, and his devotion to his task (see Aubrey) was the mock of Denham and others, who followed the silly fashion of Suckling in pretending that poetry was the recreation not the vocation of a gallant life. He completed the first two books in 1650, under Hobbes's encouragement. Then he set out for Virginia and was taken on ship-board by the Parliamentarians. Six cantos of the third book were written in prison at Cowes, but his melancholy circumstances made him abandon the poem and add only a fragment during the remaining eighteen years of his life. Poor Davenant indeed was too much in love

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73 79

John Digby was one of James I.'s knights, a dignity no less distinguished than it is to-day. He was Spanish Ambassador to arrange a marriage between Prince Henry and Anne, the daughter of Philip III. He did not become Earl of Bristol until 1622. One of his plays is in Dodsley. A member of the Long Parliament, he was, with Sir Edward Deering, expelled for taking notes of speeches: a rather different attitude from to-day's, when members of parliament speak and vote as the note-takers direct.

By the tender fancy of this single lyric, with its purity of form, written by a public man with affairs and interests far removed from poetry, we may receive some impression of the wide fertility of the poetic spirit among our forefathers.

74 80

Mrs. Meynell, in spite of her extraordinary exclusion of Donne's secular poems from *The Flower of the Mind*, says well of him that he was a poet 'of fine onsets.' One of the symptoms of the reaction against the Petrarchan convention of submissive and sentimental love is an attempt to grasp reality by the use of swift, electric colloquialisms. With some of the Cavalier lyrists, this became a pose of cynicism and indifference. With Donne, it is psychological. So that to compare his opening phrases with a lightning stroke, if commonplace, is true, because his down-cleaving sword of intense expression, while darting cleanly through its object, at the same time illumines with mysterious splendour a world instantaneously stripped of darkness.

75 82

Not the most obscure anthologies or those designed for a limited audience venture to print this poem. The consequence is that the public, owing not to its prudery, but to the hypothesis of it, is deprived of reading and judging one of the most remarkable poems in the language. Presumably, if the poem is accessible in the expensive collected edition of Donne by Mr. Grierson, it may be allowed to be in a selection. Morals are not graduated on the income-tax scale. And in the sheer terror of eumulative hate, I know nothing like it. Here in this poem, it is possible to understand how words can become racks, screws and firebrands. Donne's deliberate attack upon the superfluities and diffuseness of the pastoral and sonnet convention is here fiercely visible in action. So condensed and economical is his language, that his words (to

PAGE 80

paraphrase Lamb) become almost resolved into their very elements.

77 84

I 20 Donne, critics say, cared more for what he said than the way he said it. But if his technique is wayward and casual, his higher command of form shows us what power the poet might have to contain what thoughts! Imaginative form is a metaphysic, as technique is not. One sees something of it in a flash like — 'All women shall adore us and some men'. Donne's form is in fact exactly suited to the substance of his thought. It is impossible to conceive those tremendous adventures of soul, mind and sense expressed by dainty, tripping lines, by smooth, ambulant lines or even by the majestic sounding-board line of Milton, which expresses the resolute sweep of the mind rather than its dramatic stress and conflict.

78 85

First printed in *The Grove*, 1721. It is a slight texture than Donne's other verse and has been ascribed, I think wrongly, to John Hookins.

80 87

As Arthur Quiller-Couch only quotes the first twenty lines of this poem. I quote it in full, in spite of the slight dominance of philosophy over poetry in the middle. For the whole seems to me one single breaking wave of connected thought — at once intense and rarified. No other poet in the language (except Browning) could combine such refined Platonism with so passionate consciousness of the senses. I might add here that Donne's pilgrimages after learned and abstruse comparison are almost always justified in poetic logic. Passion is as much his down as intellect and faculty for speculation. If, in so to say, his intellect equips him for the spiritual voyages it is emotion, at once contemplative and anguished, that pilots his and brings his freight safely home.

82 88

Donne's sense of reality is so acute, that he always jostling the consciousness. 'Whom comes to shroud me —' it tumbles one into alert sympathy at once.

— 89

Last stanza omitted.

85 93

Donne's introspectiveness and highly charged subtlety have here moved outwards into verbal, impersonal beauty and so into the rhythmic felicity of this incomplete sonnet.

87 95

Ben Jonson found this tremendous pan 'profane and full of blasphemies'. But it is in whom the representation of abstract

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- far-sought simile and analogy, was second nature, no doubt intended Elizabeth Drury as the type and symbol of virtue.
- 87 96 From *Songs and Sonnets*. Donne can adapt the Petrarchan mood, without losing any of his intense, erudite and complex force. The extraordinary thing about Donne is that he denies the axiom that passion burns away into simplicity. He is often most elaborate when he is most passionate.

Mr. Saltsbury says he should be regarded by every catholic student of English literature with a respect 'only this side idolatry,' and justly sums up the verdict—'Donne is surpassed by no poet of any language and equalled by few.' What Carew wrote :

'A king who ruled as he thought fit
The universal monarchy of wit,'

and Ben Jonson, soundest of critics, that he was 'the first poet of the world in some things' have been finally endorsed by modern criticism. I should add that he was nearly the first prose-writer of the age, since there are passages in the 'Sermons' which, outside the Authorized Version, cannot be surpassed for intensity of feeling, depth of thought and majesty of utterance.

The Poems were published posthumously (1633) and Bishop King was Donne's literary executor. With doubtful and conflicting readings, I have, in these selections, followed Mr. Grierson's great edition of Donne.

- 89 98 l. 2 From *Dia Poemata—Poetick Feet Standing Upon Holy Ground*, 1655. This poet only once abases himself to this simple and delicate feeling. Ellis or Elys was a Devonshire man and fellow of Balliol. He was deprived of his living of East Allington for refusing the oath to William III. He was a prolific writer in Latin.
- 90 99 Last twenty lines omitted.

From *Otia Sacra*, 1648. It is full of the most abominable stuff, and the noble lord had more acquaintance with sailing than metre or the logical continuity of ideas. But I confess I like this poem, without being anything of a seaman. Fane was one of the nondescript influential courtiers and amateur poets, to whom Herrick, as he says, owed 'the oil of maintenance.' Like Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Lord Falkland, he presided over a circle of men of letters—an ornamental bridge between literature and fashionable society.

at times not only poetic courtesy, but poetic taste

93 103

94 104

Of Blake's

'Joy and grief are woven five
A garment for the soul divine,
And when this we truly know,
Safely through the world we go.'

95 103

reader. It is after all simple, clear and unpretentious

— 106

A Morisco is a dancer in a Morric-dance and is used loosely for the dance itself. 'Your wit skips a Morisco' - Marston's *What You Will*

96 107

Both from *Famous Poets*, 1613. Dr Jasper Fisher was a Redfordshire man, and entered a Commoner at Magdalen Hall in 1607. Oldys calls him blind. Stevens claimed him as the author of *Lucina*, but that is too bad. Cf. Blake.

'Sound the Bute.

found and powerful imagination or bathos, dullness, stolidity and rancor. No his songs, though without passion and of rather slight texture, possess an aerial grace and buoyancy which suit both their material and Fletcher's carnal ground. They lack the Whitmanian spontaneity.

— Fletcher's poetical works are *The Licentiate*, a satire against the Jesuits, 1637; *The Purple Island or the Isle of Man* together with *Procyon's Eclogues* (1633), *Schoolboy*, a pastoral play, 1614, and 1631, and *Salus Portus*, 1633. Mr Bullen says of him — His out-of-door poetry is his best, and frequently recalls the sweetness and luxuriance of Spenser and of his own *Lamartine* and contains the dramatic poet. Fletcher was what Walton would have called 'a true lover of the model' and his master-passion betrays itself in the most unexpected places. He was the son of Mr Giles Fletcher the author of *Love's Milton* undoubtedly read him closely. Quarles called him the 'Spenser of this Age' and such discipleship is not good for any poet. It compels him, as it did Fletcher, to lack of point and unity, to an overdose of linked sweetness long drawn out, to pictorial detail in excess and the treatment of the subject as an end rather than a means. His verse is not only sensuous opulence, but a certain tender, receptive

1 130
 1 131
 2 132

131
 132

was apt to join a third by the word. His own eloquence upon it Hazlitt and Hartley Coleridge were of the other opinion, but then Hazlitt is as unreliable by his metallic intelligence as Swinburne by his exuberance. Ford is always liable to the failures of brilliance and

is a very unusual

Ford was a Devon man and a member of the Middle Temple. He collaborated with Keats, Rowley and Webster. These two fine songs

- (especially the second, no less noble in thought than measured in rhythm and resonant in language) are much the best of Ford's lyrics. The pretty lyrics in the masque *The Sun's Darling* are almost certainly by Dekker.
- 112 133 From *Love's Labyrinth*, 1660.
- — This Forde (about whom practically nothing is known) is not to be confused with the Thomas Fordo who was expelled from the University for Presbyterian leanings and became a preacher for the Commonwealth, as well as a vigorous writer of character studies on the Theophrastian model. Our Forde was a miscellaneous author of verse (*Fragmenta Poetica*, 1660), apothegms and familiar letters.
- 113 134 A translation from the *Church History* (1655).
- 135 Translation from *The Holy State* (1641). Most of Fuller's very numerous translations and epigrams are of an engaging doggerel; which one is delighted to read but diffident to quote.
- 136 From *Poems*, 1639. The writer of this brave and comely poem, friend of hearty, cheerful Master Cotton and Lovelace, was the author of *Argalus and Parthenia* (1639), (for which he was indebted to Quarles's dramatic version of the incident in Sidney's *Arcadia* ten years earlier) and *Wit in a Constable*, 1640. 'The house was exceeding full,' Pepys remarked after seeing *Argalus and Parthenia*, 'and indeed it is good, though wronged by my over great expectations as all things else.' A year later (1662), he and his wife 'slunk away to the opera, where we saw *Wit in a Constable*, the first time that it is acted, but so silly a play I never saw I think in my life.' Glapthorne's plays have been reprinted in Pearson's series of the dramatists and were vastly overpraised (thus earning Mr. Bullen's disparagement) in the middle of last century. Mr. Saintsbury speaks quite well of him and sees in him 'the last *not* sprightly runnings of a generous liquor.' He is indeed a prolix and negative writer, a straggler in the great procession gone by, without a swing in his gait to show (to himself rather than to us) that he belonged to it.
- 114 137 Before Mr. Saintsbury collected his poems in 1906, Godolphin had not only never been reprinted, but except in morsels, even printed. He was a partisan of Strafford's, Member for Helston in 1628 and killed at Chagford in a brush with the Puritans. 'Little Sid' as Suckling called him, received high commendation

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would disorder him and divert him from any short journey.
 He was one of the earliest in the field with the Commission of the Donne-Spenser-Johnson tradition. His poems are very few (outside a translation with Waller of the fourth book of the *Aeneid*) and rather touch an uncommon excellence by the finger-tips than wholly grasp it. Some of his work is obscure and elliptical, with a metre occasionally grating but boldly experimental. Had he lived he might have

115 133

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116 139

NOTES

IE NO.

‘The Levite’s Revenge
 ditations upon the nine-
 chapters of Judges.’

In spite of the promise of this curious poem, I could find nothing else in Gomersal. Gomersal, a Londoner, ‘applied his Muse to Academical Literature in Christ Church, aged 14, and afterwards became a very florid preacher in the University.’

- 141 The third stanza, which adds nothing, I have omitted. It is a clever and gallant poem and has acquired a measure of modern reputation. But it is, after all, only a formal catch, and not in the least quickened by that singular commingling of body and soul, that passion for seeing Love *sub specie aeternitatis*, through the acute and transitory love of women, which give the amorous lyrics of this period a mystery and reality combined never achieved before or (except in Shelley and Christina Rossetti) again.

Montrose was a St. Andrews student who joined the Covenanters and two years later deserted to the Royalists, winning some showy victories for them in his native land. He was defeated by Leslie at Philiphaugh and fled abroad. On his return, the Puritans caught, hanged and quartered him at Edinburgh. His poems remained in manuscript during his lifetime.

- 142 This poem (in which the poetic atmosphere contains and illumines the strength of intellect and nobility of temper, common to all Brooke’s work), is the one quoted in *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. The fourth stanza is there omitted, and I venture, in very different disagreement with Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, to restore it, as not falling pointedly short of the other four.

words of the
 ted ‘beauty’s
 al reading of

Elegant Workies, 1633), as being, though strained in sense, in my judgment more in conformity with the quality of Brooke’s thought. His meaning I take to be—washing the water white with her beauties—a frigid and tasteless conceit, but characteristic of the poet’s lapses.

- 144 The last chorus in the “closet drama,” *Mustapha*. It is not included in the selections from Brooke in Lamb’s *Specimens*. I quote it not only for its lofty phrase and fine metrical effects, but as an example in some degree modifying Lamb’s judgment of Brooke’s lack of feeling.

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we are : our act of understanding being an act of union'; 'what is true philosophy but divinity, and if it be not true, it is not philosophy' are three of the sayings of a thinker who, like Fulke, was a visionary rather than a professional philosopher.

Lord Brooke's poems were no doubt written before 1616, 'in my familiar exercise with Sir Phillip Sidney.' But his thought is not Neoplatonist like Sidney's and Spenser's but the seventeenth century's development of it. Myra is not the centre of the universe, as the Elizabethans submissively and sometimes grovellingly made their ladies, but an emblem of life's mystery.

23 148

l. 4 *So rich . . . appear*: No doubt borrowed from Shakespeare—*Romeo and Juliet*, act I, se. 5.

'Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of Night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.'

25 150

l. 2 Compare Herrick: (see Elton's edition of Habington).

'And snugging there they seem to be
As in a flowery nunnery'
and Lovelace:

'Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind;
'That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast—'

— —

l. 5 Compare Carew:

'Let scent and looks be sweet, and bless that
hand
That did transplant thee to that sacred land;
O happy thou that in that garden rests,
That paradise between that lady's breasts.'

— —

l. 14 Compare Herrick:

'Thrice happy roses! so much graced to have
Within the bosom of my love your grave;
Die when you will, your sepulchre is known,
Your grave her bosom is, the lawn the stone.'

26 152

3rd, 5th, 6th, 7th stanzas omitted.

The poet Flatman has written an Ode, lugubrious both in art and feeling, on the same subject.

27 153

Last 18 lines omitted. In spite of some inequalities and a certain frigidity, inseparable from Habington, this elegy has a lofty diction, redeemed from modish ceremony. Habington's edifying precepts can certainly be very irritating. As a moralist he is often what his contemporaries would have called 'a formal ape.'

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123 154

person than Cantara. These faults are bad enough, but modern critics have not perhaps granted him enough escapes from them. For there are touches of rare and even sublime

123 154

123 —

123 155

of Paradoxes.

Though it has buried much of this age's literature in obscurity, and has begotten much wanton violence with language and metre, there is something tremendous in the passion of the 'Metaphysical' poetry to search out the deepest secrets of sense, to draw into the motion of its lines suns and worlds which are the more majestic originals of our sun and our world. Much of the work of this 'school' is the mere gargoyle or misshapen toy of poetry; it can be trivial, pretentious, chilly and tasteless. But its destination is always translunary things—a destination sought by a good deal not only of religious but of amorous verse.

Hall's first volume *Horæ Vacillæ*, was published when he was nineteen, and he was treated by his contemporaries with a seriousness and interest which were to be expected of an age which took poetry as importantly as we do business, and acknowledged a common poetic purpose and atmosphere. For all these poets have both an individual and a common appeal. Very little of John Hall, 'that great prodigy of early parts,' is known, except that he was a strong Cromwellian and was the subject of one of Howell's letters. His erabbed, recondite Satires had a great vogue, and the poets at the beginning of his volume address him as 'fierce Scythian brat,' 'Young Tamerlane,' 'the God's great scourge,' 'John o' the Wilderness,' and 'the hispid Thistle,' are suggested as possible fathers.

Mr. Saintsbury, who has reissued his poems, says he had 'the poetic measles,' at a time when poetry was an epidemic. But he finds 'his serious things very different.' With all his respect for him, he is inclined to be apologetic. His poems are obviously experiments of youth—of flattered youth—and are rather foppish in language. But he has fine makings in him.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that this is not a Sonnet. The word 'serious' is a stroke of great beauty in a beauty less.

Appended with elegies on Queen Anne to *The Happy Husband*, all 1622. Of the earlier and separate edition, only six copies are known. The 1622 edition of *Philomela* has been reprinted entire by Mr. Saintsbury in *Caroline Poets*. Practically nothing is known of Hannay except that he was acquainted with the Jacobean court poets and was Master in Chancery in Ireland in 1627. He was one of the Spenserian legatees,

mysticism and the last line is a triumph of suggestion. If Donne be called the poet of fine onsets, Herbert must surely be called the poet of fine endings.

- 141 174 This poem is, as it happens, a faithful confession of Herbert's own method of composition. Compare at the end Sidney's 'Fool, said my Muse, look in thy heart and write.' In order to know about Herbert as a man, we should go to Walton's choice biography. Herbert was the most popular poet of his age, more so than Donne, whose actual influence was immeasurably greater. Crashaw had a select following, but Vaughan's obscurity of fame equalled that of his life. Herbert has had fully thirty editions to every one of Vaughan's. 'Herbert,' says Mr. Saintsbury, 'is not prodigal of the finest strokes of poetry,' and has been a favourite with readers rather than with critics. Herbert, in fact, in spirit and temper, in range and depth, and in his quaint materialisms of conceit, allusion and metaphor, is a domestic poet. He literally carries out Wordsworth's theory of poetic language and brings the fire-bron as well as the fire to the altar. His common-sense simplicity therefore is nearly always given a twist of character by his odd ingenuities with the familiar. Abolish the different formulas of expression; give Herbert irony, humour, playfulness and a neater dexterity of thought and he is not at all unlike Cowper. His lasting virtues are poetic gravity and piety (in its secular sense—not pietism) of character. Reading Herbert indeed one seems to find a distinction between commonplace and truism. To compare him with Vaughan (who imitated his phraseology) is preposterous.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, Herbert's best known poem, is omitted.

- 142 175 This matchless poem has been reprinted in *Cavalier and Courtier Lyrics*. Lord Herbert was the elder brother of George the poet; but not quite, it is to be feared, the desperately fine fellow of the 'Autobiography' (first printed by Horace Walpole at the Strawberry Hill Press in 1764). Perhaps, on that account, it would be only fair to be reticent upon a singularly inglorious career. His book is *Occasional Verses*, 1665. Scores of these half-amorous, half-mystical poems of the period achieve, as in the third stanza of the *Elegy*, a superb freedom of imagination. Lord

NOTES

Herbert's poetry is a curious heritage of Drummond's neo-Platonism, which he in turn handed down from Sidney—mingled with the potent influence of Donne, whose poems he probably saw when they were circulated in manuscript before printing. His book of verse betrays the author of *De Veritate* rather than of the autobiography.

Stuffed full of speculative thought, it is frequently harsh and obscure, not because his intellect follows difficult and ambitious paths, but because its windings are inconsequential. Herbert only thinks in jerks. His poems show an occasional power of intellectual rather than emotional insight which finds a noble, melodious and appropriate form.

From *Amanda* 1673. I confess I put this poem in for fun and I can imagine what the poetic pedagogues would have to say about it,—the modesty of the virgin walls hiding their nakedness with blossomed tapestries from the prying eye, the tulip adding an inch to its stature from sheer craning to catch a glimpse of Amanda—and so forth. But Milton has *Silence was pleased*, a conceit which throws all reticence to the winds. Keats has sweet peas 'on thy toes for a flight' and similar instances could be multiplied. Read Marvell's poem on *Appledon House*. At any rate this was surely sweet and mythical for me and I have the tendency to hope that it will for others.

John Hoskins was the wit and lawyer who used to attend the meetings of the famous antiquarian society of which Camden, Alden, David Raleigh, Bacon and others were members. He is said to have revised the poems of Ben Jonson and Raleigh's *History of the World*. The poem is to be found in *Reliquiae Wottonianae*. Professor Gifford, in his edition of Donne assigns to Hoskins the song *There's hear thou my protestation*. It seems to me that his ear is perhaps a little too fine for such a dis-franchise—a little too acute for us to accept this dis-franchisement of Donne's poem.

Nor is the external evidence conclusive. Hoskins' poems were never printed and a number of them were lost. He is Wotton's *Serjeant Hoskins*, in the poetic dialogue between them in the *Reliquiae*.

James Howell who according to Wood had a parabolical and allusive fancy, after adventures abroad, became secretary to Lord Scrope

and was Member for Richmond, Yorks, in 1627. Unlike many of the poets of the age, he was a public man, not a scholar and a recluse. Until the Restoration, when he was appointed the first King's Historiographer, he had nothing but 'a small spot upon Parnassus.' His poems were collected and published in 1663, by Payne Fisher, ex-poet-laureate to Cromwell.

His agreeable and loquacious *Epistolæ Hoelianæ* are his best claim upon posterity. But there is plenty of readable and engaging work in the poems, and the man who could both leap so nimbly from Herndon-Hill to Mount Siou and pay rent for an allotment on Parnassus deserves to have the weeds cleared away from it.

146 182

I quote from Archbishop Trench:—'The writer of these lines commanded a vessel sent out in 1631 by some Bristol merchants for the discovery of the North-West passage. Frozen up in the ice, he passed a winter of frightful sufferings on those inhospitable shores; many of his company sinking beneath the hardships of the time. Tho' simple and noble manner in which these sufferings were borne he has himself left on record (Harris's *Voyages*, vol. I., pp. 600-606). . . but let us speak his own words: 'and now the sun was set, and the boat came ashore for us, whereupon after evening prayer we assembled and went up to take a last view of our dead; where, leaning upon my arm on one of their tombs I uttered these lines; which, though perhaps they may procure laughter in the wiser sort, they yet moved my young and tender-hearted companions at that time to some compassion.'" James's book is *Voyage for Discovering the North-West Passage to the South Sea*, 1633. This sailor's masterly use of the heroic couplet in this moving poem is a lively comment upon the contempt which the writers of it in a later age professed towards this age of barbarism in letters.

147 183

From *Amorea—The Lost Lover*, 1661. Jenkyn is only a poet of graceful turns and this is the best of them.

149 185

From *Poeticall Varieties: or Varieties of Fancies* (1637). Jordan, poor fellow, cannot be expected to yield more than this pretty epitaph, and the glorious drinking song on the preceding page, since he was the professional pageant-writer and poet laureate for the City of London. He also wrote some plays and other volumes of verse, with such titles as *A Royal Arbour of Loyal*



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157 194

l. 19 give: viz. Whatever she give, he can give nothing.

Henry King, to quote the Cambridge History of English literature, was 'a Westminster boy and Christ Church man, who successively held all the lesser dignities of the Anglican Church as prebendary of St. Paul's, archdeacon of Colchester, canon of Christ Church and dean of Rochester, before his elevation to the bench.' It is easy to see how a man of such quiet beauty of temper came to have so many friends among the poets. King is a kind of resigned, subdued and melancholy Donne without the greater poet's fine madness on the one hand or his abstruseness on the other. He was a quietist of the deepest feeling, who knew how to express it in a grave diction (he uses the octosyllabic almost as well as Marvell could) and a soberly rich imagery to which it is exquisitely appropriate. That, we say, is how the ideal bishop ought to write, expressing in its poetic form the mysterious light, the lofty confidence, the free compass and the tranquillizing apartness of the cathedral wherein he ministers. Perhaps that is to claim too much for him, for his elegiac reflectiveness does not quite approach majesty.

But the cathedral element is in King: his poems read as though they should be chanted, rather than sung or spoken. King differs from his contemporaries in his finer purity of form and ease of rhythm. They again bring him near to Marvell.

His poems, following the usual practice, were circulated in manuscript, but their career has been more luckless than most. Mr. Hannah collected the waifs and strays and issued an edition of King, with a long and interesting memoir, in the early nineteenth century, but he only completed the first volume.

158 195

Says Anthony Wood of Kynaston:—'This is the person also who by experience falsified the alchymists' report, that a hen being fed for certain days with gold, beginning when Sol was in Leo, should be converted into gold, and should lay golden eggs; but indeed became very fat.' He was the first regent of the Academy known as '*Musaem Minervae*,' in 1635. The verses are from *Cynthiades*, 1642, reprinted entire by Mr. Saintsbury. With Kynaston the fine frenzy of convention has a freedom and poignancy beyond convention.

In no other age could an obscure poet have

little mentle
Cromwell, in
for Hull and
been expected to have written the satires, pamphlets and the *Rehearsal Transposed*, rather than *Miscellaneous Poems*.

Nor, if we took him for the politician rather than the poet, should we have expected to see a prefatory poem of his to his friend, Lovelace's *Poems*, published in 1649. Marvell, in fact, was a Cavalier poet with a Puritan conscience. If indeed his disinterested passion for truth—political and poetic truth, between which he, like other rare minds, could see no division—his high tolerance, based upon a profound reverence for life, can be called anything so narrow. Marvell indeed combines in his strong and refined personality the very best qualities of the Puritan and the Cavalier, as he does of the poet and the public man, as he does of intellect and sensibility. His most incisive satires are no more all controversial (though he did almost alone

oulders)
ect.
Idc, *The
Flowers*,

was no
his only
waddles
In rhyme. Massinger was the son of a 'servant' (something between 'superior housekeeper' and tutor) in the Pembroke family. He left Oxford in 1609 and seems to have flown straight into Henslowe's parlour, strewn with the fortunes of so many playwrights. It is not surprising that the famous entry in the parish register of St. Saviour's, Southwark—'Philip Massinger—a stranger,' should have been the result of nearly thirty years' exploited wage-slavery under one of the earliest and most astute of the profiteers. I have excluded the songs of Middleton, Dekker, Heywood, Marston and Ben Jonson (though some of their plays were produced after 1616), from this volume since they belong for the most part externally and almost wholly in spirit to the earlier

Both 1
I was g
the ferocious wit of Marvell, the just strictures of Clarendon (he seems to have jolued the

1 *Comedy*, 1638.
of May's, whom

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- Philosophicall Poems* is rather different and a little less formidable. Something of the amiable personality of the writer, of his deep sincerity and passionate desire for imaginative truth, succeeds in tearing a way through the thickets of his idiom into the light. A few poems in this volume are clearings, about whose hardly won spaces presses the impenetrable virgin forest.
- More came of a well connected family, but, in the true spirit of the seeker after truth, passed a long, retired and devotedly contemplative life in his fellowship of Christ's College, Cambridge.
- 180 220 Compare with Wither's lines quoted by Lamb from the *Mistress of Phil' Arcte*, (p. 253).
- 182 222 From *Tottenham Court, A Pleasant Comedy*, 1638. The others from *The Spring's Glory—A Masque, Together with sundry Poems, Epigrams, Elegies and Epithalamiums*, 1638. Nabbes's comedies, like those of his master Ben Jonson, are full of excellent songs. They are full of variety—more so than is the inflexibly junketing mood of Alexander Brome.
- Mr. Bullen has reissued the works of Nabbes, who is to my mind a superior and gentler Randolph, since possessing similar powers of mind, he adapted them more easily to his poetic need. Nothing of particular interest is known of him.
- 223 Written in the Tower a short while before his death (he was probably poisoned by the secret order of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset and his paramour Lady Francis Howard, for having reproached them with their intrigue). The beautiful self-epitaphs of Sir Walter Raleigh and Chideock Tycheborne (executed for complicity in Babington's conspiracy—see D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*) have a tragic kinship with this of Sir Thomas Overbury. All three are perfect in poetic seriousness, calm and beauty, and all three have that peculiar gift of the spirit without which poetry is only a pleasing exercise. I retain the poem, three years premature in date, as an introduction in form, material and spirit to the period.
- 183 224 Printed 1660. Pestel has a prefatory poem to Benlowes' *Theophila*. Very little of this odd and charming poet, Charles I.'s chaplain, survives, and there is practically nothing to be recorded of his career.
- — 1. 4. *relief* Old English term, with accent on the first syllable. It means time for harts to quench their thirst. As a rule, these blood-lapping poems are crude and vulgar. But this one is

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Then open all my veins, that I may swim
 To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
 Then place my parboiled head upon a stake—

184 226

185 227

186 228

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The 'Sapphic-Platonics' of the 'matchless Orinda,' as Vaughan called her in a dedicatory poem to her volume (piratically published in 1664, and posthumously in an authorized edition in 1667) are the last of the age to retain that atmospheric magic to which in her we bide hail and farewell.

In *Poems*, as in the garden of another poet who survived into the era of pavements, insolence and wine, the angels (in the shape of devoted lady-friends) have come to forget heaven in sententious debate upon it. Orinda has a matchless memory for the metres, themes and phrases of that wonderful poetry, but she walks, stirring a faint odour of it by the trail of her studious skirts, with her face towards the Mall. The age of prose is upon us.

'Orinda' married a Welshman at sixteen and was in great repute among the elect for her verse and translations of Corneille.

29 From *Hippolytus*, translated out of *Seneca*. Together with divers of poetic comparison may be put Edmund Prestwich's fiction of the poet felt it. For this charming poem, if it is not correct, is true. Certainly, poetry should square with the facts of life. But our poet means that he saw in her a spiritual universe. Nothing is known of this very rare poet.

31 The best known of Quarles's poems. Last 4 stanzas omitted.

32 From *The Virgin Widow*. I omit *False World, thou liest*, as, to my mind, containing precisely the same thought as this poem, only expressed more diffusely, flatly and rhetorically.

35 A few lines from one of the *Emblems*, 1635.

If the reader does not think too well of these poems of 'old Quarles,' let him reflect that when one has been reading 'the sad tautologies of lavish passion' over and over again, it is almost pardonable even in an anthologist to put a silvery shine upon what is perhaps no more than honest copper. Personally, they greatly charm me, as Quarles does charm, when he ceases to pretend his cottage Muse lives in a villa.

'When Phillips,' writes Archbishop Trench in his excellent anthology, 'writing in 1675, styles Quarles 'the darling of our plebeian judgments,' he intimates the circle in which his popularity was highest and helps us to understand the

extreme contempt into which he afterwards fell, so that he who had a little earlier been hailed as 'that sweet seraph of our nation. Quarles' became a byword for all that was absurd and worse in

for Quarles, a pleasant, buoy, earthly, sober man is extremely fond of audacious fancies and

He was at Westminster School and Tr College, Cambridge, where he was made a b. He died, after riotous living (a tale possible

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well founded as most of its kind—it is difficult to imagine a hail Fellow well met) in his thirtieth year. In so short a life he wrote a number of plays (the best of which are *Amyntas*, a pretty pastoral, and *The Muses' Looking Glass*, a lively apology for the drama) and poems. The first edition of his book was in 1638.

194 241

According to Mr. Bullen, Samuel Rowley was in the establishment of the Prince of Wales and is included in the list of Henslowe's authors—in fact, but another victim of that wily usurer. M. Creizenach, speaking of Henslowe's quite modern business methods, says:—'Samuel Rowley sends him the beginning of a piece on the conquest of India. Henslowe is to advance him forty shillings in respect of the completed play, but may retain the beginning as a pledge.' This Rowley (not to be confused with William, the wholesale furnisher of comic underplots) wrote a play on Katherine Parr, now lost, made additions to Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, collaborated in many plays and himself wrote *When you See me you know Me*, and *The Noble Spanish Soldier*, 1634, from which this song, with its skilful verbal and metrical effects is taken.

— —

l. 16 Compare Lear's infinitely terrible and desolate :

'Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!'

195 242

From *The Spanish Gipsy*, 1653 (by Rowley and Middleton and according to Mr. Bullen, written not later than 1623). The Songs in this and *The World Tost at Tennis*, are, Mr. Bullen conjectures, probably by Rowley—one of the sturdiest of old English blackbirds. There are other gipsy songs in *The Spanish Gipsy*, as quick with stamping feet and tossing arms as this one.

— —

l. 3 *threading-needles*: An old pastime.

— —

l. 25 *ging*: Company.

— —

l. 29 *Peter-see-me*: A corruption of Pedro Ximenes, a delicate Spanish wine.

— —

l. 29 *nodd*: noddle.

— —

l. 30 *fox*: (Noten).

195 243

From *The* Webster, though on do with it. The metre of this lily song is nearly that of *Phyllida flouts me*. *The Thracian Wonder* is full of lyric plums, but there is nothing else like this. It is not included in *Lyrics from the Dramatists*.

— 244

From Fletcher and Rowley's *The Maid in the*

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245

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193 247

190 248

M.H. (1647), acted in 1623 Mr. Bullen prints this as by Fletcher, but suspects it is Rowley's. From *The World Tost at Tennis*, 1620 (by Rowley and Middleton)

Practically nothing is known of Rowley. All Wood has to say is that 'he was the once ornament for wit and ingenuity of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge'. That does not sound like Rowley at all—a working London dramatist and wage-slave of the theatres, who patched, tagged and was grafted on to other men's plays. From *The Shepherd's Holiday*, a Pastoral Tragicomedy, by J. R., 1633 Reprinted in the first, but not the second, edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*

Among the armies of Epithalamia (at once too free and too stilted in their language) which deck the period, it chimes both true and dignified. Donne has 'To day put on perfection and a woman's name,' in *Epithelium* made at

Lincoln's Inn

Observe the change in metre, Horchound, according to Parkinson (*Theatre of Plants*, 1640), clematis ulcers, stave bleeding and hirsle dog-cites Polypode 'is much commended for the Quartaine Ague' as also against Melancholy, and fearful or troublesome sleepes and dreames. From *Herod and Antipater* (1622) in which the author collaborated with George Markham. Nothing is known of him Compare this song with the *Minstrel's Song*, in *Overbury*

I have omitted the last five stanzas. *Sandys' chief book of verse is A Paraphrase of the Psalms of David*, 1636

The simple beauty of this paraphrase of Psalm xc, appeals to me more than all the rest of his experiments in language and versification put together

His use of the heroic couplet in *Deo Optimo Maximo*, was a passport to the indulgence of the eighteenth century, who remembered him while they ignored Carew, Vaughan, Crashaw, Herrick and Donne. Because this more famous poem merely antedates the Age of Rage and Reason in poetry, I have left it out

In addition Sandys was one of those dull people—a literal translator (David) He is sometimes as direct and colloquial as Cowper who made a much better job of Homer than he did of Ovid

Sandys came back from Virginia in 1626, when the first complete edition of his Ovid was

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published. He became a gentleman of the privy chamber to Charles I., and was of the circle of poets presided over by Lord Falkland.

Sandys, though he is a fair journeyman-poet, is most engaging as a traveller.

0 249 Fourth and fifth stanzas omitted.

From *Penitentiall Cries*, appended to the 1692 edition of John Mason's *Songs of Praise*. It is worth more than all Mason's works put together. Strictly speaking, I had no right to go trespassing so far a field out of my period. But the spirit of this poem looks back forty or fifty years (as in all probability does its date), and one indication is its curiously tangible, factual method. Until we see the object clearly as object, and reverence it as something distinct from ourselves and definite in itself, we can never discover the mystery in it. The delight of our old religious poetry is precisely this concrete sense of detail, and the fatal loss of the eighteenth century and the forty years before it, is its separation of the abstract from the concrete. In poetry they should be inseparable; everything depends upon the way the concrete interprets the abstract. The spirit of life finds expression through the concrete forms of life and generalization is the enemy both of the abstract and the concrete. The eighteenth century did not indeed ignore the importance of the abstract. But they felt it must be expressed by the vehicle of generalization. So the Muse, who finds no security for her feet upon painted clouds, departed from them.

Nothing is known of Shepherd.

— 250 From *The Loves of Amandus and Sophronia* . . . 'a Rare Cooftecture Inrlehed with many pleasing Odes and Sonnets, occasioned by the Jocular or Tragical Occurreneies, hapning in the progress of the Historie,' 1650. It is a prose romance, sprinkled with a few lyrics, none of which approach this one in the sombre dignity of elegiac meditation so characteristic of the period. Sheppard and Cleveland were the moving spirits of the Royalist Press between 1647 and 1650. Sheppard was in fact one of our earliest regular
out sheet after sheet
ull, a good deal of it
merely skittish. The
these sheets Mercuries,
author of *Mercurius*
of *Pride*, *Cromwell*,
Marten, etc.; part author of *Mercurius Elencticus*

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not feel these things to be trivial or unworthy to be clothed in the best poetry of which he was capable. The consequence is that he is often decorative and picturesque rather than true. But he has a very taking and handsome way with him. He was educated at Merchant Tailors' School and was a member of both universities. He changed his religion and gave up a living on its account. For a time he was a schoolmaster, took to the stage in the first years of Charles I. and returned to it from pedagogy again when the theatres were reopened after the Commonwealth. His dramas (there are about forty of them) are carefully modelled upon those of his predecessors, whose disciple he always was, and show a readable standard of general proficiency and excellence. Shirley, in fact, is neither small nor great and can be relied upon to write a semi-romantic comedy, good of its kind and a precise reflection of the transition.

05 258 l. 10 *more*: In *Cavalier and Courtier Lyrics*, this is printed 'less'—i.e. Celia snored.

06 260 Stanley's poetic ceremony is strangely impressive. Though he is a formal poet, he is the better for the use of a spruce and nice poetic diction. That is not altogether to commit him to Anthony Wood's 'smooth and genteel.' Hardly one of the Caroline poets (I except Waller) was able to walk the Muses' city in conventional dress. An obstinate poetic nebula seems to cling about them. So with Stanley, one of the most orthodox of them and with none of Herrick's 'wild civility.' The *Exequies*, with all its proprieties, reveals a faint stirring of the 'ditties of no tone.'

Perhaps the captivation of Stanley is precisely because this divine music is so barely audible, just as light seen through a chink may set the emotions vibrating more than the whole visible day. For, though hardly an original poet, there is a subtle kind of delicacy and penetrating though volatile grace in Stanley which leads us to say of him, 'Manners makyth poet.'

Stanley, the translator of Aeschylus, Bion, Moschus, Anacreon, Marino, Gongora and others and the author of the first English authoritative history of philosophy, is remarkable in another way. He took no part either in politics or the civil war. His book of shorter verse was published in 1647. He was reprinted in the nineteenth century by Sir Egerton Brydges. He led a quiet and retired life.

207 262 Composed in reply to John Fletcher's famous

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The fine gentleman, who deliberately places his stage laced hat on one side of his head, thrusts his hands deep into velvet breeches and prances to and fro, declaiming 'Out upon it' can be very tedious. Too much of Suckling makes us think like this of him: a little and we are well pleased.

3 269 Obviously reminiscent of Donne's:

'I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who died before the god of love was born.'

4 270 A few stanzas omitted.

— — 1 63 *The brides*: Toasts from the loving-cup.

7 271 *Out upon it*, and *Why sa pale and wan*, omitted. The poems (except where indicated) are from *Fragmenta Aurca* (1646). As a biographer of Suckling expresses it, his literary work is 'the product of certain hours of leisure snatched from a life of tempestuous mirth, or from the nobler activities of a soldier's career.' Suckling's attitude to art, that is to say, was that of the average Philistine and business man who treat art like a mistress—an agreeable indulgence for hours of relaxation, but to be put aside when it comes to what is naively called 'the serious business of life.'

For that reason, one is not inclined to waste many words on Suckling—a poet of great natural parts who neglected and dissipated them out of a lazy coxcombry which he thought fit to theorise. The consequence is that half a dozen splendid songs are embedded in a slime of doggerel and obscenity. But it would be a mistake to assume that the spirit of Suckling's thought in these songs is akin to and results from his attitude to poetry itself. Their pose of inconsistency, their gay, bantering mockery at the solemn conventions of love-making, their silvery irreverence and delicate movement are the result of the most devoted craftsmanship.

Suckling was born at Twickenham and at the age of twenty-one became a military adventurer serving in the campaigns of Gustavus Adolphus. Courtier, gambler, dilettante and spendthrift at Charles's court, he then equipped a body of horse for the Scottish campaign in 1639 and was defeated. Discovered in a plot in 1640, he fled to France and two years later brought a spectacular career to a miserable end by suicide.

— 272 From *The Works* (folio, 1630) of John Taylor, the water poet of scurrilous fame.

I had indeed some difficulty in selecting these poems from Traherne. His poems are all extraordinarily equal and none of them of the highest. Just as Wither had a tender and contemplative, so Traherne had a rapturous pleasure in concrete life—expressed rhythmically in his prose and tumultuously, in throbs, in his verse. Strict numbers confined him, which is not surprising when we see that for transport of feeling, he is a David leaping before the ark.

Traherne was the son of a Hereford shoemaker, a Brasenose man and the rector for some ten years of Credenhill, near his native place. Subsequently he was for seven years chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgman, Lord Keeper in the Cabal Ministry. He died at Teddington, was simple in nature as true mystics are, poor in worldly goods, and bequeathed his old hat in his will.

For the text both of Strode and Traherne, beside the original editions, I relied upon those of Bertram Dobell, to whose executors I desire to make I have, however, made a few

226 282
227 283

l. 20 *kissea*. A touch.

We are sometimes prone to think that our old poets are very comfortable and choice to the eclectic ear, but that they do not bear upon us, living this very day of the week. Possibly the accusing voice of this noble poem may dispel the illusion.

228 284

This little morning carol was, I believe, entirely unknown until it was reprinted in Mr. Francis Meynell's delightful little anthology, *The Best of Both Worlds*.

230 286

I imagine that Vaughan might not have written this anthology of simile had he not read Herbert very attentively. But the likeness between the two are only verbal and the poem is, as it stands, a true fingerpost to his mind. To Vaughan, the creative spirit of life is 'always breaking in' through the actual forms of life on the one hand—the bird, the tree, the sun and the grass—and palling the business and ambitions of men's lives to ineffectual fires, on the other.

231 287

l. 12 *tined*: 'tine,' i.e. close. A word which survived in the North up to a few years ago, in rural dialect.

233 289

l. 31 *night*: Night and light are the peculiar emblems of Vaughan. He seemed to see in the one the hushed expectancy of the spirit awaiting 'some sudden matter'; and in the other the very

I had indeed some difficulty in selecting these poems from Traherne. His poems are all extraordinarily equal and none of them of the highest. Just as Wither had a tender and contemplative, so Traherne had a rapturous pleasure in concrete life—expressed rhythmically in his prose and tumultuously, in throbs, in his verse. Strict numbers confined him, which is not surprising when we see that for transport of feeling, he is a David leaping before the ark.

Traherne was the son of a Hereford shoemaker,

- Nature's visible symbols of it.
- 235 231 Second stanza omitted.
- — 1-21 Not ordered as *real*. Compare with Herbert's *The Pulley*. Second stanza omitted.
- 236 232 Last nine stanzas (a most upon the clear and tranquil mountains) omitted. A beautiful example of Vaughan's peculiar symbolism—that of enlivening the very stones and hills with the sacred heat of life.
- 237 233 Many anthologists only give the first seven lines of this famous poem. That does not seem to me justifiable. There may be a slight slackening of imaginative power, but possibly the reason for the omission is the rather abrupt change from the general to the particular. Thus I have not omitted this poem, though it is familiar to all.
- 239 235
for its own sake. Last ten (rather much cut) lines omitted.
- 241 237 First three stanzas and the last one (different

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verse and metre, as so frequently occurs with Vaughan) omitted.

242	293	Vaughan, Sharon Except for those logy of Vaughan	
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This one is an exception and appeared in Trench's *Household Book of English Poetry*. Last 24 lines (as in Trench) omitted.

214 300 This poem, quicker in movement and more
elated in spirit than Vaughan usually is, is
curiously like Traherne's work.

215 301 From *Thalia Rediviva*. The rest are from *Siler Scintillans*.

I have taken liberally from Vaughan for the following reasons. He is economically spent by the anthologist, who draws perfunctorily upon the stock two or three poems and leaves the rest. Again, the impression of him that commonly exists is that he wrote a few unforgettable lines (cf. *Cambridge History of English literature*) and passed the rest of his poetic time in one of heaven's committee rooms. Next, I believe him to be one of our great poets. Then, though ignored by his contemporaries, he appears to me to be the finest flower (as Milton and Crashaw were not) of the peculiar seventeenth century way of mystical thinking, which, difficult and even repellent to the week-end visitor, becomes a loved inheritance, a 'Howards End' so to speak, to them who make a longer stay. For the stock of Vaughan does indeed break forth into 'bright shoots of everlastingness.' Lastly, he is the first of our poets to reveal the unseen and the eternal in the physical loveliness of Nature and childhood, and one of the first to bring the light of imaginative truth to bear upon the cold facts of life, authority and the deeds of men. He seems, too, to do it all by conversation. No poet is freer of the poetic properties. Some readers may still strongly disagree with me, but though in other portions of this volume, their judgment will be better than mine, I believe that in selecting thus copiously from Vaughan, I am right.

Immetstow, just note the absence of the picturesque in his work. His language has faults, but they are not literary faults, the faults of expression unrelated either to life seen or life unseen.

Vaughan took no part in the Civil War, possibly for the reason expressed in *Abel's Blood*. *Silix Scintillans* appeared in two parts in 1650, an enlarged edition in 1655, and the next edition in 1847.

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for Kenna—a disguised reference to his first wife's Christian name Rachel (Flond). The song she sung is 'Like Hermit Poor,' a popular ballad printed in *A Phoenix Nest* in 1593. Bryan was Walton's dog and Shawfordbrook is that part of the river Sow which flows through the land Walton bequeathed to the corporation of Stafford, to find coals for the poor.

Walton's life is so completely identified with his *Lives* of others and *The Complete Angler*, and the facts of his biography are so uneventful and unobtrusive, that I shall say nothing more than that he was born in Stafford, lived in London and Winchester, and though he has stopped writing seems likely to keep on living for ever.

246 301 l. 13 *laverock*: I am not so sure that the laverock here is a lark. In Walton's famous prose passage on the songs of birds, 'laverock' and 'lark' occur together. I am inclined to think he means the meadow pipit, which only of late years has been taken from the larks and placed among the wagtails.

247 305 From *Divine Poems*, 1654. Except for some charming fancies, here and there, Washbourne is a poor poet. He is too ratiocinative with heaven. This was the best in his book, though two others came near it. Washbourne was a native of Worcestershire and a commoner of Balliol, 'being esteemed a tolerable poet.' At the time of the Rebellion, he was a Prebend 'in the Catholic Church of Gloster' and was turned out of it by the Puritans. Charles II. restored him and 'actually,' says Wood, actually created him a Doctor of Divinity!

— — l. 21 *ears*: 'All ears' had a much stronger meaning than it has now.

248 306 The fact that there is a parody of this song at the end of the fashionable miscellany *Wit Restored*, gives some measure of its popularity. It is (see p. 156) likely that this charming sorrowful-gay little poem (pre-eminent even among the hundreds that have pastured so thrivingly on the same common) is by Bishop King. It is to be found in an appendix to the second edition of Wastell's *Microbiblion, or the Bible Epitome, in Verse, digested according to the Alphabet, that the Scriptures we read may more happily be remembered and Things forgotten more easily recalled*—London, 1629. The rest, but for the poem to follow, of Wastell's verse is most happily forgotten and never to be recalled.

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- shire. He was one of the principal journalist-poets for the Presbyterians, as Cleveland for the King's party. In later years he seems to have made his peace with Government and even descended to Royalist 'Panegyrieks.' Wood calls him 'a fat, jolly and born Presbyterian.'
- 252 312 From *Halleluiah*, 1641.
- 253 313 From *The Mistress of Phil 'Arcte*. These lines in it are with some others selected by Lamb in his short essay on Wither. In the wide pasturage of Wither's very numerous works, it is pleasant to have Lamb to point out the greenest fields.
- 255 315 From *Phil 'Arcte*.
- 316 The opening of the first Canticle. Its orchestral voice is sufficient answer to the still-surviving reputation of Wither as a babler in unpremeditated numbers.
- 317 From *Halleluiah*. A poem that stamps Lamb's profound criticism of Wither:—'Before Wither no one ever celebrated its power (poetry) *at home*, the wealth and strength which this divine gift confers upon its possessor. . . . It seems to have been left to Wither to discover that poetry was a present possession as well as a rich reversion.'
- 257 318 From *The Shepherd's Hunting*, commemorating Wither's lunar escape from the Marshalsea, where he was imprisoned by James I. for his first book of satires, *Abuses Stript and Whipt*. His poems are often personal and his mind the lamp of a peculiar moral grace.
- 319 From *Emblems*, 1635. A remarkable burst of pure beauty and passion from so mechanical a method as fashionable emblem-writing.
- 258 320 Commented upon by Lamb.
- 259 321 From *The Shepherd's Hunting*.
- 322 From *Halleluiah*, 1641. I have omitted stanzas 3 and 11. I dislike extremely the lines about the baby's 'conception in sin' and 'unclean birth' and the stanza about Christ's torments is quite inappropriate to the serene and tender mildness of the whole—a lullaby.
- When the Royalists captured Wither in 1642, he only escaped hanging by a jest of the ambiguously gallant Denham, who declared that as long as Wither lived, he, Denham, could not be accounted the worst poet in England. Many poets would have preferred the rope to the jest. At any rate, Wither has never quite escaped the onus of that jest, even though Lamb might have been imagined to have removed Christian's burden from his shoulders. His works have been collected by the Spenser Society, and like Waller

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he is one of those rare hybrids, a Poet-Puritan. With the Elizabethans you had to be one or the other externally or more one than the other internally. Wither, in fact as Drummond, Drayton and Daniel were not (though they too overlapped beyond 1616), was a poet of the transition.

61 323 This pleasingly sententious

sweet avuncular way,
century had dressed it

occurs both in *Reliquiae* . . .

The Complete Angler. I have copied it with the variations in the latter.

62 325 One could scarcely imagine a gentler, more dignified and effective rebuke to the adventurer Robert Carr, who murdered or helped to murder, or allowed to be murdered a man of like character with Wotton, Sir Thomas Overbury.

Arnold said of Gray that he 'never spoke out,' and Wotton, who wrote so few poems, so few 'characters' (of Essex and Buckingham), a page of a projected *History of Venice* (where he was ambassador), a little packet of engaging letters, a small biography and a diminutive and

admiral
architecture papers, cannot
be said nality to tedious
length. lives and nothing

long, which is not always an offence. Not that one could not have borne with a good deal more Wotton, but the scantiness of his literary harvest seems to fit well with the modesty and unpretentiousness of his amiable character. Anthony Wood, after describing the career of this 'singularly accomplished' public servant, says that 'about 1623, he had the Provostship of Eton College conferred upon him, which he kept to his dying day, being all the reward he had for the great services he had done the Crown,' and we do not feel displeased that the man of letters who wrote such excellent good sense, the official who retained his humanity and served disinterested ends, the poet who combined literary with spiritual grace and the mortal who had inscribed on his tomb 'Nomen alias quaere'—should not have been heaped with vulgar rewards. I have omitted *The Character of A Happy Life*, and *On His Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia*.

263 326 From the miscellany *Wit Restored*, 1658.

Mentioned by the milkwomen in the third day of *The Complete Angler*. It has been suggested that *Phillada* is by Wither. I have a very soft

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- discovered by Mr. Bullen in Christ Church Library. He conjectures it to be Vaughan's.
- 269 330 *The Melancholy Lorer* has been attributed in a different and shorter version and metre, wrongly, I think, to Waller.
- 270 331 Found in an MS. volume, among some poems of William Strode. There is no shadow of evidence that he wrote it, and even Dobell does not positively attribute it to him.
- 271 332 *Idem.* These two poems are printed in a supplement to Dobell's edition of Strode.
- 333 From *Wit's Recreations*, 2nd Edition, 1641. One hardly knows which quality of the writer's to admire the most—his blushing, shrinking, deprecating modesty, or paternal indulgence—n thousand only for himself, but n million for each of his sons!
- It is difficult to believe that Oliver Wendell Holmes had not darkly tracked this poem down, before he wrote his famous one upon a similar theme.
- 272 334 This exquisite and curiously modern poem is quoted by Mr. Abbey as an anonymous poem of the seventeenth century (middle) from Emily Taylor's *Flowers and Fruits from Old English Gardens*. Reprinted in Canon Beeching's *Lyra Sacra*. It is curiously like John Clare at his best.
- 273 335 From Samuel Speed's *Prison Piccy, or Meditations Divine and Moral*, 1677. It is part selection, part original work. This poem is far too enchanting to have been written by the earthworm Speed and is of obviously earlier date.
- Herbert's *Peace*, begins with the ninth line—*Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell?*
- 336 Published in 1640 and to be found in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1650, as well as in *Wit's Recreations*. Nobody knows who wrote this incomparable song, but I am very sure that the author's great-great-great-great-grandson was Edward Lear.
- 274 337 Signed *Ignoto* among Sir Henry Wotton's papers and printed in *Reliquiae Wottonianae*.
- 338 From *Wit's Recreations*, 1643 edition, and repeated in *Wit's Interpreter*, 1655, 1671. Set to music by Purcell. The poem is of such finished and decorative workmanship and at the same time so light and flakey (for all the complicated metamorphoses of the flake itself) that it has become one of the very few anonymous poems of this age at all well known.

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275 339

- 276 340 From *Wm Restored*, 1658. A queer, savoury thing
 — 341 From Locker Lampson's *Lyra Elegantiarum*. It obviously belongs to the period.
 — 342 From Miss Eleanor Brougham's *Corn from Olde Fieldes*
 — 343

277 344

— 345

— 346

278 347

— 348

1658 Milton, Waller and others have poems to Harry Lawes

- 279 349 Prefatory poem to Anthony Stafford's *Femell Glory, or the Life and Death of our Blessed Lady*, 1635. Randolph has a poem to him (p 190)

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- 269 330 *The Melancholy Loner* has been attributed in a different and shorter version and metre, wrongly, I think, to Waller.
- 270 331 Found in an MS. volume, among some poems of William Strode. There is no shadow of evidence that he wrote it, and even Dobell does not positively attribute it to him.
- 271 332 *Idem.* These two poems are printed in a supplement to Dobell's edition of Strode.
- 333 From *Wit's Recreations*, 2nd Edition, 1641. One hardly knows which quality of the writer's to admire the most—his blushing, shrinking, deprecating modesty, or paternal indulgence—a thousand only for himself, but a million for each of his sons!
- It is difficult to believe that Oliver Wendell Holmes had not darkly tracked this poem down, before he wrote his famous one upon a similar theme.
- 272 334 This exquisite and curiously modern poem is quoted by Mr. Abbey as an anonymous poem of the seventeenth century (middle) from Emily Taylor's *Flowers and Fruits from Old English Gardens*. Reprinted in Canon Beeching's *Lyra Sacra*. It is curiously like John Clare at his best.
- 273 335 From Samuel Speed's *Prison Picty, or Meditations Divine and Moral*, 1677. It is part selection, part original work. This poem is far too enchanting to have been written by the earthworm Speed and is of obviously earlier date.
- Herbert's *Peace*, begins with the ninth line — *Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell?*
- 336 Published in 1640 and to be found in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1650, as well as in *Wit's Recreations*. Nobody knows who wrote this incomparable song, but I am very sure that the author's great-great-great-great-grandson was Edward Lear.
- 274 337 Signed *Ignoto* among Sir Henry Wotton's papers and printed in *Reliquiae Wottonianae*.
- 338 From *Wit's Recreations*, 1645 edition, and repeated in *Witt's Interpreter*, 1655, 1671. Set to music by Purcell. The poem is of such finished and decorative workmanship and at the same time so light and flakey (for all the complicated metamorphoses of the flake itself) that it has become one of the very few anonymous poems of this age at all well known.

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- 275 339 From a manuscript of miscellaneous sacred poems of about 1620; reprinted in Rev. R. Catmole's *Sacred Poetry of the Seventeenth*
- 276 340 From *Wid Restored*, 1658 A queer, saucy thing
- 341 From Locker Lampson's *Lyra Elegantiarum* It obviously belongs to the period.
- 342 From Miss Eleanor Brougham's *Corn from Olden Fields*
- 343
- 277 344 sty epigram It occurs in Locker Lampson's *Lyra Elegantiarum*, and certainly belongs to the middle of the century.
- 345
- 346
- 278 347
- and cry after Cupid, in his *Disque on the marriage of Lord Haddington* Charles's *Love's Hur and Cry*, in *The Witty Fair One*, 1628, and Catw's *The Hur and Cry*
- 348 From Henry Lawes's *Select Ayres and Dialogues to sing to the Theorbo, Lute or Bass-Lute* (1630), 1639 Milton, Waller and others have poems to Harry Lawes
- 279 349 Prefatory poem to Anthony Stafford's *Perennial Glory, or the Life and Death of our Blessed Lady*, 1635 Randolph has a poem to him (p. 160)

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- A garland is a flowery device in letters. I was greatly puzzled whether to admit such an oddity. But behind its obscurity and crippled metre (I suspect the text is corrupt), there is so pure a spirit and refined a feeling that I could not reject it—perhaps in favour of some facile lyric with a shine on it.
- 280 350 From *Westminster Drollery*, ii., 1672. Obviously of an earlier date. We had to wait for Wordsworth to advertise the lesser celandine, but to find puns in herbs and a whinsy of poetry within the petals of heartsease was reserved for an unknown poet of the seventeenth century.
- 351 From the Play *Sweetnam, the Woman-Hater, arraigned by Women* (1620). Note by Mr. Bullen: 'A certain Joseph Sweetnam (Phoebus, what a name!) published in 1615 a work entitled *The arraignment of lewd, idle, froward and unconstant women*, which passed through several editions. In the play he is held up to well-merited execration.'
- — l. 19 *then*: i.e. *than*.
- — l. 20 *unrelenting hearts of men*: It is a pity there is not more of this sentiment among our old poets. The song is in Fletcher's style and manner.
- 281 352 From the collection, *New Christmas Carols: Being fit also to be sung at Easter, Whitsuntide, and other Festival days in the year*. N. D. Black Letter, formerly in the library of Anthony Wood and now in the Ashmolean. Ritson, who printed it in *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, ascribes it to the Charles I. period. The thing I regret about the seventeenth century is not its 'conceits,' but the dearth of popular poetry. For in this age is widened that separation between art and the people which has had consequences so incalculably disastrous in the history of Europe.
- 353 From the Church of Paston, Norfolk. Reprinted in Miss Brougham's *Corn from Olde Fieldes*.
- 282 354 A dignified song, of an unusual intellectual seriousness considering its source, from *Luminallia, or the Festival of light. Personated in a Masque at Court, 1637*. It is to be found in Mr. Bullen's *Lyrics from the Dramatists*.
- 283 355 l. 4 *pelican*: The pelican was said to pick the down from its breast to feed its young. From John Cotgrave's *Wit's Interpreter*, 1655. Reprinted in Mr. Bullen's *Speculum Amantis*.
- 356 This song with its felicity of temper and phrase

PAGE NO.

284 337

— 358

285 359

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— 362 From Christ Church MS, 1, 5, 49 Found by

287 363

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— —

'Three merry boys and three merry boys,
 And three merry boys are we.
 As ever did sing in a hempen string
 Under the gallows tree.

288 365

— 366

Parliament in the Civil War But what a
 burning dualism of feeling would arise were such

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a choice forced upon one. Before the Civil War, the middle and upper classes in England were

to music.
nted fifty

, one feels

a horror at the men who violated the temples of song and learning. For the Puritans killed the musical soul of England and paved the way for our doom—the triumph of the business sense.

288 367 From *Wit a Sporting in a pleasant Grove of New*
d was the collector or
without a standard

It only is the text of
the proof-reading
shoddy and the print often illegible, but different
versions of the same poem appear over and over
again. I have found five several ones of *Phillada*
flouts me.

289 368 From *Wit Restored*, 1658.

— 369 From the Percy MS., folio (1650)—reprinted in
the *Reliques*. There are some poems which seem
to charm into presence the ghostly spirit of poetry
itself.

290 370 Daughter of the Bishop of Worcester. From
Musarum Deliciae, second edition, 1656, by James
Smith and Sir John Meunier, a friend of Pepys.
This was the only poem worth including in a
miscellany a good deal less interestful than *Wit*
Restored and *Wit's Recreations*.

Denham has a poem to Sir John Mennis. Dobell,
upon unconvincing evidence, assigns this poem
to William Strode. Strode has one (in fact two)
on Mary Prideaux, of much less contestable
authorship. But the death of a daughter of a
digolitary so dull and respectable as Bishop
Prideaux does not entitle Strode to a monopoly
in epitaphs upon her. Nor does this one seem
to me particularly characteristic of his style.
My version differs materially both in language
and punctuation from Dobell's.

291 371 From the Supplement to *Wit Restored*, 1658.
It is not fair to condemn this poem because of
its conventionalism. That would be to confuse
means with end. We do not reject a decorative
pattern because it is conventionalised. It
seems to me that this blend of quaintness,
formal utterance and poetic custom is yet good
in itself and that the quality and appealing
beauty of the poem find due expression through
the formula employed.

292 372 From *Select Ayres*, by John Playford, 1659.

Compare with Benlowes', p. 8. How happy

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- first edition of the *Wife* (with twenty-one characters) was published in 1614. Nine impressions had appeared by 1616, and the sixteenth was in 1639.
- 300 385 Four stanzas omitted.
- — l. 62 *Heydeguyse* variously spelt, and of uncertain etymology, was a country dance. Drayton's *Polyolbion* :—
- ‘ While some the ring of bells, and some the
bagpipe ply,
Dance many a merry round and many a
heydeguy.’
- Nares suggests that the dance ‘ hay ’ or ‘ hey ’ is an abbreviation.
- The song was attributed wrongly to Ben Jonson. Percy, who prints it in his *Reliques*, suggests it was intended for a Masque. I should guess its date to be in the late teens of the century and it is similar in brisk temper both to Corbet's *The Fairies' Farewell*, and *Come, fellow, fellow me*.
- The seventeenth century fairies were a materialist society. It was no period for folk-lore.
- 302 386 From *Windsor Drollery*, 1672.
- The poem is better than its metre.
- 303 387 From Dr. John Wilson's *Cheerful Airs or Ballads*, 1660.
- 388 From *Airs sung and played at Brougham Castle*, 1613, by George Mason and John Earsdon. Probably written in the same year or the one before. The Elizabethan spirit still retains its hold upon it.
- 304 389 From Dr. John Wilson's *Cheerful Airs or Ballads*, 1660.
- Mr. Bullen includes two poems from Wilson's book in his *Lyrics from the Song-Books*. But it may be considered unlikely that a book published so late as this contains many songs written before 1616.
- 390 From Harl. MS., 7332, folio 47; printed in Mr. Bullen's *Speculum Amantis*. It is, of course, Elizabethan in spirit. That spirit, however, before the Civil War, survived in the country, when it had disappeared from court and town.
- 305 391 Printed in Percy's *Reliques*. The date of this rare and well-known poem is conjectural, but belongs, I think, to my period.
- 307 392 From Poor Robin's *Almanac*, 1695; reprinted in Mr. Bullen's *A Christmas Garland*. The date is certainly pre-Restoration, as anybody with half an ear can tell.

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